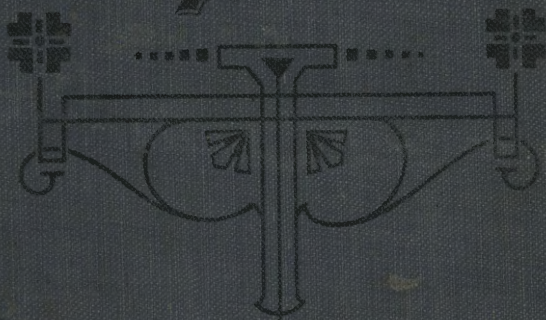


Lasting Hymns.



NO 2

BY

J.A.LEE

SPECIAL COLLECTION

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LASTING HYMNS

NO. 2.

A COLLECTION OF SONGS

Specially designed for every department of Worship,
and suitable for all the services of the churches;
together with a choice collection of
miscellaneous or special songs.

BY JOHN A. LEE,

Pastor Evangelist.

ASSISTED BY THE BEST MUSIC WRITERS OF THE DAY.

JOHN A. LEE,

GLENCOE, KY.

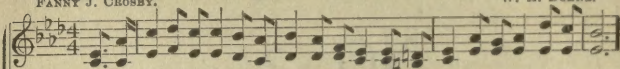
Copyright, 1906, JOHN A. LEE & Co.

City of Gold.

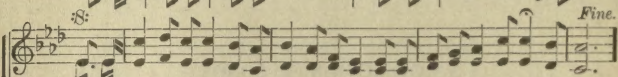
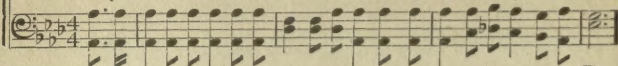
"And there shall be no night there." REV. 22: 15.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

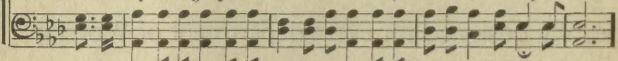
W. H. DOANE.



1. There's a cit-y that looks o'er the valley of death, And its glories may never be told;
2. There the King, our Redeemer, the Lord whom we love, All the faithful with rap-ture be-hold;
3. Ev - 'ry soul we have led to the foot of the cross, Ev-'ry lamb we have bro't to the fold,

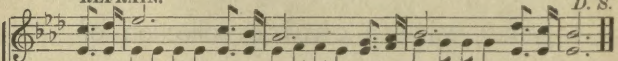


There the sun never sets, and the leaves never fade, In that beautiful city of Gold.
There the righteous for-ev-er will shine like the stars, In that beautiful city of Gold.
Will be kept as bright jewels our crown to a-dorn, In that beautiful city of Gold.

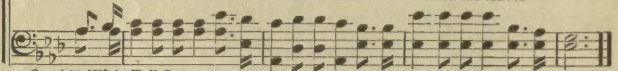


D. S.—There the eyes of the faithful their Saviour behold, In that beautiful city of Gold.

REFRAIN.



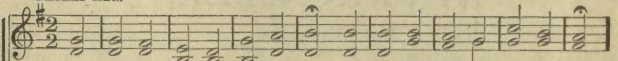
There the sun nev-er sets, And the leaves nev-er fade;
there the sun nev-er sets And the leaves



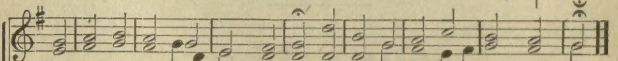
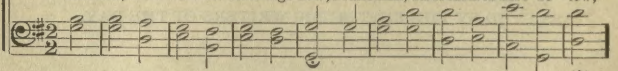
Copyright, 1903, by W. H. Doane.

Old Hundred.

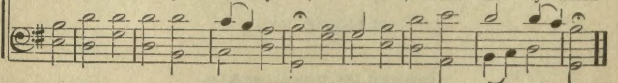
THOMAS KEN.



Praise God, from whom all bless-ings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here be - low;



Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n - ly host; Praise Father, Son and Ho - ly Ghost.



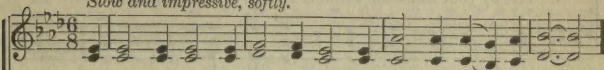
Lasting Hymns, No. 2.

1 I Want to Go There, Don't You?

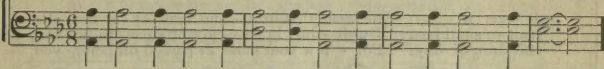
J. A. LEE.

Arr. by FRANK L. BRISTOW.

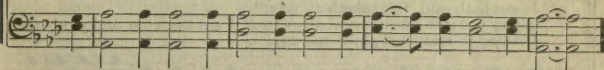
Slow and impressive, softly.



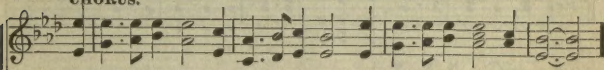
1. There is a land, with-out a storm, We all are hast - 'ning to,
2. There is a land with-out a pain, With-out a sor - row too;
3. In that fair land we'll nev - er die, And all things there are true;
4. Our joys up there will nev - er end, Our Sav - iour's face we'll view;



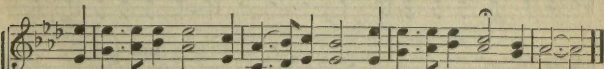
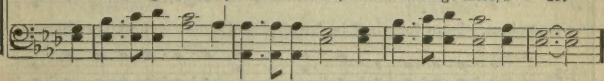
And we shall reach it some fair morn, I want to go there, don't you?
 'Tis there our friends we'll meet a - gain, I want to go there, don't you?
 'Tis in our Fa - ther's house on high, I long to go there, don't you?
 And one e - ter - nal day we'll spend, I will be there, won't you?



CHORUS.



I want to go there, I want to go there, I want to go there, I do!
 4th. v. I want to go where my lov - ed ones are, I want to go there, I do!



I want to go there, I want to go there, I want to go there, don't you?
 I want to go where my Sav - iour is, I want to go there, don't you?



No. 2.

"I AM THE VINE."

K. S.

KNOWLES SHAW, by per.

1. I am the vine, and ye are the branch-es, Bear precious fruit for
 2. Now ye are clean, thro' words I have spo - ken, Abid-ing in me, much
 3. Yes, by your fruits the world is to know you, Walking in love as

Je - sus to - day; The branch that in me no fruit ev - er bear-eth,
 fruit ye shall bear; "Dwell - ing in thee, my promise un-bro-ken,
 chil-dren of day; Fol - low your Guide, He passed on before you,

CHORUS.

Je-sus hath said, "He taketh a - way."
 Glo-ry in heav'n with me ye shall share." I am the vine, and ye are the
 Leading to realms of glo-ri-ous day.

branch-es; I am the vine, be faith-ful and true; Ask what ye will, your

221.

pray'r shall be grant-ed, "The Father loved me, so I have loved you."

No. 3.

Walking In the Sunshine.

ROBT. H. WALTON.

G. W. LYON.

1. Walking in the sunshine of the Saviour's love, Walking in the sunshine
 2. Walking in the sunshine, blessed is the light, I will fear no foe, while
 3. Walking in the sunshine, 'tis a joy divine, I will praise my Saviour,

to a home a-bove; Je - sus has redeemed me, at His will I
 working for the right; Trusting in my Sav - iour, at His will I
 praise Him all the time; All my sins forgiv'n, no care is on my

CHORUS.
 bow, I'm walk-ing in the sunshine now.
 bow, I'm walk-ing in the sunshine now. I'm walking in the sunshine
 brow, I'm walking in the sunshine now.

now, I'm walking in the sunshine now, Keeping close to
 just now, just now,

Je - sus, at His will I bow, I'm walking in the sunshine now.
 just now.

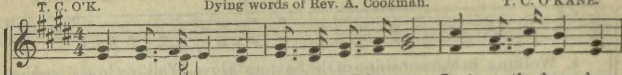
No. 4. SWEEPING THROUGH THE GATES

"I'm sweeping through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb."—

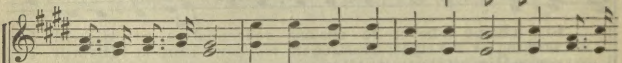
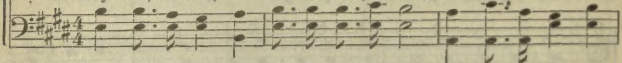
T. C. O'K.

Dying words of Rev. A. Cookman.

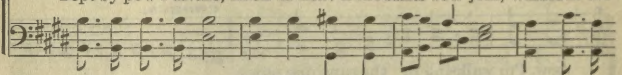
T. C. O'KANE.



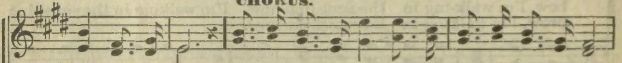
1. Who, who are these be-side the chil-ly wave, Just on the bor-ders
2. These, these are they who in their youthful days Found Je-sus ear-ly
3. These, these are they who in affliction's woes, Ev-er have found in
4. These, these are they who in the con-flict dire, Bold-ly have stood a-
5. Safe, safe up-on the ev-er-shiningshore, Sin, pain, and death, and
6. May we, O Lord, be now en-tire-ly Thine, Dai-ly from sin be



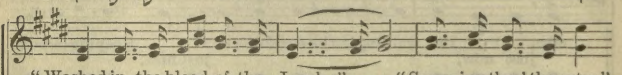
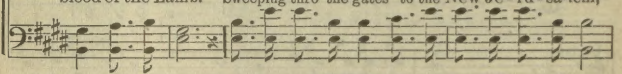
of the si-lent grave, Shouting Je-sus' pow'r to save, Washed in the
and in wisdom's ways, Proved the ful-ness of His grace, Washed in the
Je-sus calm re-pose, Such as from a pure heart flows, Washed in the
mid the hot-test fire, Jesus now says, "Come up higher," Washed in the
sor-row all are o'er; Hap-py now and ev-er-more, Washed in the
kept by pow'r divine, Then in heav'n the saints we'll join, Washed in the



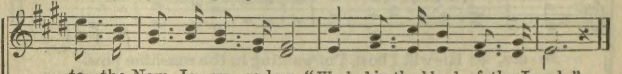
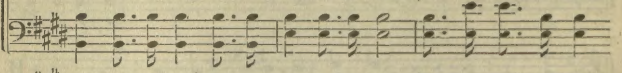
CHORUS.



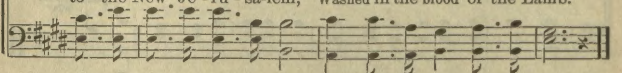
blood of the Lamb. "Sweeping thro' the gates" to the New Je-ru-sa-lem,



"Washed in the blood of the Lamb;" "Sweeping thro' the gates"
in the blood of the Lamb;



to the New Je-ru-sa-lem, "Washed in the blood of the Lamb."



No. 5.

THE PROMISED LAND.

Old Revival Song.

Arr. by D. E. DORTCH.

* 1. I have a Fa-ther in the promised land, I have a Fa-ther in the
 2. I have a Saviour in the promised land, I have a Sav-iour in the
 3. I have a crown in the promised land, I have a crown in the
 4. I hope to meet you in the promised land, I hope to meet you in the

promised land; My Fa-ther calls me I must go To meet Him in the promised land.
 promised land; My Saviour calls me I must go To meet Him in the promised land.
 promised land; When Jesus calls me I must go To wear it in the promised land.
 promised land; At Je - sus' feet a joyous band We'll praise Him in the promised land.

CHORUS.

I'll a - way, I'll a - way to the promised land, I'll a - way, I'll a - way to the
 I'll a - way, I'll a - way to the promised land, I'll a - way, I'll a - way to the
 I'll a - way, I'll a - way to the promised land, I'll a - way, I'll a - way to the
 I'll a - way, I'll a - way to the promised land, I'll a - way, I'll a - way to the

promised land; My Father calls me I must go To meet Him in the promised land.
 promised land; My Saviour calls me I must go To meet Him in the promised land.
 promised land; When Jesus calls me I must go To wear it in the promised land.
 promised land; At Je - sus' feet a joyous band We'll praise Him in the promised land.

* Other verses may be formed by using the words mother, brother, sister, etc.

No. 6. Where Can Rest Be Found?

T. J. JENKINS.

CHAS. M. DAVIS.

1. Where, O my soul, can rest be found? Life seems a dark and troubled sea;
 2. He tells me of His home of rest, Where burdened souls from sin are free;
 3. "The things of earth will fade and die, But here's a home prepared for thee;
 4. The time is near when I must part, With all I love, en-joy, and see,
 5. O God of mer-cy, God of love, Long let my soul a-bide with Thee;
 6. Lord, lead me, lead me to that home, Where end-less bliss remains for me;

But hark! I hear a cheer-ing sound, 'Tis Je-sus speaks, "There's rest with me."
 Where all who come are ev-er blest, And gent-ly pleads, "Come rest with me."
 Where tears of woe ne'er dim the eye, Come, wea-ry one, "Come rest with me."
 But O, the joy, that fills my heart, As Je-sus pleads, "Come rest with me."
 Speak from Thy ho-ly home a-bove, Come, wea-ry child, "Come rest with me."
 There free from sin and care I come, For-ev-er, Lord, to rest with Thee.

CHORUS

"Come un-to me, ye wea-ry souls, And I will
 "Come un-to me ye wea-ry souls, And

give you rest," O wea-ry one, with sin op-
 I will give you rest," O wea-ry one, with

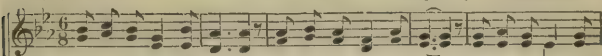
pressed, 'Tis Je-sus bids thee, Come and rest.....
 sin oppressed, 'Tis Je-sus bids thee, Come and rest, yes, come and rest.

No. 7.

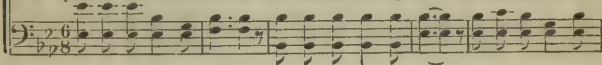
SPEAK TO MY SOUL.

L. L. P.

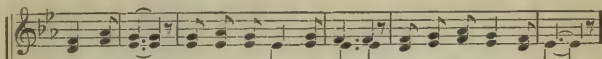
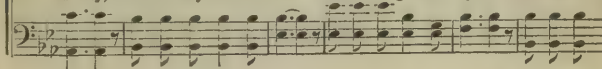
Adapted by L. L. PICKETT.



1. Speak to my soul, dear Je-sus, Speak now in tend'rest tone; Whisper in lov-ing
2. Speak to thy children ev-er, Lead in the ho-ly way; Fill them with joy and
3. Speak now as in the old time Thoudidst re-veal thy will; Let me know all my



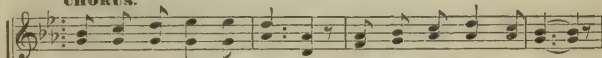
kindness: "Thou art not left a-lone." O-pen my heart to hear thee, Quickly to gladness, Teach them to watch and pray. May they in con-se-cra-tion Yield their whole du-ty, Let me thy law ful-fill. Lead me to glo-ri-fy thee, Help me to



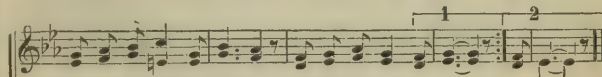
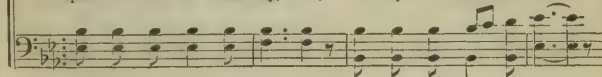
hear thy voice, Fill Thou my soul with praises, Let me in Thee re-joice. lives to Thee, Has-ten Thy com-ing kingdom, Till our dear Lord we see. show Thy praise, Glad-ly to do Thy bid-ding, Hon-or Thee all my days.



CHORUS.



Speak Thou in soft-est whis-pers, Whis-pers of love to me;
Speak Thou to me each day, Lord, Al-ways in ten-d'rest tone;



"Thou shalt be al-ways con-q'ror, Thou shalt be al-ways free."

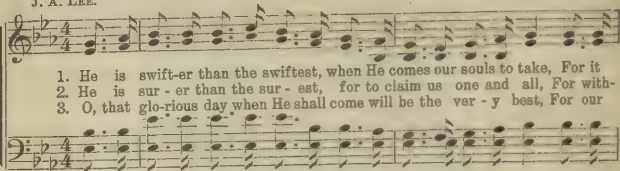
Let me now hear thy whis-per, "Thou art not left (*Omit*.....) a-lone"



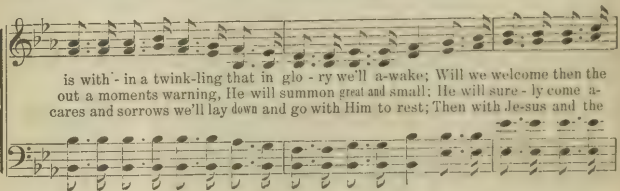
No. 8. When He Comes to Claim His Own.

J. A. LEE.

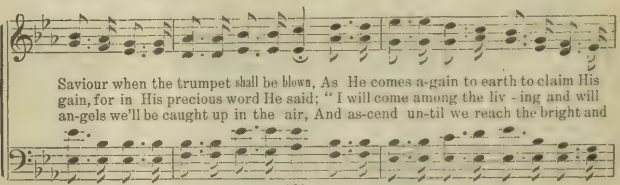
J. H. FILLMORE.



1. He is swift-er than the swiftest, when He comes our souls to take, For it
 2. He is sur-er than the sur-est, for to claim us one and all, For with-
 3. O, that glo-rious day when He shall come will be the ver-y best, For our

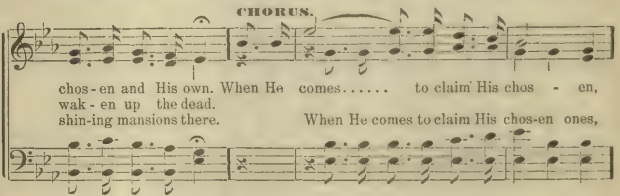


is with-in a twink-ling that in glo-ry we'll a-wake; Will we welcome then the
 out a moments warning, He will summon great and small; He will sure-ly come a-
 cares and sorrows we'll lay down and go with Him to rest; Then with Je-sus and the

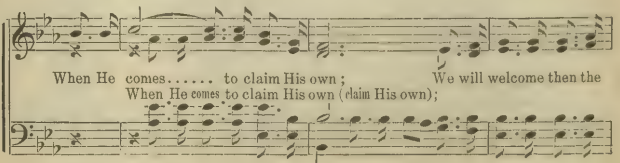


Saviour when the trumpet shall be blown, As He comes a-gain to earth to claim His
 gain, for in His pre-cious word He said; "I will come among the liv-ing and will
 an-gels we'll be caught up in the air, And as-cend un-til we reach the bright and

CHORUS.



chos-en and His own. When He comes..... to claim His chos-en,
 wak-en up the dead.
 shin-ing mansions there. When He comes to claim His chos-en ones,



When He comes..... to claim His own; We will welcome then the
 When He comes to claim His own (claim His own);

When He Comes to Claim. Concluded.

Saviour, When the trumpet shall be blown, When He comes to claim His own.
when He comes

No. 9. I Go to Prepare a Place for You.

T. J. JENKINS.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. I have found a new home in a beau-ti-ful land, Its glo-ry in
2. O the trans-ports I feel as I think of that home, Its glo-ry en-
3. I will sing a new song in that beau-ti-ful land,, Its glo-ries on

vis-ions I see; And soon I will dwell on its beau-ti-ful strand,
rapt-ures my soul; Bright an-gels are there and are bid-ding me come,
glo-ries I'll share; With a crown on my head and a palm in my hand,

CHORUS.
In a home that is wait-ing for me. In that beau-ti-ful
In Je-sus and glo-ries un-told.
I'll be with the Lord ev-er-more. In that home of the

land my soul shall find rest, Be free from all sor-row and pain;
soul I'll ev-er be blest, And meet my beloved ones a - - - gain.

No. 10.

What Is Your Mission?

J. A. L.

J. A. LEE.

1. Broth-er, look well to your mis-sion be-low, The Sav-iour commands you to
 2. Chil-dren, what-ev-er your Lord doth say, do, Should be al-ways joy and a
 3. Time is so short for to work in the field, And much will be lost if

toil to-day; You'll find there's a work wher-ev-er you go, Then
 great de-light; He'll give of His grace to ev-er aid you, Then
 we do de-lay; The har-vest is white and read-y to yield, Then

CHORUS.

ren-der the serv-ice, the Mas-ter will pay.
 work for His cause with a will and a might. What, O what is your
 la-lor and put forth your sick-le to-day.

mis-sion be-low, While the fields are all white to-day? The

Sav-iour commands us now to go, O broth-er, do not de-lay.

No. 11.

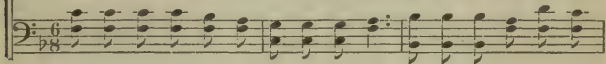
Like Jesus.

IDA B. HELPLINSTEIN.

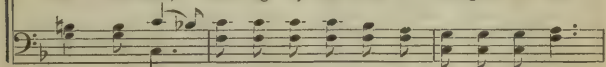
J. A. LEE.



1. Je - sus, I want to be like un - to Thee, From all my sins and my
 2. Je - sus, I want to be like Thee and go Trav-ling thro' earth's harvest
 3. Like un - to Je - sus the meek and the mild The just and ho - ly by



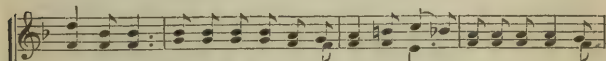
guilt made free; Purged from my heart now each spot and each stain,
 fields be - low; Seek - ing to find and to lead from their sin,
 sin unde-filed; Gaz - ing up - on Thee I will grow to be



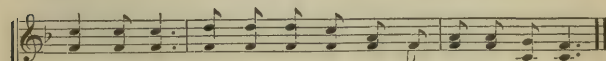
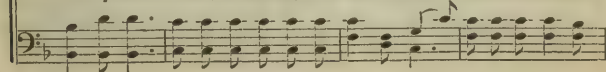
CHORUS.



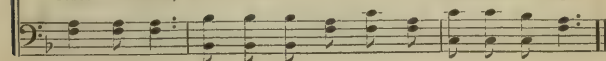
Washed in the blood of the Lamb that was slain.
 All whom my love and my kind-ness can win. O to be like the
 Each day, my Mas - ter, more like un - to Thee.



Ho - ly One! Je - sus, the Saviour, God's own blest Son, Pur-i-fied, cleans'd in



robes of white, Made meet to en - ter the man-sions of light.




No. 12. Enter the Beautiful Gate.

J. A. L.


Solo.

J. A. LEE

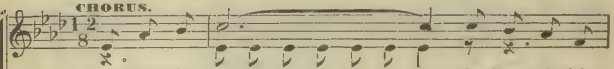
Quartet.



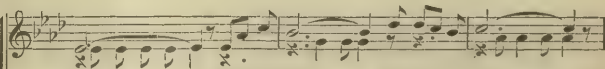
1. Walk in Wis-dom's path to - day, En - ter the gate,.....
 2. Christ will save this ver - y hour,
 3. Its who - ev - er on Him call,
 4. Sins re - pent and come to - day, En - ter the gate,



Solo. Quartet.
 Christ will take your sins a - way, En - ter the gate,.....
 Doubt no more His sav - ing pow'r,
 For sal - va - tion's free to all,
 Turn to Christ with - out de - lay, The beau - ti - ful gate.



CHORUS.
 En - ter the gate,..... the beau - ti - ful
 En - ter the beau - ti - ful gate,



gate,..... Christ, our Lord,..... doth watch and wait,.....
 the beau - ti - ful gate. Christ, our Lord, doth watch and wait,



En - ter the gate,..... the beau - ti - ful gate,.....
 En - ter the beau - ti - ful gate, the beau - ti - ful gate,

Enter the Beautiful Gate. Concluded.

Rit.

Christ, our Lord,..... doth watch and wait.....
 Christ, our Lord, doth watch and wait.

No. 13. A Better Home.

Dedicated to Mrs. Jas. P. Eagle, wife of Ex-Gov. Eagle, of Arkansas.

J. A. LEE

J. H. FILLMORE

1. A bet-ter home a-waits me there, When done with earth and all its care;
 2. A bet-ter home up there I know, And God hath called me there to go;
 3. A bet-ter home up there a-waits Be-yond the glo-rious, pearly gates;
 4. A bet-ter home a-waits you all, Who will up - on the Sav-iour call,

There I shall find a per-fect rest, While lean-ing on my Sav-iour's breast.
 'Tis there I'll roam the streets of gold, Be-hold-ing glo-ries yet un-told.
 The blest of God of ev-'ry tribe En-ter the gates on ev-'ry side.
 And strive His will on earth to do, He'll take you there when journey's through.

CHORUS.

That bet-ter home is there for me, 'Tis there I want you all to be,

May repeat Chorus softly.

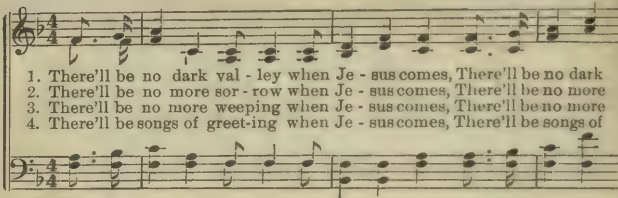
Where we can spend one end-less day, With ev-'ry sor-row wiped a-way.

No. 14. There'll Be No Dark Valley.

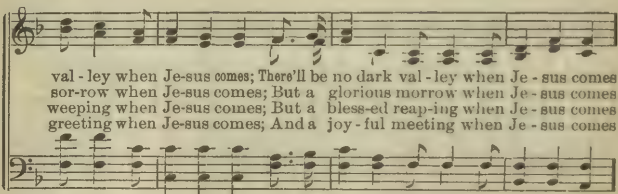
"Yea, though I walk through the valley."—Ps. 23: 4.

REV. W. O. CUSHING.

IRA D. SANKEY.

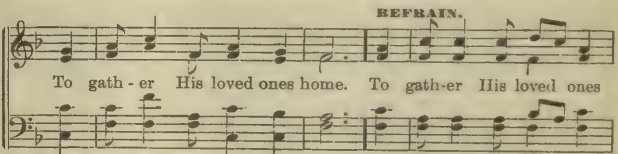


1. There'll be no dark val - ley when Je - sus comes, There'll be no dark
 2. There'll be no more sor - row when Je - sus comes, There'll be no more
 3. There'll be no more weeping when Je - sus comes, There'll be no more
 4. There'll be songs of greet-ing when Je - sus comes, There'll be songs of

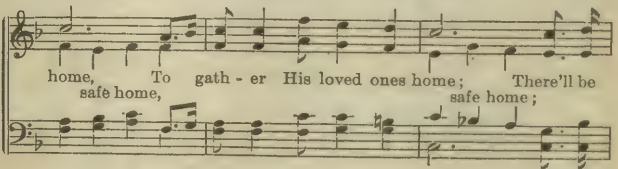


val - ley when Je-sus comes; There'll be no dark val - ley when Je - sus comes
 sor-row when Je-sus comes; But a glorious morrow when Je - sus comes
 weeping when Je-sus comes; But a bless-ed reap-ing when Je - sus comes
 greeting when Je-sus comes; And a joy - ful meeting when Je - sus comes

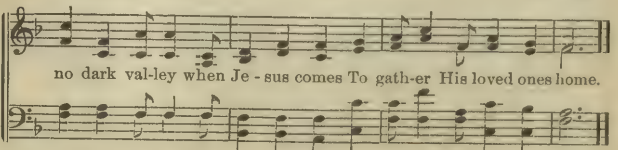
REFRAIN.



To gath - er His loved ones home. To gath - er His loved ones



home, To gath - er His loved ones home; There'll be
 safe home, safe home;



no dark val-ley when Je - sus comes To gath - er His loved ones home.

No. 15. The City of the Golden Street.

"The street of the city was pure gold, as it were transparent glass."—REV. 21: 21.

Words and Music by CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Moderato.

1. We are trav'ling on, and we're nearer ev'-ry day, To the cit-y of the
2. Dear ones at the gate will bid us welcome home To the cit-y of the
3. Come, friends and jour-ney with us on the way, To the cit-y of the
4. There are mansions grand prepared for you and me, In the cit-y of the
5. 'Tis the home Christ promised to His dis-ci-ples true, The cit-y of the

gold-en street; We will shout and sing, and be hap-py on the way To the
gold-en street; And we'll pass its por-tals nev-er-more to roam From the
gold-en street; Where is no night, but an e-ter-nal day, In that
gold-en street; From pain and death we'll be for-ev-er free, In the
gold-en street; 'Tis the beau-ti-ful "Je-ru-sa-lem, the new," The

CHORUS.

cit-y of the gold-en street. Cit-y of the gold-en street,
the gold-en street,

Cit-y of the gold-en street, We shall meet our loved ones there.
the gold-en street,

And the an-gels bright and fair, In the cit-y of the gold-en street.

E. A. H.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. What a scene of wondrous glory, When we reach our home, Chanting there redemption's story,
 2. We shall know no more of trial, When we reach our home, Nor of toil and self-de-nial,
 3. We will meet our precious Saviour When we reach our home, Live for-ev-er in His favor

'Neath its golden dome! With myriads round the throne, His anointed and His own, We will
 'Neath its gold - en dome; In robes of pu-ri-ty, From all sin and sorrow free, Safe with
 'Neath the golden dome; Changed to His likeness, we Shall His glorious person see, And a-

CHORUS.

make His praises known, When we reach our home. When we reach our home over there,
 Je - sus we will be In our heav'nly home.
 dore Him ceaselessly In our heav'nly home. over there,

All the won - drous glo - ry to share, What a meet-ing that will be,
 o-ver there,

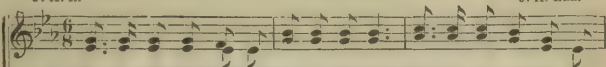
Christ and His redeemed to see, When we reach our home o - ver there.
 o - ver there.

No. 17.

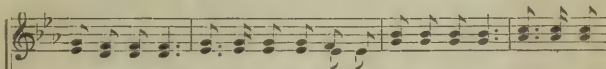
Saved and Glorified.

J. A. L.

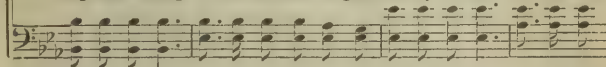
J. A. LEE.



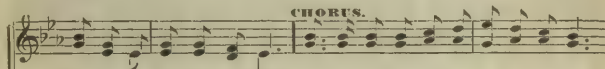
1. Up in that land where the glo-ri-fied dwell, Saved of all na-tions the
2. We've a faint glimpse of the heav-en-ly shore, Just as we read the old
3. Eye hath not seen, nor hath ear ev-ev heard, Won-der-ful things that we
4. Loved ones have gathered thro' a-ges a-long, Join-ing the an-gels to



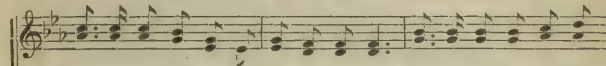
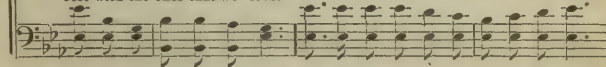
sto-ry will tell; This is the theme that the ransomed will sing, Glo-ry and
Book more and more; Joys of that cit-y will nev-er be known, Till we see
read in His word, But o-ver there at His feet we will fall, Crowning our
sing the new song, O we shall nev-er grow wea-ry a-bove, For we shall



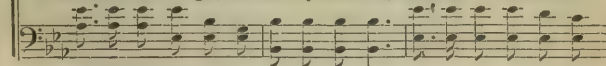
CHORUS.



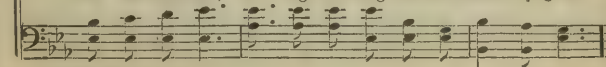
hon-or to Je-sus, our King.
Christ as He sits on the throne. Might-y the cho-rus for-ev-er shall swell,
Lord, the Re-deem-er of all.
rest with the ones that we love.



Saved thro' the a-ges, the sto-ry we'll tell; Mil-lions of souls will be-



hold His dear face, Join-ing the song we were saved by grace.



No. 18.

I Am Longing.

REV J. A. LEE.

CHAS. M. DAVIS.

1. I am long-ing for the com-ing of the morn-ing (of the morning,)
 2. I am look-ing for the break-ing and the wak-ing (and the waking,)
 3. Let us then be ev-er pray-ing, work-ing, sing-ing (working, singing,)

Of a bright and bet-ter day,..... I am
 Of a great pow'r from a-bove,..... That shall
 For this pre-cious gift di-vine,..... And the

Of a bright, a bright and bet-ter day, and bet-ter day,

wait-ing for the com-ing of the dawn-ing (of the dawn-ing,) Darkness
 then be lead-ing men to the for-sak-ing (the for-sak-ing,) Of the
 Spir-it then will come on glad-ly bring-ing (glad-ly bring-ing,) Joy un-

CHORUS.

then will clear a-way,..... I am wait-ing,
 ma-ny sins they love,..... I am wait-ing, I am
 to this heart of mine,.....

then, yes then will clear a-way, will clear a-way.

I am long-ing, I am hop-ing for that morning
 wait-ing, I am long-ing, I am long-ing,

I Am Longing. Concluded.

bright and fair,..... When with hosts redeemed a-round the Sav - iour
yes, bright and fair,

thronging, I shall see and greet him there.....
Saviour thronging, I shall see, shall see and greet Him there and greet Him there.

No. 19. Saviour, to Thee I Am Coming.

M. S. KERBY.

D. P. AIRHART.

1. Sav-iour, to Thee I am com-ing, At Thy bless-ed, heav'n-ly call;
2. I have longed for peace and par-don, Sighed be-neath my load of sin;
3. Thou didst die, O gen-tle Sav-iour, Wrought sal-va-tion full and free;
4. O Thou ten-der, lov-ing Sav-iour, Thou hast heard my hum-ble plea;

Fine.

Pressed with an-guish, filled with sor-row, Help-less at Thy feet I fall.
Doubt and fear hath oft op-pressed me, Dark-ness long hath reigned within.
In my soul I feel Thy cleans-ing, Light di-vine now bursts on me.
Filled my heart with peace and glad-ness, Cleansed my sins and set me free.

D. S. Heal my wound-ed, brok-en spir-it, Come and save me ere I die.

CHORUS. **D. S.**

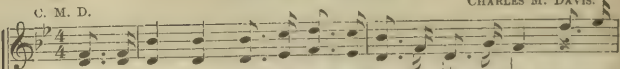
O Thou ten-der, lov-ing Sav-iour, Hear, O hear my hum-ble cry;

No. 20.

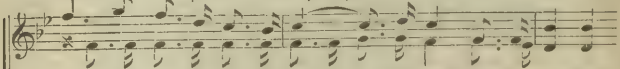
Jesus Calling.

C. M. D.

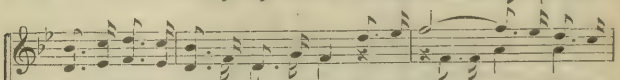
CHARLES M. DAVIS.



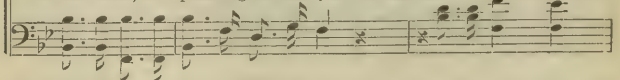
1. Hark! a voice is call - ing from the a - ges of the past, Sound - ing
2. Can the world, with all its pleas - ures, give e - ter - nal life? Aft - er
3. Heed the gra - cious in - vi - ta - tion, ere it be too late, For to



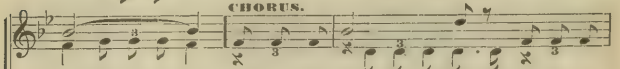
forth its mes - sage to the sad..... and lost; 'Tis the voice of
death the vic - t'ry o - ver sin..... and strife? Why re - ject His
you must come that sad and aw - - ful fate; Sin - ner, still the



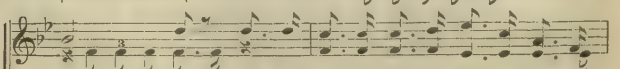
Je - sus call - ing, wear - y one, be free; Je - sus call - - eth now for
great sal - va - tion of - fer - ed full and free? Je - sus call - - eth now for
Saviour waits, He's plead - ing ten - der - ly— Je - sus call - - eth now for



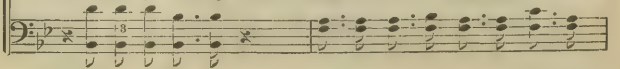
CHORUS.



thee. Je - sus is call - - ing, Ten - der - ly
now call - eth for thee. Je - sus is call - ing,



call - - ing, Sin - ner, heed the in - vi - ta - tion, of - fer - ed
ten - der - ly call - ing, heed the in - vi - ta - tion, of - fer - ed



Jesus Calling. Concluded.

now so full and free; Je - sus is call - ing, ten - der - ly
 now so full and free; Je - sus is call - ing,

call - ing, Sin - ner, Jesus waits and calleth now for thee.....
 ten - der - ly call - ing, call - eth for thee.

No. 21. At the Setting of the Sun.

MISS JENNIE WILSON.

A. BUNYAN LITTLE.

1. When my day of life is end - ed, 'And my work has all been done,
 2. Am I faith - ful in His ser - vice, While the hours are speed - ing by?
 3. Will I know sweet rest a - waits me, When the sun doth fast de - cline?
 4. When my time for toil is o - ver, If the Mas - ter say, "well done,"

Fine.

Will the Mas - ter smile up - on me, At the set - ting of the sun?
 Am I reap - ing sheaves im - mor - tal For the gar - ner of the sky?
 Leav - ing earth - ly fields of la - bor, Will the heav'ly home be mine?
 I shall hear His voice with glad - ness, At the set - ting of the sun.

D. S. Will the Mas - ter smile up - on me At the set - ting of the sun?

CHORUS.

D. S.

At the set - ting of the sun! At the set - ting of the sun!

No. 22.

I'll See My Saviour.

J. A. LEE.

JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. When I leave..... this earth - ly home, Up to
 2. O how oft - - - en here we part, Ma - ny
 3. Then He'll take..... us there on high, Where we'll

1. When I leave this earth - ly home,
 heav'n..... I'll take my flight; Ne'er a - gain.....
 tears..... are in the eyes; And there's sor - - -
 spend..... one end-less day; When we're there.....
 Up to heav'n I'll take my flight; Ne'er a-gain down

.... down here to roam, Then how sweet,..... there'll be no night.
 - - row in the heart, When our loved..... ones they must die.
 we'll nev - er die, Sor - row will..... have passed a - way.
 here to roam, Then how sweet, there'll be no night.

CHORUS.
 I'll see my Sav - - iour o - ver there,..... I'll meet the
 I'll see my Sav-iour o - ver there, o - ver there,

loved ones gone be - fore;..... For in that land..... so bright and
 I'll meet the loved ones gone before, gone before, For in that land so bright and

I'll See My Saviour. Concluded.

fair, 'Twill be to me my home, sweet home.
fair, bright and fair, 'Twill be to me, home, sweet home.

No. 23.

Guide Me.

T. J. JENKINS.

"For thy name sake lead and guide me."—Ps. 31: 3.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Guide me, O my Saviour, guide me, The storms of life are dark and wild;
2. Guide me, O my Saviour, guide me, When I come near the strand of time;
3. Guide me, O my Saviour, guide me, I strive in vain to reach my home;
4. Guide me, O my Saviour, guide me, I'm trembling on the sands of time;

Keep Thy arms of love a - round me, And bless and love Thy long lost child.
When the waves are dark a - bout me, Then hold my hand se - cure in Thine.
Hu-man aid and love now fail me, Come to my help, O Sav-iour, come.
Years like autumn leaves fall 'round me, Lord take me home and crown me thine.

CHORUS.
Guide me, guide me, A sinner lost and weak and blind; O Saviour,
Guide me, O my Sav-iour; guide me,

Guide me, guide me, Then I shall free sal - va - tion find.
Guide me, O my Sav-iour, guide me,

1. Far be - yond the star - lit skies, Where the loved light nev - er dies, There's a
 2. There are gar - lands rich and rare, And a man - sion bright and fair, There are
 3. There we'll walk the streets of gold, While e - ter - nal a - ges roll, With our

cit - y of man - y mansions bright and fair; Where the blest of earth shall dwell,
 beau - ti - ful gold - en streets and pear - ly gates; There a throne of snow - y white,
 Sav - iour and all our loved ones gone be - fore; Tho' the way be dark and drear,

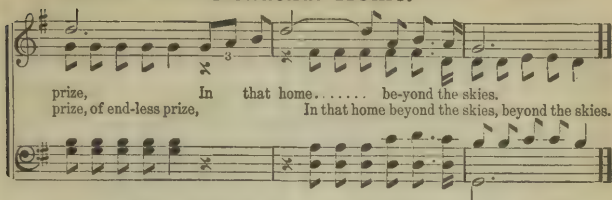
And there'll be no more farewell, Neither sickness, sorrow, nor death shall enter there.
 And our Sav - iour is the light, In that land where all the redeemed ones for us wait.
 With our Sav - iour ev - er near, We shall reach the beautiful shining gold - en shore.

CHORUS.

Beau - ti - ful home be - yond the skies, Where the
 Beau - ti - ful home be - yond the skies, beyond the skies,

loved light nev - er dies; Ah! the joys of end - less
 Where the loved light never dies, nev - er dies; Ah! the joys of end - less

Beautiful Home.

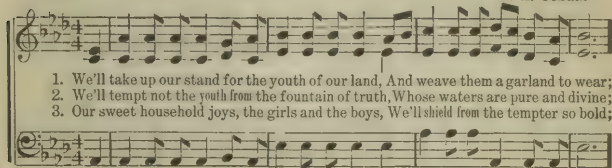


prize, In that home..... be-yond the skies.
prize, of end-less prize, In that home beyond the skies, beyond the skies.

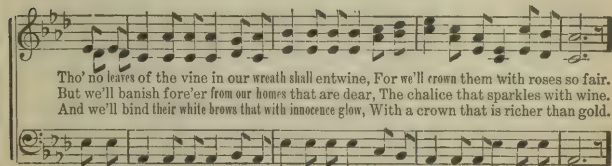
25

We'll Crown Them.

W. A. OGDEN.

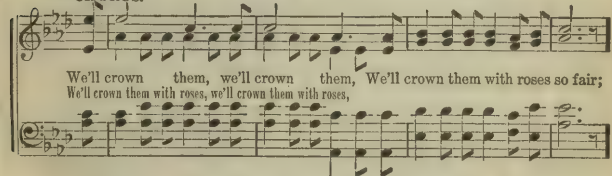


1. We'll take up our stand for the youth of our land, And weave them a garland to wear;
2. We'll tempt not the youth from the fountain of truth, Whose waters are pure and divine;
3. Our sweet household joys, the girls and the boys, We'll shield from the tempter so bold;

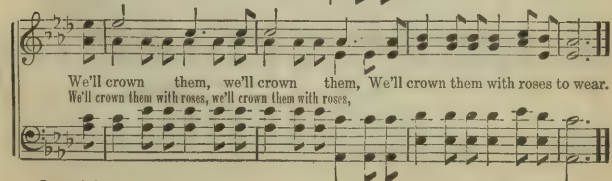


Tho' no leaves of the vine in our wreath shall entwine, For we'll crown them with roses so fair.
But we'll banish fore'er from our homes that are dear, The chalice that sparkles with wine.
And we'll bind their white brows that with innocence glow, With a crown that is richer than gold.

CHORUS.



We'll crown them, we'll crown them, We'll crown them with roses so fair;
We'll crown them with roses, we'll crown them with roses,

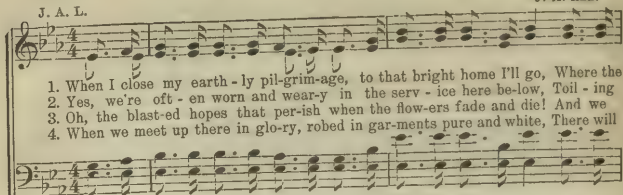


We'll crown them, we'll crown them, We'll crown them with roses to wear.
We'll crown them with roses, we'll crown them with roses,

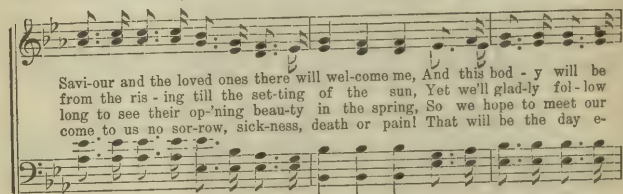
No. 26. When I Close My Earthly Pilgrimage.

J. A. L.

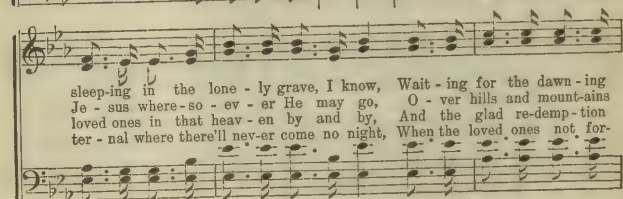
J. A. LEE.



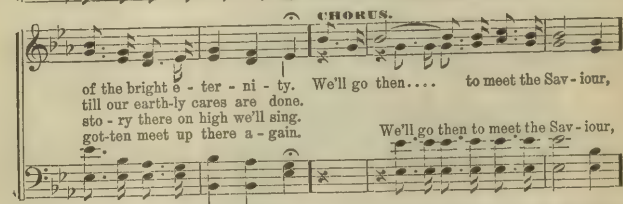
1. When I close my earth - ly pil - grim - age, to that bright home I'll go, Where the
 2. Yes, we're oft - en worn and wear - y in the serv - ice here be - low, Toil - ing
 3. Oh, the blast - ed hopes that per - ish when the flow - ers fade and die! And we
 4. When we meet up there in glo - ry, robed in gar - ments pure and white, There will



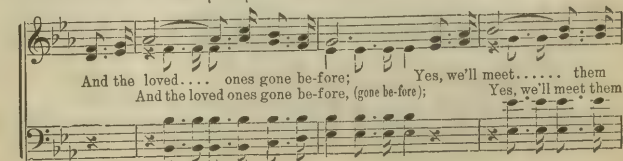
Savi - our and the loved ones there will wel - come me, And this bod - y will be
 from the ris - ing till the set - ting of the sun, Yet we'll glad - ly fol - low
 long to see their op - ning beau - ty in the spring, So we hope to meet our
 come to us no sor - row, sick - ness, death or pain! That will be the day e -



sleep - ing in the lone - ly grave, I know, Wait - ing for the dawn - ing
 Je - sus where - so - ev - er He may go, O - ver hills and mount - ains
 loved ones in that heav - en by and by, And the glad re - demp - tion
 ter - nal where there'll nev - er come no night, When the loved ones not - for -



CHORUS.
 of the bright e - ter - ni - ty. We'll go then . . . to meet the Sav - iour,
 till our earth - ly cares are done.
 sto - ry there on high we'll sing.
 got - ten meet up there a - gain. We'll go then to meet the Sav - iour,



And the loved . . . ones gone be - fore; Yes, we'll meet them
 And the loved ones gone be - fore, (gone be - fore); Yes, we'll meet them

When I Close My Pilgrimage. Concluded.

all in glo - ry, On the bright,.... ce - les - tial shore.
On the bright, ce-les-tial shore.

No. 27.

Beyond.

REV. W. R. OAKS.

A. BUNYAN LITTLE.

1. Be-yond the gain-ing and de-clin - ing, Be-yond the hop-ing and re-pin - ing;
2. Be-yond the smil-ing and the weep-ing, Be-yond the wak-ing and the sleep-ing;
3. Be-yond the bloom-ing and the fad-ing, Be-yond the shin-ing and the shad-ing;

Be-yond the ris-ing and the fall - ing, Broth-er, is the soul's e-ter - nal home.
Be-yond the sowing and the reap - ing, Broth-er, loved ones wait for us to come.
Be-yond the grow-ing and the dy - ing, Broth-er, in that home we shall be soon.

CHORUS.

Be-yond the sun-set's ra-diant glow-ing, The saints shall rest for-ev-er know-ing

That far be-yond the wild wind's blow-ing, They have reached the soul's e-ter-nal home.

No. 28.

Land of Delight.

E. E. HEWITT.

R. M. McINTOSH.

1. See - st thou, sail-or, a glo - ry a - far? Beau-ti-ful Land, Land of de-light!
 2. There sing the lov'd ones who've gone on before, Beau-ti-ful Land, Land of de-light!
 3. When life's brief day shall go down in the west, Beau-ti-ful Land, Land of de-light!
 4. There our dear Sav - iour we'll see face to face, Beau-ti-ful Land, Land of de-light!

Light-ing the darkness, like morning's fair star, Giv-ing thee songs in the night.
 There vanished summers their charms shall restore, Blos-soms no win-ter can blight.
 Hope then shall find its fru - i - tion so blest, Faith yield to sat - is - fied sight.
 Sing to the praise of His mar-vel-ous grace, With all the ran-somed in white.

CHORUS.

Beau - ti - ful land, Land of de - light!
 Beau-ti-ful Land, Land of De-light!

Beau - - ti-ful Land, peaceful Haven, after storms are o'er! . . .
 Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful Land, peaceful Haven, after storms are o'er!

Beau - ti - ful Land, joys oh, so bright!
 Beau-ti-ful Land, joys oh, so bright!

Land of Delight. Concluded.

Beau - - ti - ful Land, where we'll be with Je - sus ev - er - more.
 Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful land where we'll be with Je - sus ev - er - more.

No. 29. Land of Peace and Rest.

J. A. LEE.

FRANK L. BRISTOW.

Duet for either Soprano and Alto or Tenor and Bass.

1. Be - yond this sphere where mor - tals tread, There is a land of peace and rest,
 2. There heaven's joys with friends are shared, Who have long since gone on be - fore,
 3. There'll be no sep - a - ra - tion there, When once we've reached that peaceful shore;
 4. That glo - rious day's ap - proach - ing fast, Its com - ing to us one and all,

Where Christian souls have no more dread, For they're with Christ and all are blest!
 In - to the man - sion that's pre - pared By Christ, who loves us more and more!
 We'll have no sor - row, not a care, When we're with Christ for ev - er - more!
 When all our days on earth are past, We'll go to Him who judg - eth all.

CHORUS.

There'll be no part - ing, no part - ing, no part - ing,

There'll be no part - ing, There'll be no part - ing there!

No. 30.

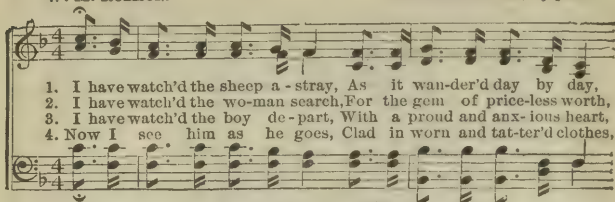
CALLING FOR ME.

Luke 15th Chapter.

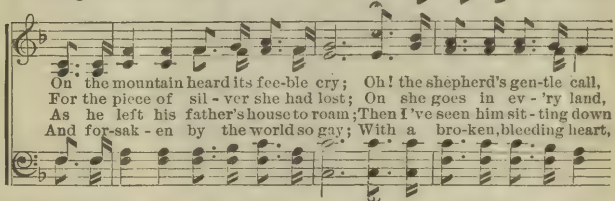
Words arranged and Chorus by D. E. DORTCH.

W. M. ROBISON.

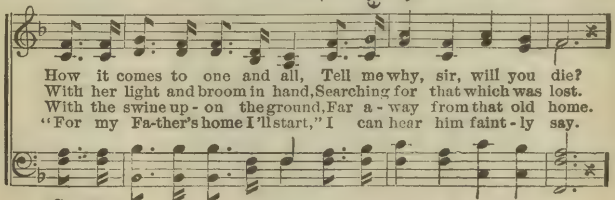
W. M. ROBISON, by per.



1. I have watch'd the sheep a-stray, As it wan-der'd day by day,
 2. I have watch'd the wo-man search, For the gem of price-less worth,
 3. I have watch'd the boy de-part, With a proud and anx-ious heart,
 4. Now I see him as he goes, Clad in worn and tat-ter'd clothes,

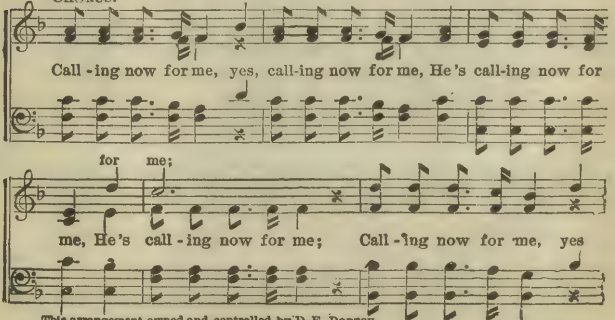


On the mountain heard its fee-ble cry; Oh! the shepherd's gen-tle call,
 For the piece of sil-ver she had lost; On she goes in ev-'ry land,
 As he left his father's house to roam; Then I've seen him sit-ting down
 And for-sak-en by the world so gay; With a bro-ken, bleeding heart,



How it comes to one and all, Tell me why, sir, will you die?
 With her light and broom in hand, Searching for that which was lost.
 With the swine up-on the ground, Far a-way from that old home.
 "For my Fa-ther's home I'll start," I can hear him faint-ly say.

CHORUS.



Call-ing now for me, yes, call-ing now for me, He's call-ing now for
 for me;
 me, He's call-ing now for me; Call-ing now for me, yes

CALLING FOR ME.

call-ing now for me, My Saviour's call-ing now for me, for me.

No. 31.

NO DYING THERE.

"There shall be no more death."—REV. 21: 4.

F. A. B.

Slow and soft.

F. A. BLACKMER.

1. A land by faith I see, Where saints shall ever be Free from mortal - i - ty,
2. There friends shall meet a-gain, In hap-pi-ness to reign, While thro' that blest domain,
3. There sorrow cannot stay; There tears are wiped away, One bright, e - ternal day,
4. O, land of beauty rare, Free from earth-blight and care, Thy bliss I long to share,

CHORUS.

No dy-ing there. No dy - ing there, No dy - ing there, No dy - ing

there, No dy-ing there, In that fair, heav'nly land, No dying there, no dying there.

5 For such a priceless boon,
Who would not seek that home,
Safe from the dreaded tomb,
No dying there.

6 For thee, sweet home, I wait,
Come, and my soul elate,
Welcome, O deathless state,
No dying there.

From Harvest Bells," and used by per. of W. F. FENN, owner of the copyright.

No. 32.

Saviour, Hear Me.

MRS. J. A. LEE.

JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. Sav-iour, blessed Mas-ter, hear me, As I come to Thee to - night, As I
 2. May I ev - er love and praise Thee, May I go at Thy com - mand, May I
 3. Down life's rough and rugged pathway, Guide my err-ing feet a - right, 'Till I
 4. Then redeemed in hear'n we'll praise Thee, In one glad, tri-umph-ant song, As we

lift my voice to thank Thee For Thy Word, which is the Light; Oh, I want to thank Thee
 be what Thou would'st have me, As I jour-ney o'er this land; May I lead lost souls to
 cross the si - lent riv - er, To that land where is no night; When the ev'ning shadows
 stand in count-less num-bers, With the Master 'midst the throng, Where good-byes will not be

al - ways, For the life that Thou didst give, On the cross up - on Gol -
 Je - sus, Who will par - don all their sin, If, re - pent - ing and be -
 gath - er, And my work on earth is o'er, Wilt Thou lead me thro' the
 spo - ken, Where no trou - bles ev - er come, There blood-wash'd, re-deemed, for -

CHORUS.

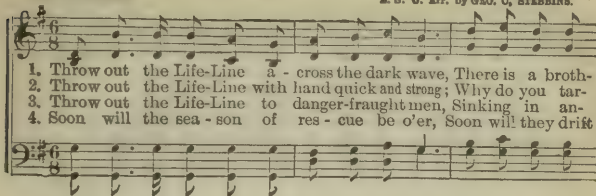
goth-a, That be-liev-ing I might live.
 liev-ing, They will on-ly come to Him. Kind-ly hear me, gen-tly lead me, Thro' the
 por-tal, There to dwell for ev-er-more.
 giv-en, We shall dwell in hear'n, our home.

on-ward march of life, Till I reach that gold-en cit - y, Where there'll be no care and strife.

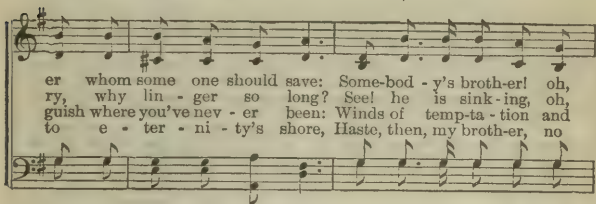
No. 33. THROW OUT THE LIFE-LINE.

Rev. E. S. UFFORD.

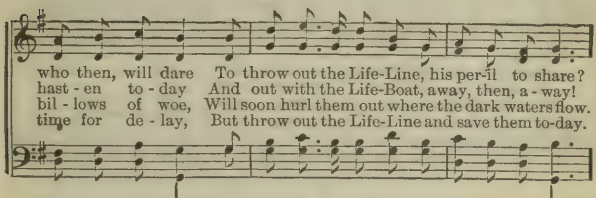
R. S. U. Arr. by GEO. C. STEBBINS.



1. Throw out the Life-Line a - cross the dark wave, There is a broth-
 2. Throw out the Life-Line with hand quick and strong; Why do you tar-
 3. Throw out the Life-Line to danger-fraught men, Sinking in an-
 4. Soon will the sea - son of res - cue be o'er, Soon will they drift

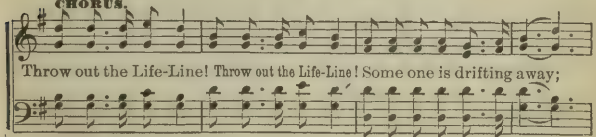


er whom some one should save: Some-bod - y's broth-er! oh,
 ry, why lin - ger so long? See! he is sink-ing, oh,
 guish where you've nev - er been: Winds of temp-ta - tion and
 to e - ter - ni - ty's shore, Haste, then, my broth-er, no

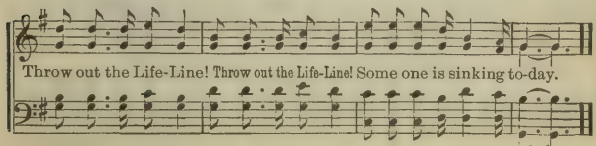


who then, will dare To throw out the Life-Line, his per-il to share?
 hast - en to - day And out with the Life-Boat, away, then, a - way!
 bil - lows of woe, Will soon hurl them out where the dark waters flow.
 time for de - lay, But throw out the Life-Line and save them to-day.

CHORUS.



Throw out the Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line! Some one is drifting away;



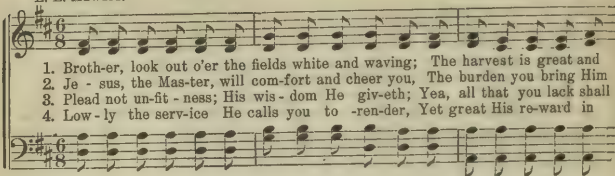
Throw out the Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line! Some one is sinking to-day.

No. 34.

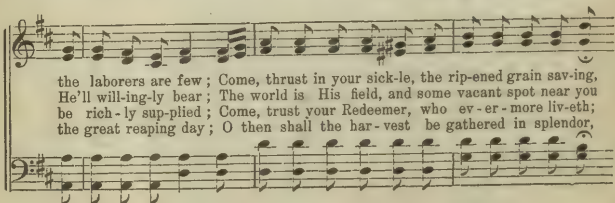
Harvesters Needed.

E. E. HEWITT.

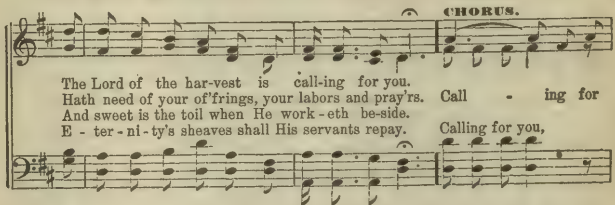
R. M. McINTOSH.



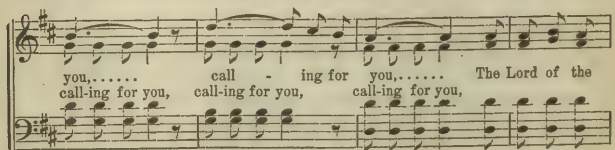
1. Broth-er, look out o'er the fields white and waving; The harvest is great and
 2. Je - sus, the Mas-ter, will com-fort and cheer you, The burden you bring Him
 3. Plead not un-fit - ness; His wis - dom He giv-eth; Yea, all that you lack shall
 4. Low-ly the serv-ice He calls you to -ren-der, Yet great His re-ward in



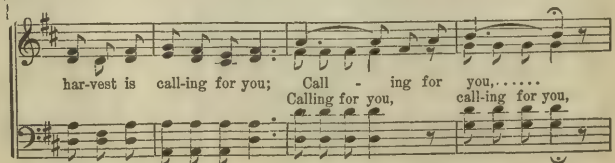
the laborers are few; Come, thrust in your sick-le, the rip-ened grain sav-ing,
 He'll will-ing-ly bear; The world is His field, and some vacant spot near you
 be rich-ly sup-plied; Come, trust your Redeemer, who ev-er-more liv-eth;
 the great reaping day; O then shall the har-vest be gathered in splendor,



CHORUS.
 The Lord of the har-vest is call-ing for you.
 Hath need of your of-frings, your labors and pray'rs. Call - ing for
 And sweet is the toil when He work-eth be-side.
 E - ter-ni-ty's sheaves shall His servants repay. Calling for you,

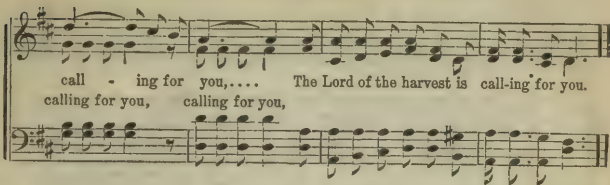


you,..... call - ing for you,..... The Lord of the
 call-ing for you, call-ing for you, call-ing for you,



har-vest is call-ing for you; Call - ing for you,.....
 Calling for you, call-ing for you,

Harvesters Needed. Concluded.

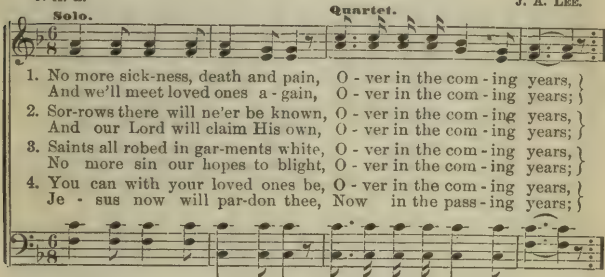


call - ing for you,.... The Lord of the harvest is call-ing for you.
calling for you, calling for you,

No. 35. Over in the Coming Years.

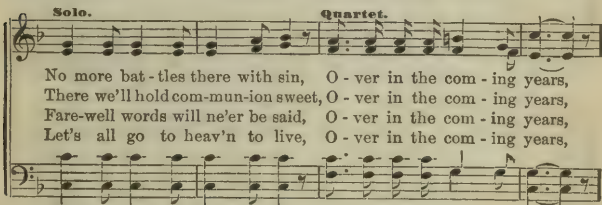
J. A. L.

J. A. LEE.



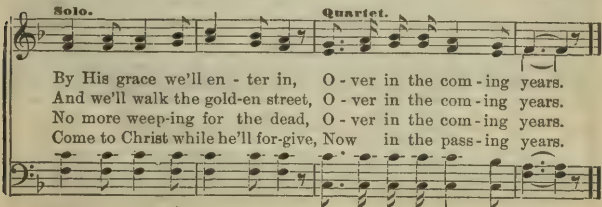
Solo. **Quartet.**

1. No more sick-ness, death and pain, O - ver in the com - ing years, }
And we'll meet loved ones a - gain, O - ver in the com - ing years; }
2. Sor-rows there will ne'er be known, O - ver in the com - ing years, }
And our Lord will claim His own, O - ver in the com - ing years; }
3. Saints all robed in gar-ments white, O - ver in the com - ing years, }
No more sin our hopes to blight, O - ver in the com - ing years; }
4. You can with your loved ones be, O - ver in the com - ing years, }
Je - sus now will par-don thee, Now in the pass - ing years; }



Solo. **Quartet.**

No more bat - tles there with sin, O - ver in the com - ing years,
There we'll hold com-mun-ion sweet, O - ver in the com - ing years,
Fare-well words will ne'er be said, O - ver in the com - ing years,
Let's all go to heav'n to live, O - ver in the com - ing years,



Solo. **Quartet.**

By His grace we'll en - ter in, O - ver in the com - ing years.
And we'll walk the gold-en street, O - ver in the com - ing years.
No more weep-ing for the dead, O - ver in the com - ing years.
Come to Christ while he'll for-give, Now in the pass - ing years.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

W. S. WEEDEN.

1. I wandered in the shades of night, Till Je - sus came to me,
 2. Though clouds may gather in the sky, And billows round me roll,
 3. While walking in the light of God, I, sweet communion find;
 4. I cross the wide ex-tended fields, I jour-ney o'er the plain,
 5. Soon I shall see Him as He is, The Light that came to me,

And with the sun-light of His love Bid all my darkness flee.
 How - ev - er dark the world may be I've sun-light in my soul.
 I press with ho - ly vig - or on And leave the world behind.
 And in the sun-light of His love I reap the gold-en grain.
 Be - hold the brightness of His face, Throughout e-ter - ni - ty.

CHORUS

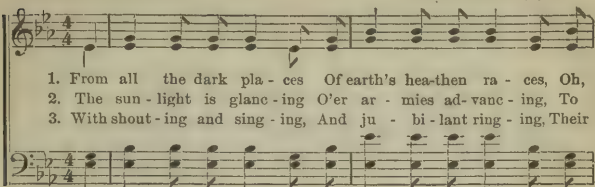
Sun-light, sun-light, in my soul to-day, Sunlight, sunlight,
 to-day, yes,

all a-long the way, Since the Sav-iour found me,
 nar - row way,

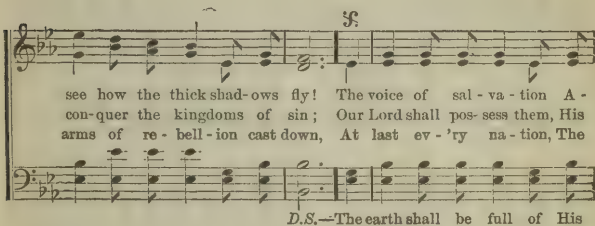
took away my sin, I have had the sunlight of His love within.
 load of sin,

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.

R. M. McINTOSH, by per.

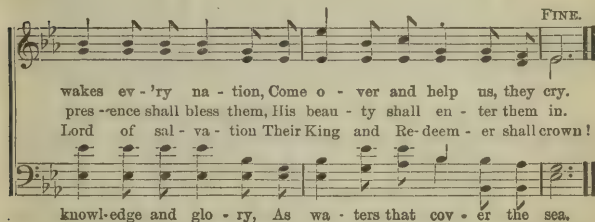


1. From all the dark pla - ces Of earth's hea - then ra - ces, Oh,
 2. The sun - light is glanc - ing O'er ar - mies ad - vanc - ing, To
 3. With - shout - ing and sing - ing, And ju - bi - lant ring - ing, Their



see how the thick shad - ows fly! The voice of sal - va - tion A -
 con - quer the king - doms of sin; Our Lord shall pos - sess them, His
 arms of re - bell - ion cast down, At last ev - 'ry na - tion, The

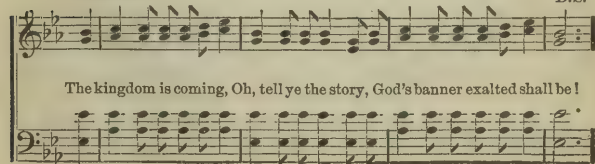
D.S.—The earth shall be full of His



wakes ev - 'ry na - tion, Come o - ver and help us, they cry.
 pres - ence shall bless them, His beau - ty shall en - ter them in.
 Lord of sal - va - tion Their King and Re - deem - er shall crown!

knowl - edge and glo - ry, As wa - ters that cov - er the sea.

CHORUS.

D.S.


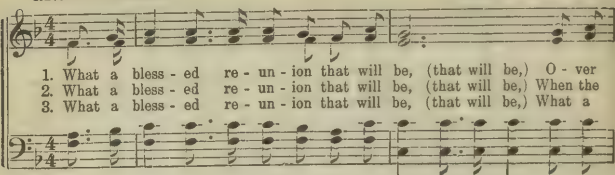
The kingdom is coming, Oh, tell ye the story, God's banner exalted shall be!

What a Blessed Reunion.

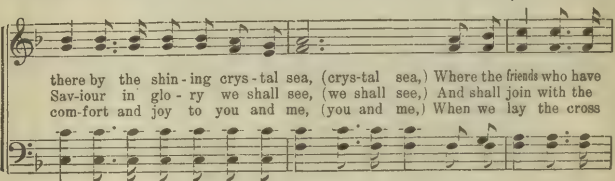
"Then shall I know even as also I am known."—1 Cor. 13: 12.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

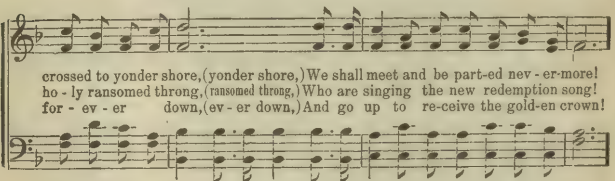
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. What a bless - ed re - un - ion that will be, (that will be,) O - ver
 2. What a bless - ed re - un - ion that will be, (that will be,) When the
 3. What a bless - ed re - un - ion that will be, (that will be,) What a

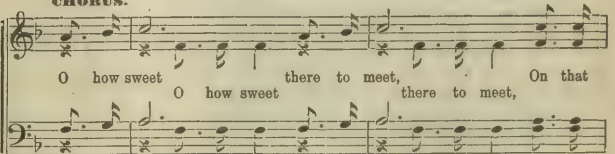


there by the shin - ing crys - tal sea, (crys - tal sea,) Where the friends who have
 Sav - iour in glo - ry we shall see, (we shall see,) And shall join with the
 com - fort and joy to you and me, (you and me,) When we lay the cross

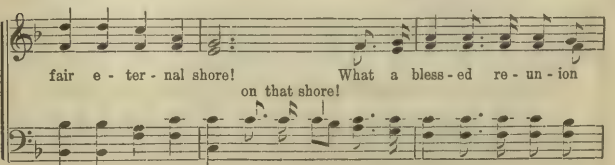


crossed to yonder shore, (yonder shore,) We shall meet and be part - ed nev - er - more!
 ho - ly ransomed throng, (ransomed throng,) Who are singing the new redemption song!
 for - ev - er down, (ev - er down,) And go up to re - ceive the gold - en crown!

CHORUS.



O how sweet there to meet, On that
 O how sweet there to meet,



fair e - ter - nal shore! What a bless - ed re - un - ion
 on that shore!

What a Blessed Reunion.

that will be When we meet by the shin-ing crys-tal sea!

that will be,

No. 39.

VALE OF BEULAH.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

JOSEPH GARRISON.

1. { I am pass-ing down the val-ley That they say is so
 'Tis to me the Vale of Beu-lah, 'Tis a beau-ti-ful
 2. { Not a shad-ow, not a shad-ow Ev-er dark-ens the
 And the mu-sic sweet-ly chant-ed By the heav-en-ly
 3. { Day by day I feel the pres-ence Of the dear Sav-iour
 For He com-forts and He helps me By the words that He
 4. { So I jour-ney with re-joic-ing T'ward the cit-y of
 And I near the op-en por-tals Of the king-dom a -

lone, But I find that all the path-way Is with flow'rs o-vergrown;
 way, For the Sav-iour walks be-side me, My com-pa-n-ion all day.
 way, For a ra-diance bright as glo-ry Shines up-on it all day.
 through Floats in ca-dencedown the val-ley, And it cheers me a-long.
 near, And each mo-ment fills with glad-ness, As His sweet voice I hear;
 saith, And He kin-dles love with-in me And He strengthens my faith;
 light, While each day my joy is deep-er And the pathway more bright.
 above, For this high-way leads to Ca-naan, To the king-dom of love.

REFRAIN.

Vale of Beu-lah, Vale of Beu-lah, Thou art pre-cious to
 me, For the love-ly land of Ca-naan In the dis-tance I see.

40.

Waiting and Watching.

REV. J. A. LEE.
Feelingly.

"I shall go to him."—2 SAM. 12: 23.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. When my final farewell to the world I have said, And gladly lie down to my rest;
 2. There are little ones glancing a-bout in my path, In want of a friend and a guide;
 3. There are old and forsaken who lin-ger a-while, In homes which their hearest have left;
 4. O, should I be brought there by bountiful grace, Of Him who delights to forgive,

When softly the watchers shall say "He is dead," And fold my pale hands o'er my breast;
 There are dear lit-tle eyes look-ing up into mine, Whose tears might be easily dried,
 And a few gentle words or an ac-tion of love May cheer their sad spirits be-reft,
 Though I bless not the weary a-bout in my path, Pray on-ly for self while I live,—

And when with my glo-ri-fied vis-ion at last The walls of "that Cit-y" I see,
 But Je-sus may beckon the children a-way In the midst of their grief and their glee—
 But the reaper is near to the long-standing corn, The wea-ry will soon be set free—
 Methinks I should mourn o'er my sin-ful neglect, If sor-row in heav-en can be.

Will a-ny-one then at the beau-ti-ful gate, Be waiting and watching for me?
 Will a-ny of them at the beau-ti-ful gate, Be waiting and watching for me?
 Will a-ny of them at the beau-ti-ful gate, Be waiting and watching for me?
 Should no one I love at the beau-ti-ful gate, Be waiting and watching for me?

CHORUS.
 Be wait-ing and watch-ing, Be wait-ing and watching for me?
 Be wait-ing and watch-ing,

Waiting and Watching.

Will a - ny-one there at the beautiful gate, Be wait-ing and watch-ing for me?

41. There's Nothing too Low for Jesus.

E. S. U.

"This man receiveth sinners."—LUKE 15: 2.

REV. E. S. UFFORD.

1. The sun that shines brightly a - bove us, With beams, making glad the day,
2. This Je - sus can fill you with glo - ry, Tho' down in the mire you lie,
3. There's nothing too low for this Sav - iour, O tell it the wide world round,

Are lik - ened to Him who loves us, Who wash - es our sins a - way.
For this is the old, old sto - ry, How Je - sus for you did die.
Go wel - come the lost and stray - ing, Till ev - 'ry one shall be found.

CHORUS.

There's nothing too low for Je - sus, Come kneel at His cross to - day, Tho' fal - len so
low, there's pardon I know, He nev - er has turned one a - way. turned one a-way.

I Am Coming.

"I will arise and go to my father."—LUKE 15: 18.

Words and music by CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Joyfully.

1. I am com-ing, bless-ed Saviour, I have heard Thy gentle voice
 2. When in paths of sin and fol - ly, I had wandered far a - way,
 3. Like the prod - i - gal re - turn-ing, Empty handed, Lord, I come,

Call-ing me in ac-cents ten-der, And have made Thee now my choice;
 Thou didst seek me, Thou didst find me, With-er I had gone a - stray;
 Seek-ing for a Fa-ther's blessing, Seek-ing for the heav'nly home,

I am com-ing in my vileness, Nothing good have I to bring;
 And Thy lov-ing voice so ten-der, With its ac-cents sweet of love,
 For the rags of sin and fol - ly, Give the robe of righteousness,

D. S.—My Re-deem-er and my King;

Fine.
 As I am a poor weak sinner, Take me, O my gracious King.
 Won my wicked heart completely, Turned my tho'ts tow'rd heav'n above.
 And a poor, re-pent-ant sin-ner, Gra-cious Sav-iour, own and bless.

Trusting in Thy grace and mer-cy, A re-pent-ant heart I bring.

CHORUS.

I am coming, I am coming, Saviour, meet me on the way; I am coming,

I Am Coming.

D. S.

I am coming, Give me grace to come I pray; I am coming, I am coming,

43. Let Your Light Shine.

"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."—MATT. 5: 16.

REV. J. A. LEE.

CHAS. M. DAVIS.

1. Let your light so shine, my brother	In this world of sin and woe,
2. Let your light shine bright each day,	Lit by Je - sus' love di - vine
3. Let your light be in its place,	So that all the world may see,
4. It may be your light grows dim,	Just be-cause sin's in the way,

And you'll help to guide some oth - er,	In the way that he shall go.
And 'twill help those gone a - stray,	So the path of truth they'll find.
And be - hold the Sav-iour's face,	For He died to set them free.
When it should shine on for Him	Brighter till the per - fect day.

CHORUS.

Let your light so shine, my brother, Have it brighter, day by day;

It will help to guide an - oth - er In the straight and nar-row way.

F. J. C.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Sin - ner, arouse, for the great day is com-ing, Rise up re-solved to be no
 2. Sin - ner, arouse, for the great day is com-ing, Glo - ry a-waits thee if thou't
 3. Sin - ner, arouse, for the great day is com-ing, Rise up, for-sake thy sin - ful

more the temp-ter's slave, Death ev - er-last-ing waits the un - re-pent-ing sin - ner;
 do the Master's will; Life ev - er-last - ing is the gold-en prize He of - fers,
 way and come to Him, Come with thy cares, come to Him just now, come re-pent-ing,

CHORUS.

Put thy trust in Je-sus; for He a - lore can save.
 Sin-ner, tho' thou slight-est Him, Jesus loves thee still. Turn, sinner, turn, Cease to tread the
 Jesus knocks now at thy heart, will you let Him in?

downward way, Turn, sinner, turn, Give thy heart to God to - day; Turn, sinner, turn,

Be to sin no longer slave, Put thy trust in Je - sus; For He a - lone can save.

Summer Land.

M. B. C. SLADE.

A. B. EVERETT.

1. Be - yond this land of part - ing, los - ing and leav - ing, Far be - yond the
 2. Be - yond this land of toil - ing, sow - ing and reap - ing, Far be - yond the
 3. Be - yond this land of sin - ning, faint - ing and fall - ing, Far be - yond the
 4. Be - yond this land of wait - ing, seek - ing and sigh - ing, Far be - yond the

loss - es, dark - en - ing this, And far be - yond the tak - ing and the be - reav - ing
 shadows dark - en - ing this, And far be - yond the sigh - ing, moan - ing and weep - ing
 doubt - ings dark - en - ing this, And far be - yond the griefs and dangers be - fall - ing
 sorrows, dark - en - ing this, And far be - yond the pain and sickness and dy - ing

REFRAIN,

Lies the sum - mer land of bliss. Land be - yond, so
 Land be - yond, so

fair and bright! Land be - yond, where is no night! Sum - mer
 fair and bright! Land be - yond, where is no night!

land, God is its Light, O, hap - py sum - mer land of bliss!
 Sum - mer land,

"Sorrow and sighing shall flee away."—Is. 35: 10.

REV. J. A. LEE.

J. B. HERBERT.

1. When we reach that peaceful shore o-ver there, All our trou-bles will be o'er
 2. Sor-row will not en-ter there, o-ver there, Not a bur-den or a care,
 3. And I long for that dear place, o-ver there, (over there,) When I close this earthly race,
 4. In that home just o-ver there, over there, I have loved ones freed from care,

o-ver there; In our Fa-ther's home on high, Tears will
 o-ver there; There no one can ev-er die, In that
 o-ver there; (o-ver there) Where there is no trace of sin, And no
 o-ver there; O, I'll see them there I know, When from

nev-er dim the eye, Tears will nev-er dim the eye, o-ver there.
 land be-yond the sky, In that land beyond the sky, o-ver there.
 wrong can enter in, And no wrong can en-ter in, o-ver there.
 earth I'm called to go, When from earth I'm called to go, o-ver there. (o-ver there.)

m **CHORUS.**
 No sor-row there can ev-er come, To mar..... the joy of
 Sor-row there can nev-er come, To mar the joy of

mp *m* *f* *p*
 that bright home, No good-byes, no good-byes in that home a-bove, Where all is love.

I Belong to the Saviour.

REV. J. A. LEE.

"For ye are bought with a price,"—1 Cor. 6: 20.

D. E. DORTCH.

1. I be-long to the Sav-iour to-day, For He bought me with
 2. O His serv-ice is pre-cious to me, As the years on-ward
 3. All I am and I ev-er shall be, All I have and I
 4. I'm re-joic-ing in Je-sus to-day, For by faith I am

His pre-cious blood, And He leads me a-long all the way, Thro' the
 roll one by one, And I trust ev-er faith-ful to be, Till my
 ev-er shall own, Je-sus purchased for me on the tree,—O the
 kept by His side; All my sor-row He chas-es a-way, In His

CHORUS.

des-ert, the storm and the flood.
 work here on earth is all done. I be-long to the Sav-iour, I
 mer-cy and love He hath shown.
 pres-ence no e-vils be-tide,

do, (I do,) I be-long to the Sav-iour, I do, (I do;) For He

bought me and calls me His own, I be-long to the Sav-iour, I do, (I do.)

R. A. G.

R. A. GLENN.

1. We shall meet a-gain ; How sweet the time will be, When, in that happy
 2. We shall meet a-gain, Where tears will never flow, Where gleams the golden
 3. We shall meet a-gain; Grieve not at parting here; When on that shining

land, Each oth-er's face we'll see ; The dear ones that have gone, We'll
 crowns, And robes as white as snow ; With an-gels there we'll roam, And
 strand, There'll be no fare - well tear ; Yes, by and by we'll meet, And

meet them o-ver there, Around the great white thrones, And Jesus will be there.
 vic'try's palm we'll bear, In that ce-les-tial home, And Je-sus will be there.
 know each other there; To make our joy complete, King Je-sus will be there.

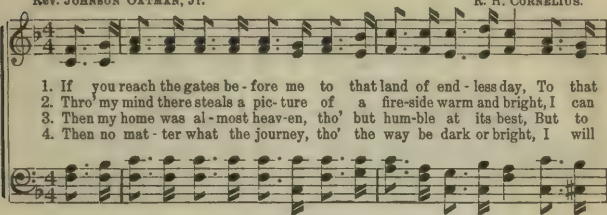
CHORUS.
 Sweet it is to know Je-sus will be there, yes, Je-sus will be there; With

all the host redeemed, We'll roam the heav'nly plains, And Jesus will be there.

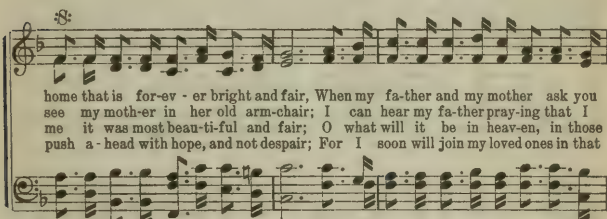
49 You May Tell My Dear Old Parents.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

R. H. CORNELIUS.



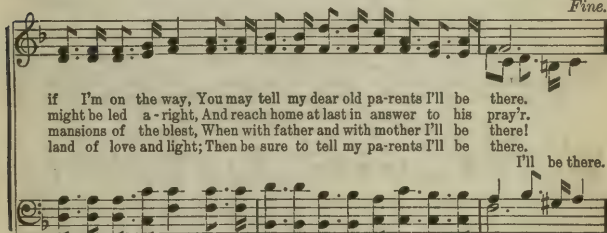
1. If you reach the gates be-fore me to that land of end-less day, To that
 2. Thro' my mind there steals a pic-ture of a fire-side warm and bright, I can
 3. Then my home was al-most heav-en, tho' but hum-bles at its best, But to
 4. Then no mat-ter what the journey, tho' the way be dark or bright, I will



home that is for-ev-er bright and fair, When my fa-ther and my mother ask you
 see my moth-er in her old arm-chair; I can hear my fa-ther pray-ing that I
 me it was most beau-ti-ful and fair; O what will it be in heav-en, in those
 push a-head with hope, and not despair; For I soon will join my loved ones in that

D. S.—Lord has heard and answered ev'ry pray'r; Yes, be sure to give this message when they

Fine.



if I'm on the way, You may tell my dear old pa-rents I'll be there.
 might be led a-right, And reach home at last in answer to his pray'r.
 mansions of the blest, When with father and with mother I'll be there!
 land of love and light; Then be sure to tell my pa-rents I'll be there.

I'll be there.

meet you at the gate, You may tell my dear old parents I'll be there.

REFRAIN.

D. S.



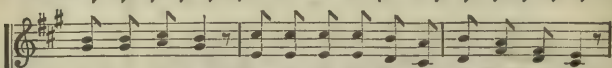
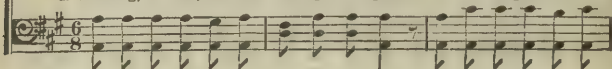
You may tell them I'll be there,..... That the
 tell my pa-rents I'll be there,

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.

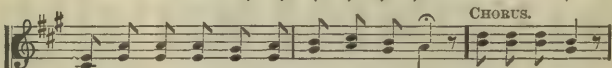
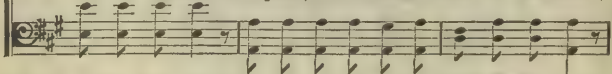
R. M. McINTOSH.



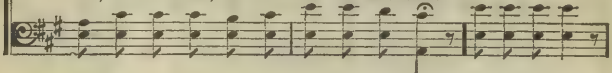
1. In-to the tent where a gyp-sy boy lay, Dy-ing a-lone, at the
2. "Did he so love me, a poor lit-tle boy? Send un-to me the good
3. Bending, we caught the last words of his breath, Just as he en-tered the
4. Smiling, he said, as his last sigh was spent, "I am so glad that for



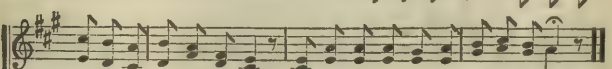
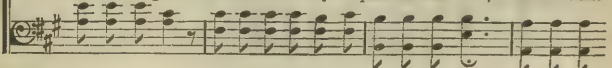
close of the day, 'News of sal-va-tion we car-ried,' said he,
 ti-dings of joy? Need I not per-ish? my hand will be hold?
 val-ley of death; "God sent his Son!—who-so-ev-er?" said he;
 me he was sent!" Whispered, while low sank the sun in the west:



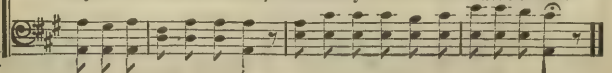
"No-bod-y ev-er has told it to me!" Tell it a-gain!
 No-bod-y ev-er the sto-ry has told!"
 "Then I am sure that he sent him for me!"
 "Lord, I be-lieve, tell it now to the rest!"



Tell it a-gain! Sal-va-tion's story re-peato'er and o'er, Till none can



say of the children of men, "No-bod-y ev-er has told me be-fore."



R. KELSO CARTER, except 1st verse.

. A.

1. Did you hear what Jesus said to me? They're all taken a-way, away,
 2. Oh, this wondrous grace so full and free; They're all taken a-way, away,
 3. Now the cleansing streams of mercy flow; They're all taken a-way, away,
 4. I have plunged beneath the crimson tide; They're all taken a-way, away,

Your sins are pardoned and you are free, They're all taken a - way.
 Tho' red like crimson, they're now as wool; They're all taken a - way.
 My sins like scar-let are white as snow; They're all taken a - way.
 And now by faith I am pu - ri - fied; They're all taken a - way.

CHORUS

They're all tak - en a - way, a-way, They're all taken away, a-way,

They're all tak-en a-way, a-way, My sins are all tak-en a - way.

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5 Oh, the cleansing blood has washed my soul;
 They're all taken away, away;
 And Jesus' healing has made me whole;
 They're all taken away.

6 Now the Spirit witnesses to me;
 They're all taken away, away;
 And keeps me standing in liberty;
 They're all taken away.

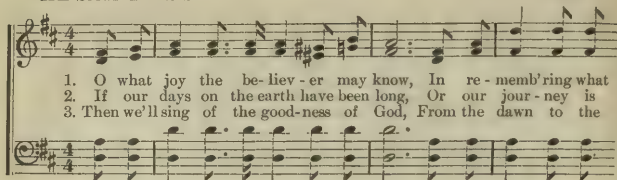
7 So I praise the Lord for sins forgiven,
 They're all taken away, away;
 While onward pressing my way to heav'n;
 They're all taken away.

8 And when in glory we meet above;
 They're all taken away, away;
 We'll sing the song of Redemptive Love,
 They're all taken away.

52. Life through the Crucified One.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

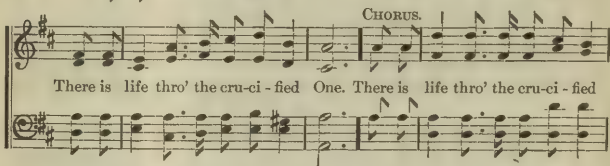
W. H. DOANE.



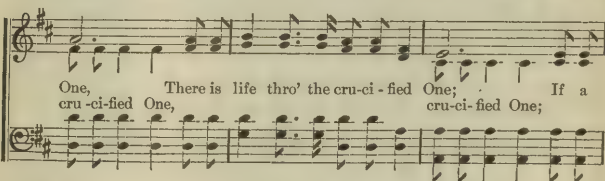
1. O what joy the be-liev-er may know, In re-memb'ring what
 2. If our days on the earth have been long, Or our jour-ney is
 3. Then we'll sing of the good-ness of God, From the dawn to the



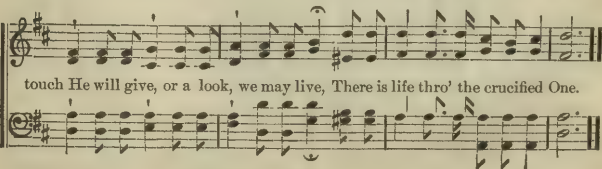
Je-sus has done; Tho' in sin we abound, With the Lord, grace is found;
 scarce-ly be-gun, With the Lord as our light, We will live it a-right;
 set-ting of sun, Till the whole world be-low Shall re-joic-ing-ly know;



CHORUS.
 There is life thro' the cru-ci-fied One. There is life thro' the cru-ci-fied



One, There is life thro' the cru-ci-fied One; If a
 cru-ci-fied One, cru-ci-fied One;



touch He will give, or a look, we may live, There is life thro' the crucified One.

I Cannot Let Him Go.

Mrs. S. A. COLLINS.

W. H. DOANE.

1. One is stand-ing at the door, Hear Him knock, knock, knock; O my
 2. Still He stand-eth at the door, Hear Him call, call, call; He has
 3. Yes, He stand-eth at the door, See Him wait, wait, wait; Will He

heart, wilt thou yield or no? Shall I now as oft be-fore,
 died for my guilt and sin; I am wea-ry and would rest,
 leave and re-turn no more? No, that gen-tle voice so dear,

From my Sav-iour close the door? No, I can-not let Him go.
 I may find it on His breast, I will quick-ly let Him in.
 How it calms my ev-'ry fear; I will o-pen now the door.

CHORUS.

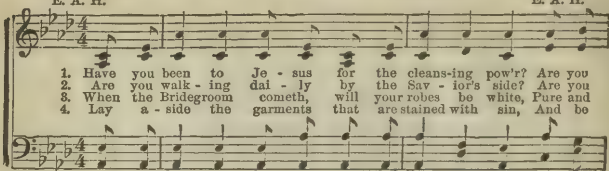
He stands, and knocks, No, I can-not let Him go; Shall I
 He stands, and knocks, let him go;

now as oft before, From my Saviour close the door? No, I can-not let Him go!

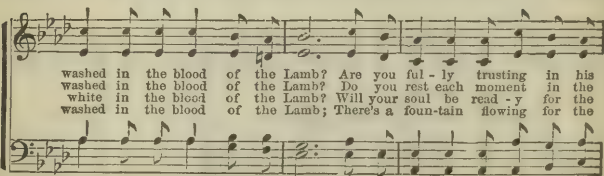
No. 54. Are You Washed in the Blood?

E. A. H.

E. A. H.

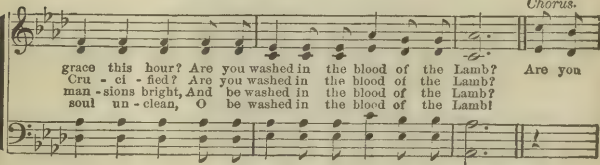


1. Have you been to Je - sus for the cleans-ing pow'r? Are you
 2. Are you walk - ing dai - ly by the Sav - ior's side? Are you
 3. When the Bridegroom cometh, will your robes be white, Pure and
 4. Lay a - side the garments that are stained with sin, And be

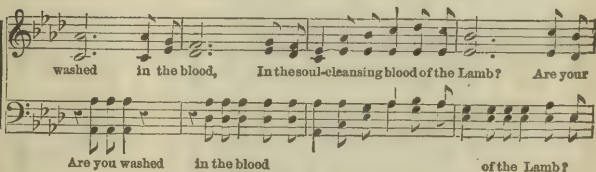


washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you ful - ly trusting in his
 washed in the blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each moment in the
 white in the blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be read - y for the
 washed in the blood of the Lamb; There's a foun-tain flowing for the

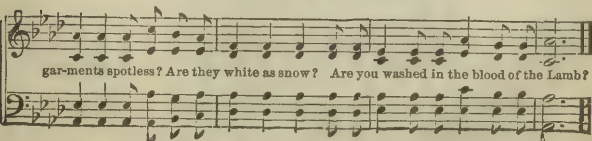
Chorus.



grace this hour? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you
 Cru - ci - fed? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
 man - sions bright, And be washed in the blood of the Lamb?
 soul un - clean, O be washed in the blood of the Lamb!



washed in the blood, In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb? Are you
 Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?



gar-ments spotless? Are they white as snow? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

No. 55. Sailing O'er Life's Ocean.

Selected.

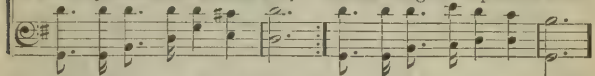
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, By per.



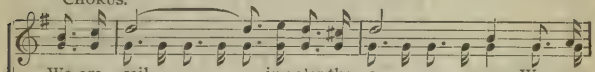
1. { We're a faith-ful pilgrim band, Sail-ing to the heav'nly land; With our
Tho' the tempest ra-ges long, There is one a-mid the throng Who will
2. { Tho' the roar-ing billows swell, Yet se-cure-ly we may dwell, Tho' the
Mid the storm, by day or night, Trust our Captain by His might, He will
3. { Tho' for ma-n-y a-ges past She has long withstood the blast, And in
Yet, a-mid the rocks and shoals, She has landed many souls On fair



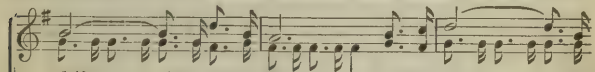
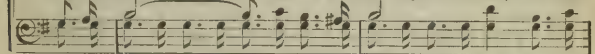
spread-ing sail we on-ward sweep, guide the sail - or o'er the deep.
break - ers roar up-on the lea; guide us safe - ly o'er the sea.
safe - ty crossed the billows o'er, Canaan's bright and peaceful shore.



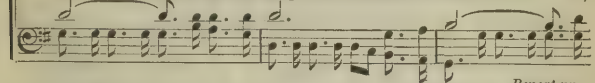
CHORUS.



We are sail - - - ing o'er the o - - - cean, We are
We are sail - ing o'er the o - - - cean, We are drift - ing with the tide, We are



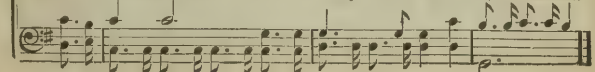
drift - - - ing with the tide; Soon the storm will
sail - ing o'er the ocean, We are drifting with the tide: Soon the storm will all be o - ver,



Repeat pp.



all be o - ver, And we'll reach the oth-er side.
Soon the storm will all be o - ver, And we'll safely reach the other side, the other side.



Be a Little Sunbeam.

"And a little child shall lead them."—ISAIAH 11: 6.

J. A. L.

J. A. LEE.

1. Be a lit-tle sunbeam a-long life's way, Shining for the Saviour from day to day;
2. Be a lit-tle sunbeam and always shine, Be-ing un-to oth-ers so lov-ing, kind;
3. Be a lit-tle sunbeam in ev-'ry home, Be a little sunbeam where'er you roam;
4. Can't you tell as we sing our little song, That we to the sunbeams each one belong?

Thus we'll fill our mission down here below, Be a lit-tle sunbeam as on we go.
 Yes, we all are sunbeams, a happy band, And to all the lost world we'll give our hand.
 Oh, we'll look to Je-sus, and try to pray That He'll always help us a-long the way.
 Yes, we each one give, and we each one pray, This is serving Christ in the sunbeam's way.

REFRAIN.

D. S.

Sunbeams, sunbeams, Shining day by day, Sunbeams, sunbeams, Shining all the way;

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57 LEANING ON THE EVERLASTING ARMS.

"Underneath are the everlasting arms."—Deut. 33: 27.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.

1. What a fellowship, what a joy divine, Leaning on the Everlasting Arms!
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Leaning on the Everlasting Arms!
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Leaning on the Everlasting Arms!

What a blessedness, what a peace is mine, Leaning on the Ev-erlasting Arms!
 Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day, Leaning on the Ev-erlasting Arms!
 I have peace complete with my Lord so near, Leaning on the Ev-erlasting Arms!

THE PRODIGAL BOY.

S. A. DAY.

S. A. DAY.

1. In the land of strangers where famine prevails Is the prod - i - gal boy from home;
 2. What pain and anguish now fills his sad heart, As he thinks of the sin - ful past;
 3. My fa - ther at home has plen - ty to spare, His servants fare better than I;
 4. I will now a - rise and to father I'll go, And say, I have sinned be - fore thee;
 5. The fa - ther saw him returning a - far, And ran his lost son to re - ceive;
 6. Bring forth a robe of rich purple and gold, And a ring to put on his hand;

He has wast - ed his all in fol - ly and sin, Now friendless he's left a - lone.
 What loss he now feels, what poverty, shame, He has come to himself at last.
 Why should I remain in such sorrow and pain, In this wretched state shall I die?
 I will ask not the place of a son a - gain, A servant I'd on - ly be.
 Embracing and kiss - ing he then did declare, I free - ly my child for - give.
 Bring shoes for his feet, a feast now prepare, For the dead is a - live a - gain.

CHORUS.

But One there is, a Friend in - deed, A Father who loves him still; And

he can come back to his lov - ing em - brace, Yes, he can come back if he will.

From "Heart Echoes."

60

TAKE ME AS I AM.

Key of A.

1 Jesus, my Lord, to Thee I cry,
 Unless Thou help me I must die;
 O bring Thy free salvation nigh,
 And take me as I am!
 REFRAIN.—Take me as I am;
 Take me as I am;
 O bring thy free salvation nigh,
 And take me as I am!
 2 Helpless I am, and full of guilt,
 But yet for me Thy blood was spilt,

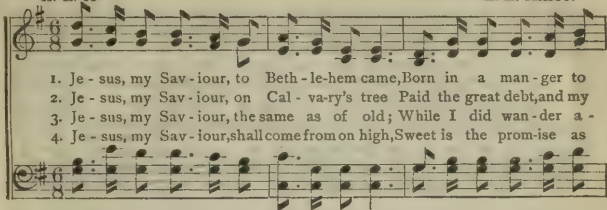
And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt,
 But take me as I am!
 3 I thirst, I long to know Thy love,
 Thy full salvation I would prove;
 But since to Thee I can not move,
 O take me as I am!
 4 If Thou hast work for me to do,
 Inspire my will, my heart renew,
 And work both in and by me, too,
 But take me as I am!

No. 61.

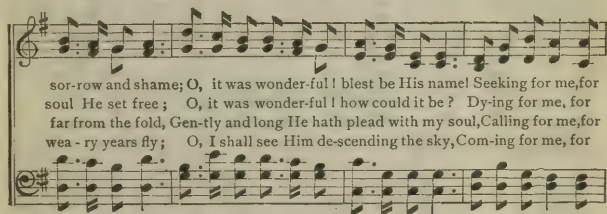
SEEKING FOR ME.

E. E. H.

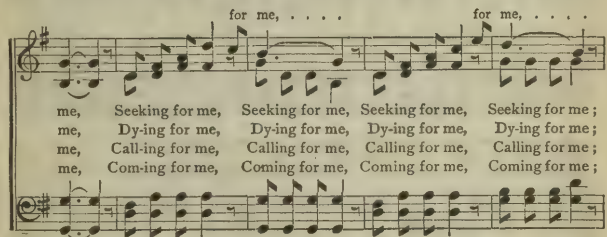
E. E. HASTY.



1. Je - sus, my Sav - iour, to Beth - le - hem came, Born in a man - ger to
 2. Je - sus, my Sav - iour, on Cal - va - ry's tree Paid the great debt, and my
 3. Je - sus, my Sav - iour, the same as of old; While I did wan - der a -
 4. Je - sus, my Sav - iour, shall come from on high, Sweet is the prom - ise as

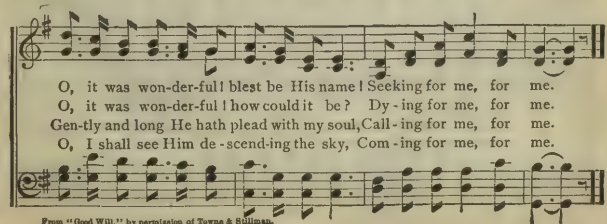


sor - row and shame; O, it was won - der - ful ! blest be His name ! Seeking for me, for
 soul He set free ; O, it was won - der - ful ! how could it be ? Dy - ing for me, for
 far from the fold, Gen - tly and long He hath plead with my soul, Call - ing for me, for
 wea - ry years fly ; O, I shall see Him de - scend - ing the sky, Com - ing for me, for



for me, for me,

me,	Seeking for me,	Seeking for me,	Seeking for me,	Seeking for me ;
me,	Dy - ing for me,	Dy - ing for me,	Dy - ing for me,	Dy - ing for me ;
me,	Call - ing for me,	Call - ing for me,	Call - ing for me,	Call - ing for me ;
me,	Com - ing for me,	Com - ing for me,	Com - ing for me,	Com - ing for me ;



O, it was won - der - ful ! blest be His name ! Seeking for me, for me.
 O, it was won - der - ful ! how could it be ? Dy - ing for me, for me.
 Gen - tly and long He hath plead with my soul, Call - ing for me, for me.
 O, I shall see Him de - scend - ing the sky, Com - ing for me, for me.

No. 62.

GOD BE WITH YOU.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

W. G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet a-gain, By His counsels guide, up-
 2. God be with you till we meet a-gain, 'Neath His wings se - cure - ly
 3. God be with you till we meet a-gain, When life's per - ils thick con-
 4. God be with you till we meet a-gain, Keep love's ban-ner float-ing

hold you, With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you,
 hide you, Dai - ly man - na still di - vide you,
 found you, Put His arms un - fail - ing round you,
 o'er you, Smite death's threat'ning wave be - fore you,

CHORUS.
 God be with you till we meet a-gain. Till we meet, till we
 Till we meet, till we

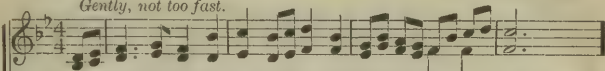
meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet Till we
 meet, till we meet, Till we meet,

meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet again.
 Till we meet, Till we meet, till we meet.

He's Just the Same To-Day.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

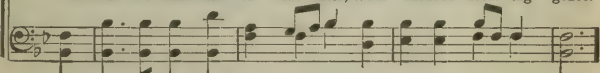
W. H. DOANE.

Gently, not too fast.

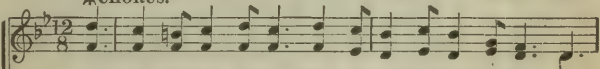
1. There is a Friend, a pa - tient Friend, Who loved us long a - go (long a-go);
2. Up - on the cross His pre - cious blood For all He free - ly gave (freely gave);
3. The same who stood with lift - ed hands, And blessed His faithful few (faithful few);
4. The same who yet shall come a - gain, And we shall see His face (see His face);

*Rit.*

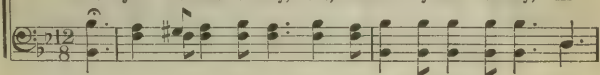
And laid a - side His roy - al crown, That wondrous love to show.
 He rose tri - um - phant from the tomb, And lives, the world to save.
 Then in a cloud was tak - en up, And part - ed from their view.
 And when we meet Him in the skies, We'll shout re - deem - ing grace.



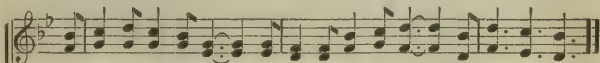
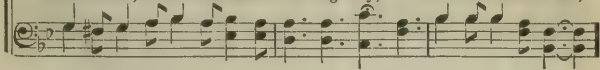
CHORUS.



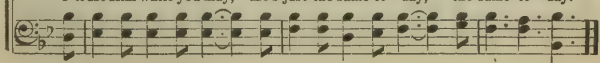
He's just the same to - day, Yes, the ver - y same to - day, As



when He said, "I am the true and liv - ing way," O come and trust Him now,



O trust Him while you may, He's just the same to - day, the same to - day.



FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. When my life-work is ended, and I cross the swelling tide, When the
 2. Oh, the soul-thrilling rapture when I view his blessed face, And the
 3. Oh, the dear ones in glo-ry, how they beckon me to come, And our
 4. Thro' the gates to the cit-y, in a robe of spotless white, He will

bright and glorious morning I shall see; I shall know my Redeemer when I
 lus - tre of his kind-ly beaming eye; How my full heart will praise him for the
 part-ing at the riv-er I re-call; To the sweet vales of Eden they will
 lead me where no tears will ever fall; In the glad song of a - ges I shall

reach the oth-er side, And his smile will be the first to wel-come me.
 mercy, love and grace, That prepares for me a man-sion in the sky.
 sing my welcome home, But I long to meet my Saviour first of all.
 mingle with de-light; But I long to meet my Saviour first of all.

CHORUS.

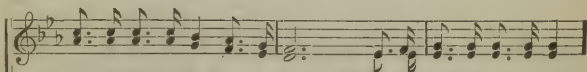
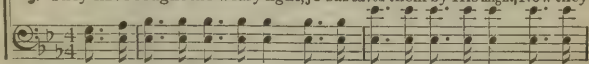
I shall know him, I shall know him, And redeem'd by his side I shall stand,
 I shall know him,

I shall know him, I shall know him, By the print of the nails in his hand.
 I shall know him,

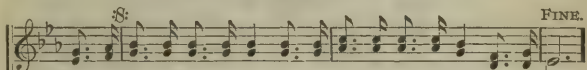
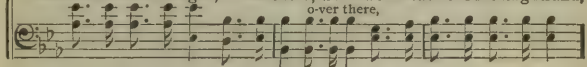
CHAS. E. POLLOCK.



1. They have reached the sunny shore, And will never hunger more, And their
2. Now they feel no chilling blast, For their winter time is past, And their
3. They have fought the weary fight, Je-sus saved them by His might, Now they

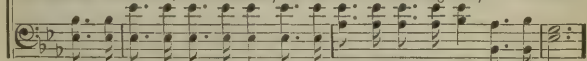


grief and pains are o'er, o - ver there; They will need no lamp by night,
 sum-mers al-ways last, o - ver there; They can nev-er know a fear,
 dwell with Him in light, o - ver there; Soon we'll reach the shining strand,



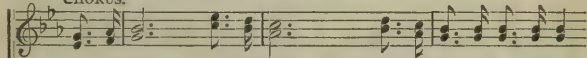
FINE.

For their day is always bright, And the Savior is their light, o - ver there.
 For their Savior's always near, And with them is endless cheer, o - ver there.
 Soon we'll wait our Lord's command, Till we see His beck'ning hand, o - ver there.

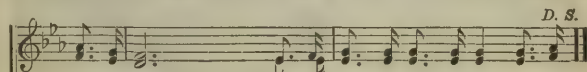
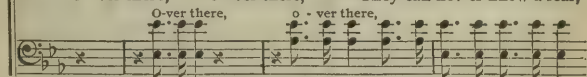


D. S.—day is always bright, And the Savior is their light, o - ver there.

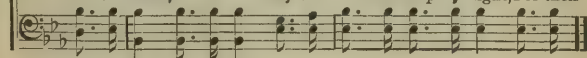
CHORUS.



O - ver there, o - ver there, They can nev-er know a fear,



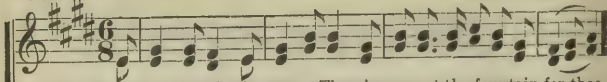
o - ver there; They will need no lamp by night, For their



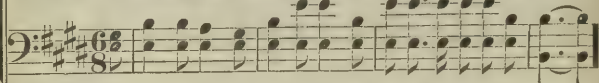
No. 66.

ROOM AT THE FOUNTAIN.

MRS. M. J. HARRIS.



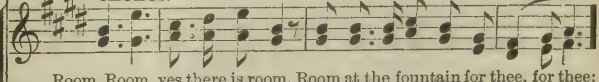
1. I heard my loving Saviour say, There's room at the fountain for thee,
2. I came to Him my sins confessed, There was room at the fountain for me,
3. I plunged beneath the crimson tide, There was room at the fountain for me,
4. I found the crimson stream I know, There was room at the fountain for me,



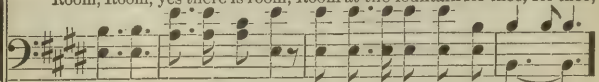
Come wash the stains of sin away, There's room at the fountain for thee.
 When I gave up my heart was blest, There's room at the fountain for thee.
 And now by faith am sanc-ti-fied, There's room at the fountain for thee.
 His blood has washed me white as snow, There's room at the fountain for thee.



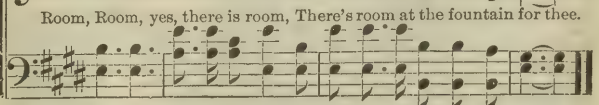
CHORUS.



Room, Room, yes there is room, Room at the fountain for thee, for thee;



Room, Room, yes, there is room, There's room at the fountain for thee.



- 5 He cleansed my heart from inbred sin,
There was room at the fountain for me,
And now He keeps me pure within,
There's room at the fountain for thee.

- 7 His blood was shed but once for all,
There was room at the fountain for me;
Oh, don't reject sweet Mercy's call,
There's room at the fountain for thee.

- I'll praise Him while He gives me breath,
There was room at the fountain for me;
He saved me from an awful death,
There's room at the fountain for thee.

- 8 We'll sing with all the saints above,
There was room at the fountain for me;
And praise Him for redeeming love,
There's room at the fountain for thee.

No. 67. DYING FROM HOME, AND LOST.

S. M. B.

S. M. BROWN. By per.

1. Companion draw nigh, they say I must die, Early the summons has come from on high,
 2. Ah, can you not bow and pray with me now? Sad the regret we have never learned how,
 3. And can you not sing a song of His love, How He came down from the mansions above
 4. A - las! it is so; but thus it must be; No word of comfort or promise for me;
 5. O people of God who have His blest word, Will you not heed the command of your Lord,

The way is so dark, and yet I must go, O that such sorrow you never may know?
 To come before Him who only can save, Leading in triumph thro' death and the grave.
 To bleed and to die on Calvary's tree, Bringing salvation to sinner's like me?
 To die without God, or hope in His Son, Covered in darkness, bereaved and undone.
 And publish to all of Adam's lost race, Pardon, forgiveness, salvation thro' grace?

CHORUS.

On - ly a pray'r, on - ly a tear, O if sis - ter and mother were here;

On - ly a song, 'twill comfort and cheer, On - ly a word from that Book so dear.

Copyright, 1892, by S. M. Brown.

To the brethren who have aided me in the establishment of the Tabernacle Church in Kansas City, I most respectfully dedicate this song, the proceeds from the sale of which I contribute to missions in Kansas City.

S. M. BROWN.

Two young men, who had been brought up together in a distant State, came to Kansas City to get a start in the world. They were employed in laboring on the piers of one of the great railroad bridges on the Missouri River. An accident occurred in which several men were injured, among them was one of these young men, who was fatally crushed. He was taken into one of the tents in which the laborers were living, and, being conscious, he was told by the physician that he could live only a few hours. He requested his companions to pray with him and stated that he was not prepared to die. His friend assured him that he did not pray for himself and was not fit to pray for a dying man. Then he asked that a song might be sung, but was again assured by his friend that he knew no song appropriate to an occasion like that. Finally, he begged that a Bible might be brought and a few verses read to him before he died. The tents and cabins were searched, and there was not a copy of the Word of God to be found, and so, among his last words the dying man exclaimed, "And is it possible that away from home and without a prayer, a song, or a verse of Scripture, I am to be ushered into the presence of God unprepared?"

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

B. B. BEALL.

1. From dan-ger and doubt, from sor-row and fear, My Je-sus is
 2. The temp-ter may strive my soul to ensnare, But Je-sus is
 3. No mat-ter how dark with e-vil the hour, My Je-sus is
 4. Oh, trust in His grace, a-bound-ing and free, For Je-sus is

a-ble to save; . . . When trouble and care and tri-al are near, My
 a-ble to save; . . . For ref-uge I flee to Jesus in pray'r, I
 a-ble to save; . . . For His is the kingdom, glory and pow'r, For
 a-ble to save; . . . And nev-er dismayed, dis-com-fit-ed be, For
 is a-ble to save;

REFRAIN.

Jesus is a-ble to save. My Jesus is a-ble to save, . . .
 know He is a-ble to save.
 Jesus is a-ble to save. is a-ble to save,
 Jesus is a-ble to save.

My Je-sus is a-ble to save; . . . His grace is so
 is a-ble to save;

free and reaches e'en me; Yes, Je-sus is a-ble to save. . . .
 is a-ble to save.

No. 69.

Hear Him Calling.

J. H. MARTIN.

DR. A. B. EVERETT.

1. Are you stay - ing, safe - ly stay - ing, In the ten - der Shepherd's
 2. Are you hear - ing, glad - ly hear - ing, How He bids His fold - ed
 3. Are you roam - ing, long - er roam - ing, In the cold, dark night of

peace - ful fold? No, I'm stray - ing, sad - ly stray - ing, On the
 flock re - joice? No, I'm fear - ing, sad - ly fear - ing, I have
 doubt and sin? No, I'm com - ing, quick - ly com - ing, O - pen

CHORUS.

lone - ly mountains, dark and cold.
 fol - lowed far the stranger's voice. On your ear His lov - ing tones are
 door, make haste to let me in.

fall - ing, For He seeks you, where - so - e'er you roam, Hear Him

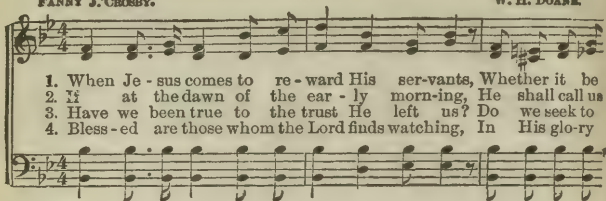
call - ing, sweetly call - ing, As He bids His wand'ring sheep come home.

The A. M. McIntosh Co. Collection

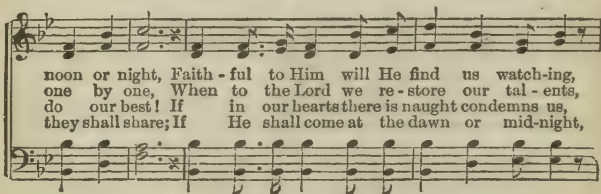
No. 70. Will Jesus Find Us Watching?

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

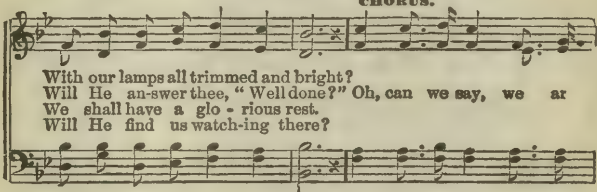


1. When Je - sus comes to re - ward His ser - vants, Whether it be
 2. Is at the dawn of the ear - ly morn - ing, He shall call us
 3. Have we been true to the trust He left us? Do we seek to
 4. Bless - ed are those whom the Lord finds watching, In His glo - ry

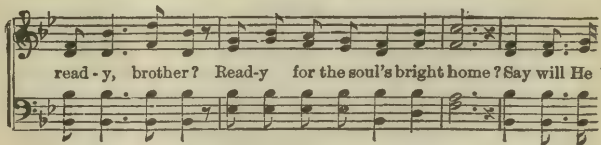


noon or night, Faith - ful to Him will He find us watch - ing,
 one by one, When to the Lord we re - store our tal - ents,
 do our best! If in our hearts there is naught condemns us,
 they shall share; If He shall come at the dawn or mid - night,

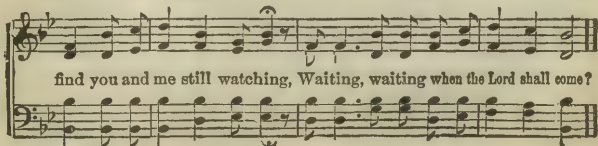
CHORUS.



With our lamps all trimmed and bright?
 Will He an - swer thee, "Well done?" Oh, can we say, we ar
 We shall have a glo - rious rest.
 Will He find us watch - ing there?



read - y, brother? Read - y for the soul's bright home? Say will He



find you and me still watching, Waiting, waiting when the Lord shall come?

O PRODIGAL, DON'T STAY AWAY.

REV. J. E. RANKIN.

J. W. BISCHOFF. By per.

1. O prod-i - gal, don't stay a - way! The Fa - ther is wait-ing to - day;
 2. O prod-i - gal brother, come home! Why long-er in wretchedness roan?
 3. O prod-i - gal, what will you do? Love's ta - ble is wait-ing for you;
 4. O prod-i - gal broth-er, a - rise! For par-don, look up to the skies;

There's room and to spare, There is rai-ment to wear, O prod - i - gal,
 You're lone - ly and lost, You are driv - en and tossed, O prod - i - gal
 For - give - ness so sweet, Sure, your com-ing will greet, O prod - i - gal,
 No long - er then stray From thy Fa - ther a - way, O prod - i - gal

CHORUS.

don't stay a - way.
 broth - er, come home. Will you come?..... will you come?.....
 what will you do? Will you come? will you come?
 broth - er, a - rise!

Will you come, come home to - day? There is wel-come for you,
 will you come?

From the Fa - ther so true, Then, O prod - i - gal, don't stay a - way.

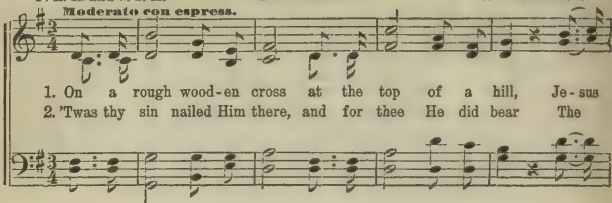
No. 72. THE ROUGH WOODEN CROSS.

F. E. R. and C. S. M.

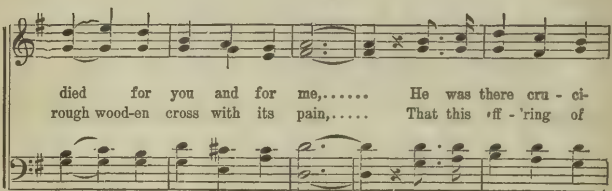
ST. LUKE 23: 33.

C. O. RIMANOCZY.

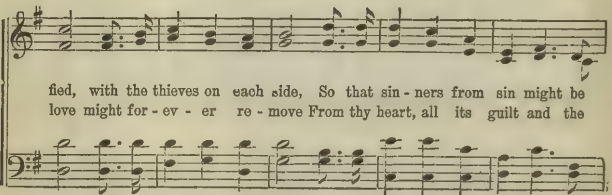
Moderato con espressa.



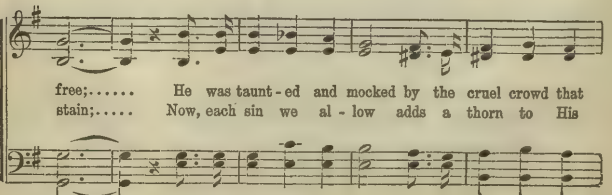
1. On a rough wood-en cross at the top of a hill, Je-sus
2. 'Twas thy sin nailed Him there, and for thee He did bear The



died for you and for me,..... He was there cru-ci-
rough wood-en cross with its pain,.... That this 'ff-'ring of

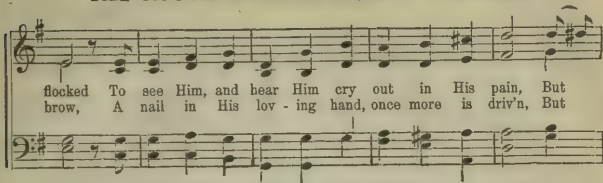


fied, with the thieves on each side, So that sin-ners from sin might be
love might for-ev-er re-move From thy heart, all its guilt and the

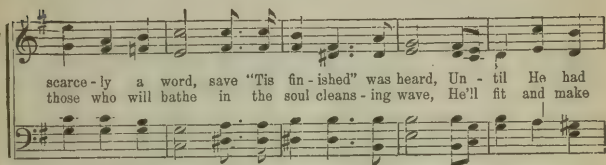


free;..... He was taunt-ed and mocked by the cruel crowd that
stain;..... Now, each sin we al-low adds a thorn to His

THE ROUGH WOODEN CROSS. Concluded.

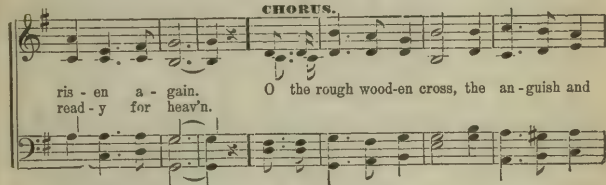


flocked To see Him, and hear Him cry out in His pain, But
brow, A nail in His lov - ing hand, once more is driv'n, But

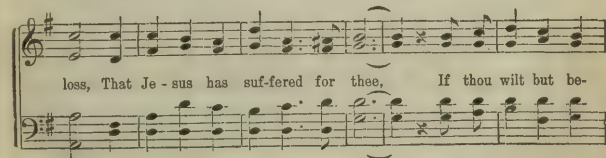


scarce - ly a word, save "Tis fin - ished" was heard, Un - til He had
those who will bathe in the soul cleans - ing wave, He'll fit and make

CHORUS.

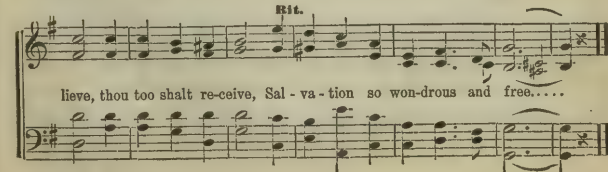


ris - en a - gain. O the rough wood - en cross, the an - guish and
read - y for heav'n.



loss, That Je - sus has suf - fered for thee, If thou wilt but be -

REL.



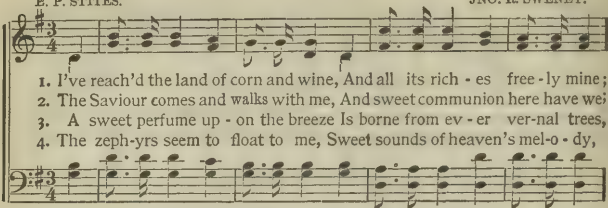
lieve, thou too shalt re - ceive, Sal - va - tion so won - drous and free....

No. 73.

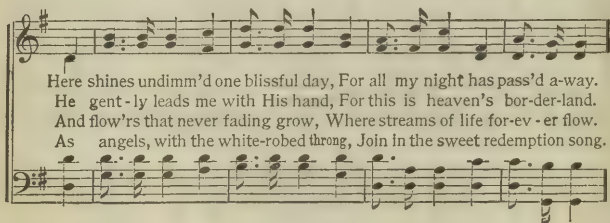
Beulah Land.

E. P. STITES.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

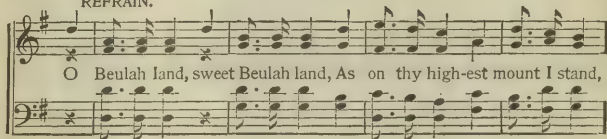


1. I've reach'd the land of corn and wine, And all its rich - es free - ly mine;
2. The Saviour comes and walks with me, And sweet communion here have we;
3. A sweet perfume up - on the breeze is borne from ev - er ver - nal trees,
4. The zeph - yrs seem to float to me, Sweet sounds of heaven's mel - o - dy,

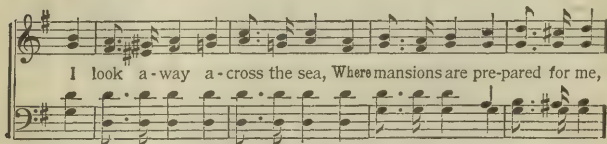


Here shines undimm'd one blissful day, For all my night has pass'd a-way.
He gent - ly leads me with His hand, For this is heaven's bor - der - land.
And flow'rs that never fading grow, Where streams of life for - ev - er flow.
As angels, with the white-robed throng, Join in the sweet redemption song.

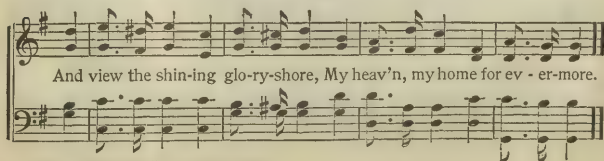
REFRAIN.



O Beulah land, sweet Beulah land, As on thy high - est mount I stand,



I look a - way a - cross the sea, Where mansions are pre - pared for me,



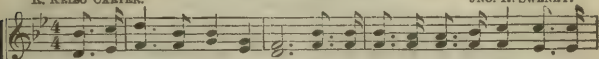
And view the shin - ing glo - ry - shore, My heav'n, my home for ev - er - more.

No. 74.

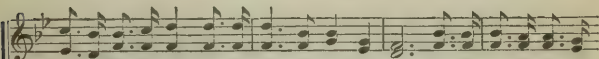
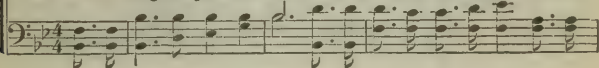
The Beautiful Light.

R. KELSO CARTER.

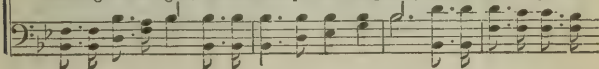
JNO. R. SWENEY.



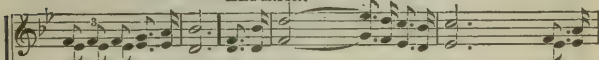
1. Je - sus is the light, the way, We are walking in the light, We are
2. We who know our sins forgiv'n, We are walking in the light, We are
3. As we jour-ney here be-low, We are walking in the light, We are
4. We will sing His pow'r to save, We are walking in the light, We are



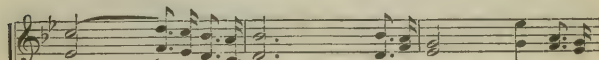
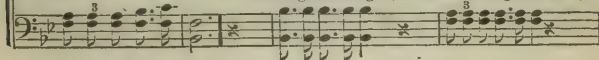
walking in the light; Shining brighter day by day, We are walking in the
walking in the light; Find on earth the joy of heav'n, We are walking in the
walking in the light; O what joy and peace we know, We are walking in the
walking in the light; We will triumph o'er the grave, We are walking in the



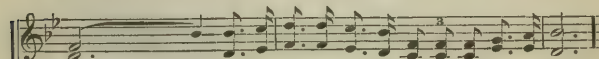
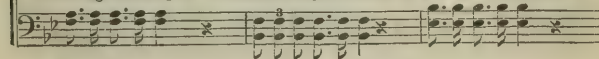
REFRAIN.



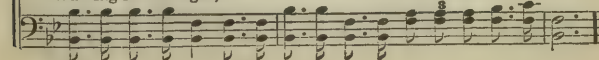
beautiful light of God. We are walk - ing in the light, We are
Walking in the light, beautiful light of God,



walk - ing in the light, We are walk - ing in the
Walking in the light, beautiful light of God, Walking in the light,



light,..... We are walking in the beau-ti-ful light of God.
Walking in the light,

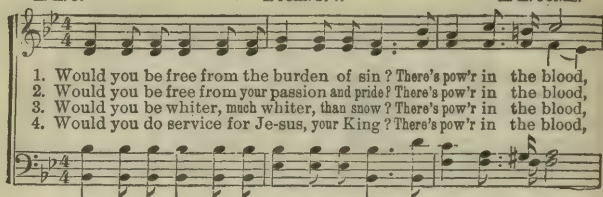


No. 75 THERE IS POWER IN THE BLOOD.

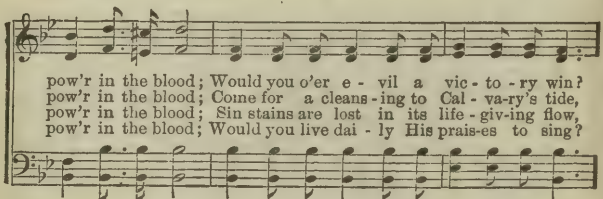
L. E. J.

I. JOHN 1: 7.

L. E. JONES.

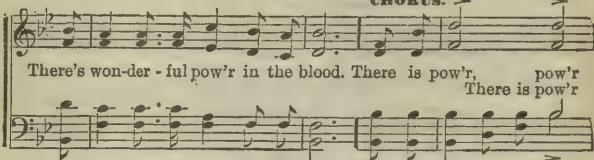


1. Would you be free from the burden of sin? There's pow'r in the blood,
 2. Would you be free from your passion and pride? There's pow'r in the blood,
 3. Would you be whiter, much whiter, than snow? There's pow'r in the blood,
 4. Would you do service for Je-sus, your King? There's pow'r in the blood,

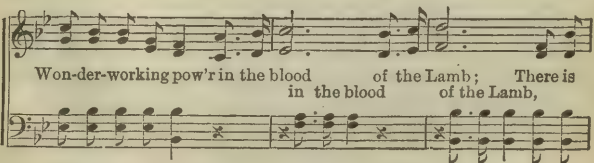


pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er e - vil a vic - to - ry win?
 pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleans - ing to Cal - va - ry's tide,
 pow'r in the blood; Sin stains are lost in its life - giv - ing flow,
 pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai - ly His prais - es to sing?

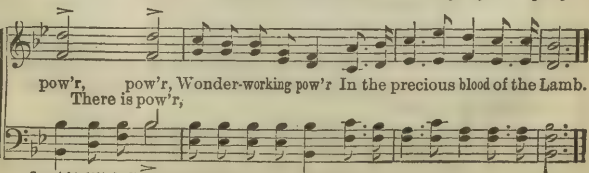
CHORUS.



There's won - der - ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, pow'r
 There is pow'r



Won - der - working pow'r in the blood of the Lamb; There is
 in the blood of the Lamb,



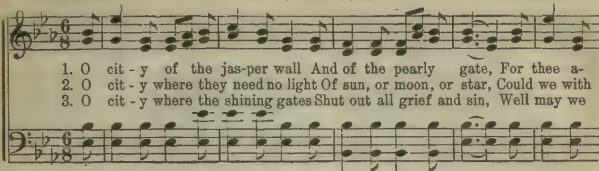
pow'r, pow'r, Wonder-working pow'r In the precious blood of the Lamb.
 There is pow'r,

City of the Jasper Wall.

DR. BETHUNE.

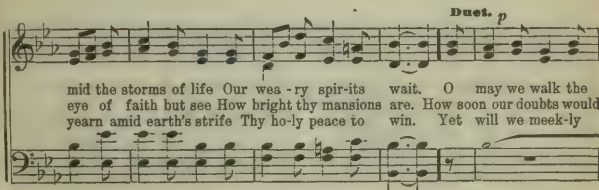
"The wall of it was of jasper."

W. A. OGDEN.



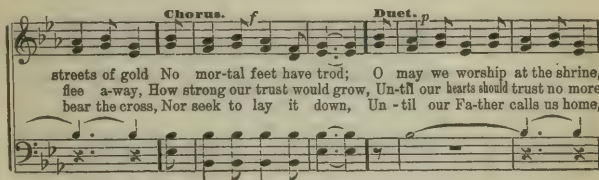
1. O cit - y of the jas - per wall And of the pearly gate, For thee a -
 2. O cit - y where they need no light Of sun, or moon, or star, Could we with
 3. O cit - y where the shining gates Shut out all grief and sin, Well may we

Duet. *p*



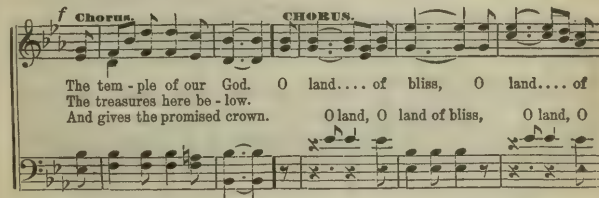
mid the storms of life Our wea - ry spir - its wait. O may we walk the
 eye of faith but see How bright thy mansions are. How soon our doubts would
 yearn amid earth's strife Thy ho - ly peace to win. Yet will we meek - ly

Chorus. *f* **Duet. *p***

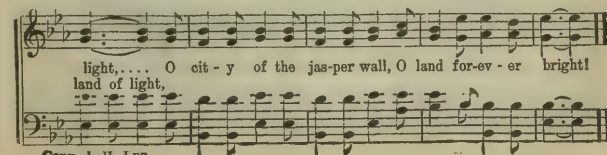


streets of gold No mor - tal feet have trod; O may we worship at the shrine,
 flee a - way, How strong our trust would grow, Un - til our hearts should trust no more
 bear the cross, Nor seek to lay it down, Un - til our Fa - ther calls us home,

***f* Chorus. CHORUS.**



The tem - ple of our God. O land... of bliss, O land... of
 The treasures here be - low. O land, O land of bliss, O land, O
 And gives the promised crown.



light,... O cit - y of the jas - per wall, O land for - ev - er bright!
 land of light,

HARVARD-YENCHING UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

CATHERINE HANKS.

W. G. FISHER.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry of unseen things a - bove, Of Je - sus
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleasant to repeat, What seems each
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hunger-

and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the
time I tell it, More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the
ing and thirsting To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of

sto - ry, Because I know 'tis true; It sat - is - fies my longings,
sto - ry, For some have never heard The message of sal - va - tion,
glo - ry, I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be — the old, old sto - ry,

REFRAIN.

As noth - ing else can do.
From God's own ho - ly word. I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill
That I have loved so long.

be my theme in glory, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Jesus and His love.

Never Alone.

*"Lo, I am with you alway."—MATTHEW 28: 20.*C. F. O. and P. H.
DUET and CHORUS.

Arrangement for this work.

1. Lone-ly? no, not lone-ly While Je-sus stand-eth by; His pres-ence al-ways
 2. Wea-ry? no, not wea-ry While lean-ing on His breast; My soul hath full en-
 3. He died upon the mountain, For me was cru-ci-fied, He o-pened there the
 4. Wait-ing? O yes, wait-ing; He bade me watch and wait; I on-ly won-der

cheers me; I know that He is nigh. Friendless? no, not friendless, For Je-sus
 joyment, 'Tis His e-ter-nal rest. Help-less? yes, so help-less; But I am
 fountain From out His bleed-ing side. Soon from realms of glo-ry He's com-ing
 oft-en What makes my Lord so late. Joy-ful? yes, so joy-ful; With joy too

is my Friend; I change, but He re-main-eth The same un-to the end.
 lean-ing hard On the might-y arm of Je-sus, And He is keep-ing guard.
 for His own, Then me He'll sure re-mem-ber, He ne'er will leave me a-lone.
 deep for words; A pre-cious, sure foun-da-tion, The joy that is my Lord's.

CHORUS.

No, nev-er a-lone,..... no, nev-er a-lone,.... He has promised never to
 No, no, never alone, no, no, never alone,

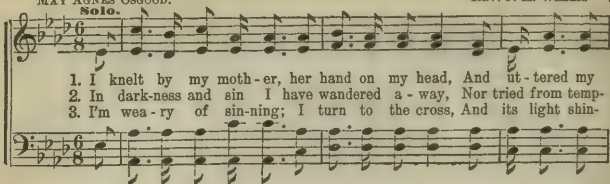
leave me, Nev-er to leave me a-lone; Nev-er to leave me a-lone.

No. 79. MY MOTHER IS PRAYING FOR ME.

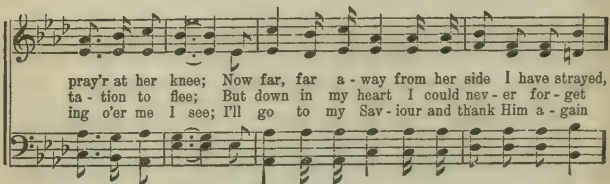
MAY AGNES OSGOOD.

REV. J. H. WEBER.

Solo.

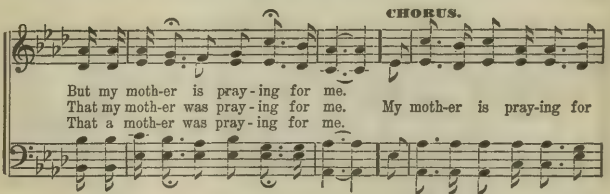


1. I knelt by my moth-er, her hand on my head, And ut-tered my
 2. In dark-ness and sin I have wandered a-way, Nor tried from temp-
 3. I'm wea-ry of sin-ning; I turn to the cross, And its light shin-

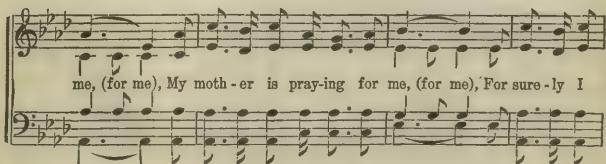


pray'r at her knee; Now far, far a-way from her side I have strayed,
 ta-tion to flee; But down in my heart I could nev-er for-get
 ing o'er me I see; I'll go to my Sav-iour and thank Him a-gain

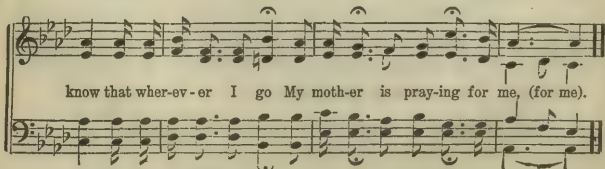
CHORUS.



But my moth-er is pray-ing for me.
 That my moth-er was pray-ing for me. My moth-er is pray-ing for
 That a moth-er was pray-ing for me.



me, (for me), My moth-er is pray-ing for me, (for me), For sure-ly I



know that wher-ev-er I go My moth-er is pray-ing for me, (for me).

OVER THERE.

D. W. C. HUNTINGTON.

TULLIUS C. O'KANE.

1. Oh, think of the home o-ver there, By the side of the riv-er of
 2. Oh, think of the friends o-ver there, Who be-fore us the jour-ney have
 3. My Sav-iour is now o-ver there, There my kin-dred and friends are at
 4. I'll soon be at rest o-ver there, For the end of my jour-ney I

light, Where the saints, all im-mor-tal and fair, Are
 trod, Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their
 rest; Then a-way from my sor-row and care, Let me
 see; Ma-n-y dear to my heart, o-ver there, Are
 o-ver there,

REFRAIN.
 robed in their gar-ments of white, o-ver there.
 home in the pal-ace of God, o-ver there. } O-ver there, O-ver
 fly to the land of the blest, o-ver there.
 watch-ing and wait-ing for me, o-ver there.
 O-ver there,

there, Oh, think of the {home friends} o-ver there, o-ver there; O-ver
 o-ver there, o-ver there,

there, o-ver there, o-ver there, o-ver there, Oh think of the {home friends} over there.
 o-ver there,

J. M. B.

J. M. BLACK.

1. { When the trump-et of the Lord shall sound, and time shall
 2. { When the saved of earth shall gath-er o-ver on the
 3. { On that bright and cloud-less morn-ing, when the dead in
 2. { When His chos-en ones shall gath-er to their home be-
 3. { Let us la-bor for the Mas-ter, from the dawn till
 2. { Then when all of life is o-ver, and our work on

be no more, And the morning breaks e-ter-nal, bright and fair,
 oth-er shore, And the (Omit.)
 Christ shall rise, And the glo-ry of His res-ur-rec-tion share;
 yond the skies, And the (Omit.)
 set-ting sun, Let us talk of all His wondrous love and care;
 earth is done, And the (Omit.)

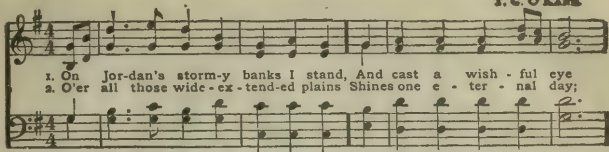
roll is called up yonder, I'll be there. When the roll..... is
 When the roll is
 D. S. roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there.

called up yon-der, When the roll..... is called up
 called up yon-der, I'll be there, When the roll is called up-

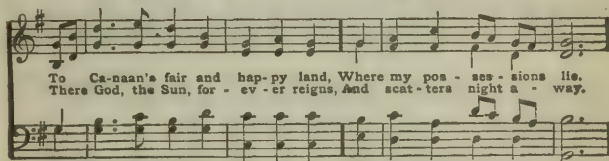
yon-der, When the roll..... is called up yonder, When the'
 yonder, I'll be there, When the roll is called up yon-der,

On Jordan's Stormy Banks.

T. C. O'Kara

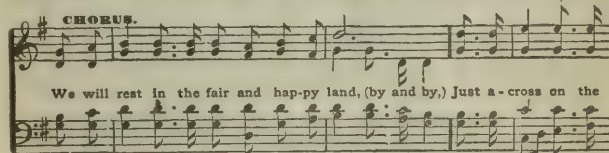


1. On Jor-dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye
2. O'er all those wide-ex-tend-ed plains Shines one e - ter - nal day;

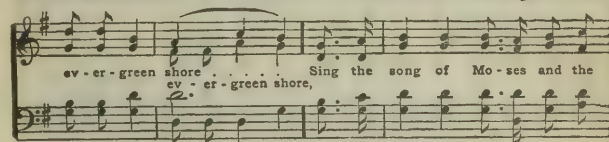


To Ca-naan's fair and hap-py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie.
There God, the Sun, for - ev - er reigns, And scat - ters night a - way.

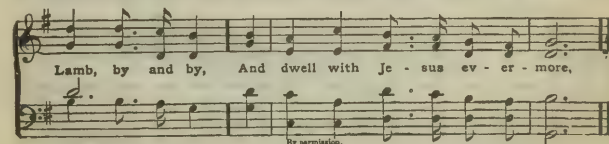
CHORUS.



We will rest in the fair and hap-py land, (by and by,) Just a-cross on the



ev - er - green shore Sing the song of Mo - ses and the
ev - er - green shore,



Lamb, by and by, And dwell with Je - sus ev - er - more,

By permission.

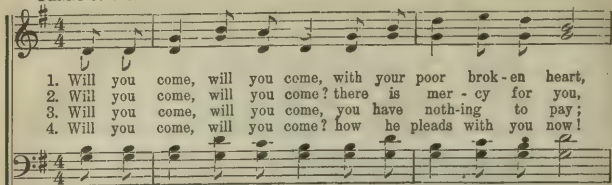
[First and second verses in the music.]
3 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face
And in his bosom rest?—CHO.

4 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.—CHO.

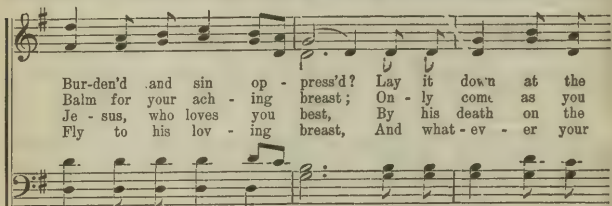
SAMUEL STERNETT.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

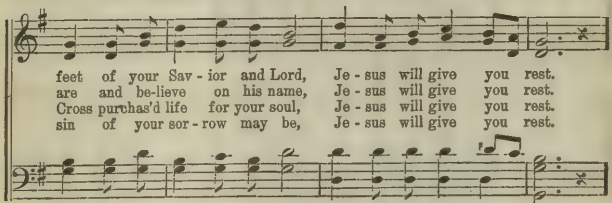
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Will you come, will you come, with your poor brok-en heart,
 2. Will you come, will you come? there is mer-cy for you,
 3. Will you come, will you come, you have noth-ing to pay;
 4. Will you come, will you come? how he pleads with you now!

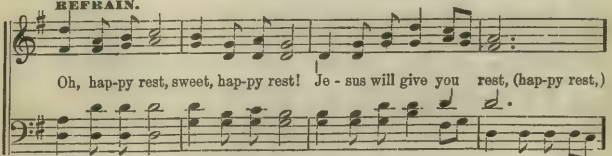


Bur-den'd and sin op-press'd? Lay it down at the
 Balm for your ach-ing breast; On-ly come as you
 Je-sus, who loves you best, By his death on the
 Fly to his lov-ing breast, And what-ev-er your

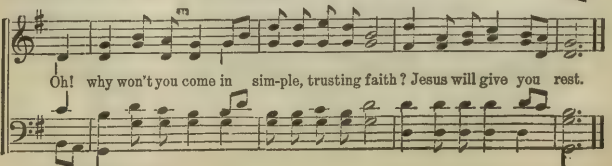


feet of your Sav-ior and Lord, Je-sus will give you rest.
 are and be-lieve on his name, Je-sus will give you rest.
 Cross purchas'd life for your soul, Je-sus will give you rest.
 sin of your sor-row may be, Je-sus will give you rest.

REFRAIN.



Oh, hap-py rest, sweet, hap-py rest! Je-sus will give you rest, (hap-py rest,)



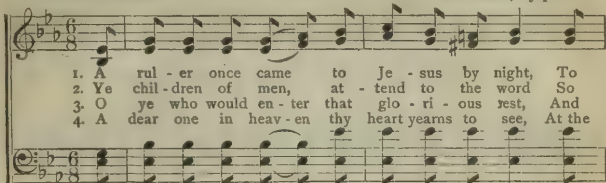
Oh! why won't you come in sim-ple, trusting faith? Jesus will give you rest.

No. 84. YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN.

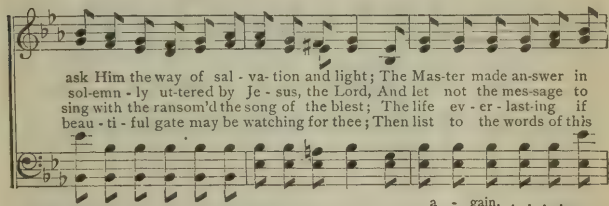
"Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."—JOHN 3: 3.

W. T. SLEEPER.

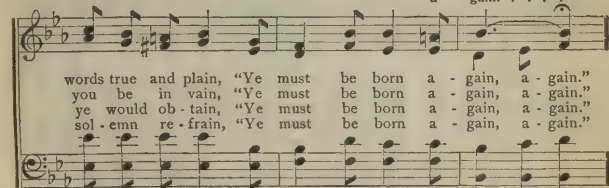
GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per.



1. A rul - er once came to Je - sus by night, To
 2. Ye chil - dren of men, at - tend to the word So
 3. O ye who would en - ter that glo - ri - ous rest, And
 4. A dear one in heav - en thy heart yearns to see, At the

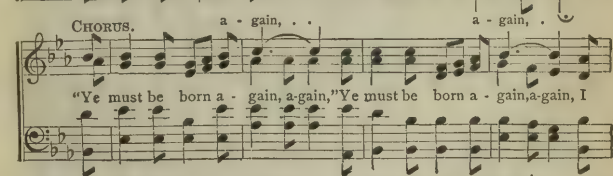


ask Him the way of sal - va - tion and light; The Mas - ter made an - swer in
 sol - emn - ly ut - tered by Je - sus, the Lord, And let not the mes - sage to
 sing with the ransom'd the song of the best; The life ev - er - last - ing if
 beau - ti - ful gate may be watching for thee; Then list to the words of this



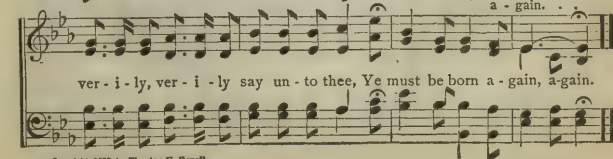
a - gain. . . .

words true and plain, "Ye must be born a - gain, a - gain."
 you be in vain, "Ye must be born a - gain, a - gain."
 ye would ob - tain, "Ye must be born a - gain, a - gain."
 sol - emn re - frain, "Ye must be born a - gain, a - gain."



CHORUS. a - gain, . . . a - gain, . . .

"Ye must be born a - gain, a - gain," "Ye must be born a - gain, a - gain, I



a - gain. . .

ver - i - ly, ver - i - ly say un - to thee, Ye must be born a - gain, a - gain.

No. 85

Life's Harvest.

R. E. W.

R. E. WINSETT.

Andante.

1. What-e'er we sow that we shall reap, In life's great harvest field, For
 2. Oh, if you sow but e - vil seed, Death will your harvest be, For
 3. Sow on - ly seeds of love and truth, Your harvest will be life; For

ei - ther good or e - vil seed, A - bun - dant har - vest yield.
 then your soul will e'er be lost, For all e - ter - ni - ty.
 God will give you heav'nly peace, Which ends all earth - ly strife.

REFRAIN.

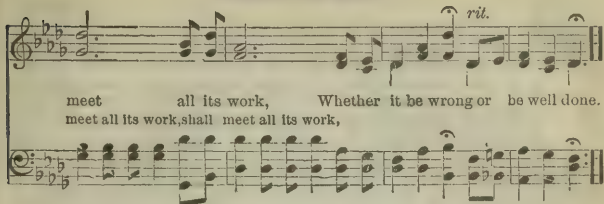
Moderato.

May we sow righteous seed, for the
 May we sow right-ous seed, may we sow right-ous seed, For the

great har-vest day Which is com-ing to ev - 'ry
 great har-vest day which is com-ing to all,

one; By and by ev - 'ry soul shall
 By and by ev - 'ry soul, by and by ev - 'ry soul, shall

Life's Harvest.

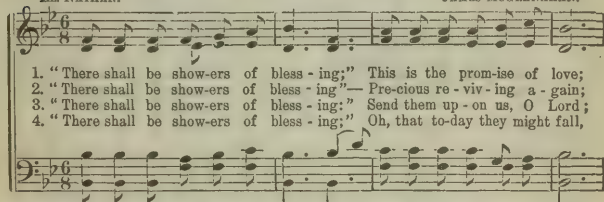


meet all its work, Whether it be wrong or be well done.
meet all its work, shall meet all its work,

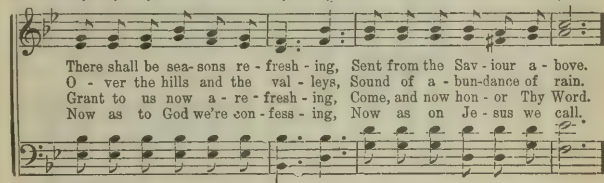
86 There Shall be Showers of Blessing.

EL. NATHAN.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.



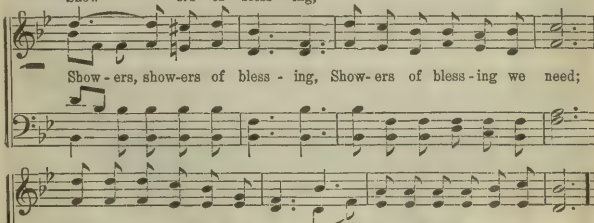
1. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing;" This is the prom-ise of love;
2. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing;"—Pre-cious re-viv-ing a-gain;
3. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing;" Send them up-on us, O Lord;
4. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing;" Oh, that to-day they might fall,



There shall be sea-sons re-fresh-ing, Sent from the Sav-iour a-bove.
O-ver the hills and the val-leys, Sound of a-bun-dance of rain.
Grant to us now a-re-fresh-ing, Come, and now hon-or Thy Word.
Now as to God we're con-fess-ing, Now as on Je-sus we call.

CHORUS.

Show - - ers of bless - ing,



Show-ers, show-ers of bless-ing, Show-ers of bless-ing we need;

Mer-cy-drops round us are fall-ing, But for the show-ers we plead.

I am Resolved.

1. I am re-solved no lon - ger to lin - ger, Charmed by the
 2. I am re-solved to go to the Sav-iour, Leav - ing my
 3. I am re-solved to fol - low the Sav-iour, Faith-ful and
 4. I am re-solved to en - ter the king-dom, Leav - ing the
 5. I am re-solved, and who will go with me? Come, friends, with-

world's de - light; Things that are high - er, things that are no - bler,
 sin and strife; He is the true one, He is the just one,
 true each day, Heed what He say - eth, do what He will - eth,
 paths of sin; Friends may oppose me, foes may be - set me,
 out de - lay, Taught by the Bi - ble, led by the Spir - it,

CHORUS.

These have al-lured my sight. I will hast-en to Him
 He hath the words of life.
 He is the liv - ing way.
 Still will I en - ter in.
 We'll walk the heav'nly way. I will hast-en, hast-en to Him,

Hast - en so glad and free, (Hast - en glad and free),

Je - sus, great - est, high - est. I will come to Thee.
 Je - sus, Je - sus,

WHEN WE GET HOME.

E. R. LATTÄ.

W. O. PERKINS.

1. When we get home to that beautiful land, With its beau-ti-ful cit - y of gold;
 2. When we get home from our wanderings here, To that clime where they wander no more;
 3. When we get home, and our troubles are o'er, And our journey is ended be - low;

When we've passed over the river of death, And are safe in the heav-en-ly fold;
 When with the lov'd ones who've passed into rest, We shall stand with our harps on the shore;
 When we are free from each cumbering weight, And the sin that doth hin-der us so;

Wea-ri-some toil, trib-u-la-tion and care, That burden our spir-its to - day,
 Like as a dream or a shadow shall pass, Shall pass un-re-tur-n-ing a - way. }
 Sorrow and strife, and our proneness to err, The pain and the sickness we bear, }
 Like as a dream or a shadow shall pass, And ne'er shall they trouble us there. }
 Tears that we shed in our sor-rowful hours, The fears and the doubts that molest, }
 Like as a dream or a shadow shall pass, And reach not the home of the blest. }

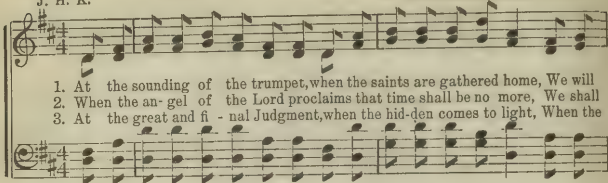
CHORUS.
 When we..... get home,..... How sweet..... 'twill be!
 When we get home, get home, How sweet, how sweet 'twill be!

When we..... get home,..... How sweet..... 'twill be!
 When we get home, get home, How sweet, how sweet 'twill be!

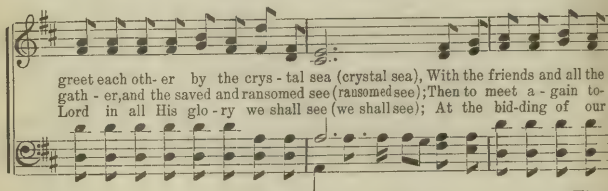
89 What a Gath'ring That Will Be.

J. H. K.

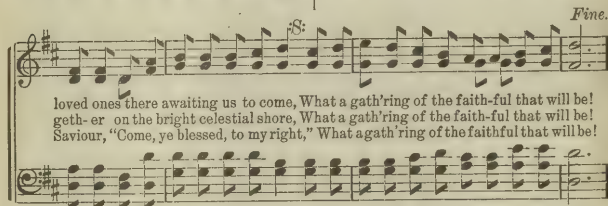
J. H. KURZENKNABE. By per.



1. At the sounding of the trumpet, when the saints are gathered home, We will
 2. When the an- gel of the Lord proclaims that time shall be no more, We shall
 3. At the great and fi - nal Judgment, when the hid- den comes to light, When the

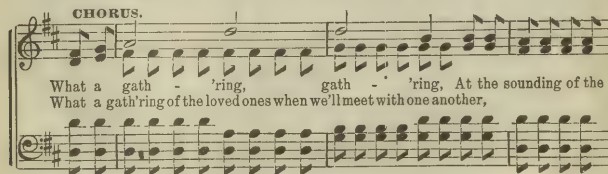


greet each oth- er by the crys - tal sea (crystal sea), With the friends and all the
 gath - er, and the saved and ransomed see (ransomed see); Then to meet a - gain to
 Lord in all His glo - ry we shall see (we shall see); At the bid- ding of our

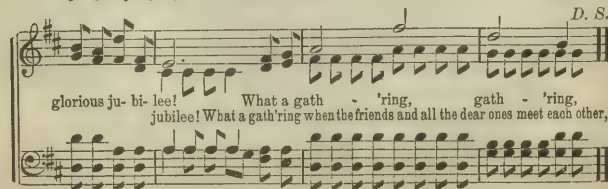


loved ones there awaiting us to come, What a gath'ring of the faith-ful that will be!
 geth- er on the bright celestial shore, What a gath'ring of the faith-ful that will be!
 Saviour, "Come, ye blessed, to my right," What a gath'ring of the faithful that will be!

CHORUS.



What a gath - 'ring, gath - 'ring, At the sounding of the
 What a gath'ring of the loved ones when we'll meet with one another,

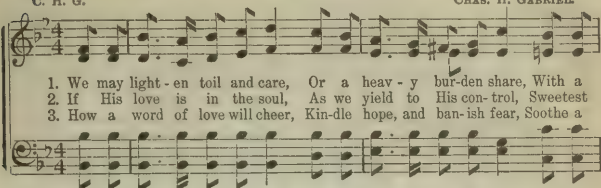


glorious ju- bi- lee! What a gath - 'ring, gath - 'ring,
 jubilee! What a gath'ring when the friends and all the dear ones meet each other,

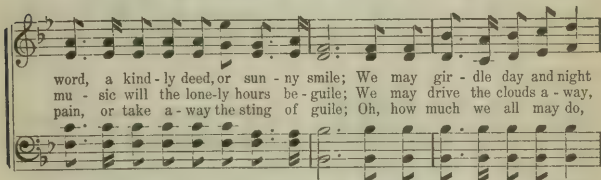
Keep Your Heart Singing.

C. H. G.

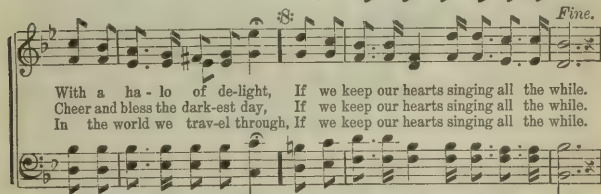
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. We may light - en toil and care, Or a heav - y bur - den share, With a
 2. If His love is in the soul, As we yield to His con - trol, Sweetest
 3. How a word of love will cheer, Kin - dle hope, and ban - ish fear, Soothe a

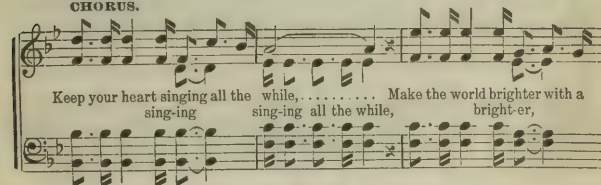


word, a kind - ly deed, or sun - ny smile; We may gir - dle day and night
 mu - sic will the lone - ly hours be - guile; We may drive the clouds a - way,
 pain, or take a - way the sting of guile; Oh, how much we all may do,

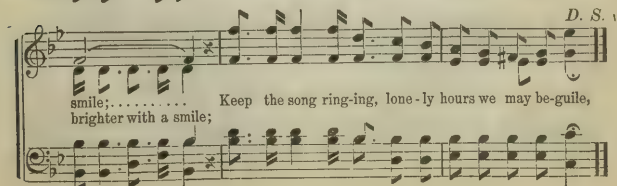


With a ha - lo of de - light, If we keep our hearts singing all the while.
 Cheer and bless the dark - est day, If we keep our hearts singing all the while.
 In the world we trav - el through, If we keep our hearts singing all the while.

CHORUS.



Keep your heart singing all the while, Make the world brighter with a
 sing - ing sing - ing all the while, bright - er,



smile; Keep the song ring - ing, lone - ly hours we may be - guile,
 brighter with a smile;

No. 91.

LOOKING THIS WAY.

J. W. V.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

DUET.

1. Over the riv - er faces I see, Fair as the morning, looking for me ;
2. Father and mothersafe in the vale, Watch for the boatman, wait for thesail,
3. Brother and sister gone to that clime, Wait for the others coming sometime ;
4. Sweet little darling, light of the home, Looking for someone, beckoning come ;
5. Jesus the Saviour, bright Morning Star, Looking for lost ones straying afar ;

Free from their sorrow, grief, and despair, Waiting and watching patiently there.
 Bearing the loved ones over the tide Into the harbor, near to their side.
 Safe with the angels, whiter than snow, Watching for dear ones waiting below.
 Bright as a sunbeam, pure as the dew, Anxiously looking, mother, for you.
 Hear the glad message, why will you roam ? Jesus is calling, "Sinner, come home."

CHORUS.

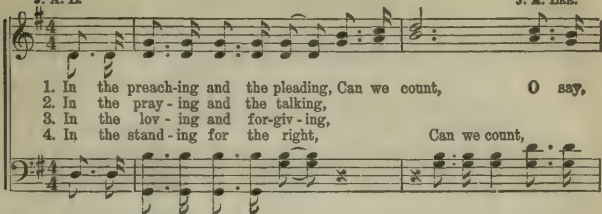
Looking this way, yes, looking this way, Loved ones are waiting, looking this way ;

Fair as the morning, bright as the day, Dear ones in glory looking this way.

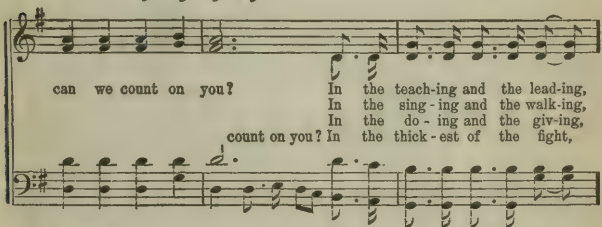
Can We Count on You?

J. A. L.

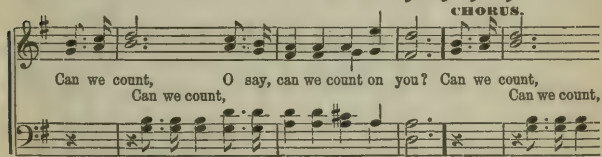
J. A. LEE.



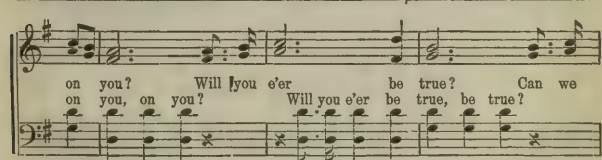
1. In the preach-ing and the plead-ing, Can we count, O say,
 2. In the pray-ing and the talk-ing,
 3. In the lov-ing and for-giv-ing,
 4. In the stand-ing for the right, Can we count,



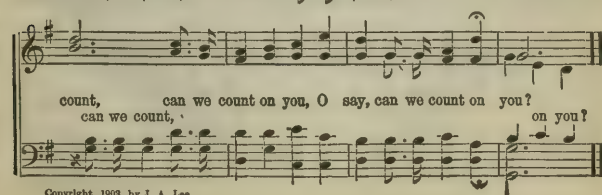
can we count on you? In the teach-ing and the lead-ing,
 In the sing-ing and the walk-ing,
 In the do-ing and the giv-ing,
 count on you? In the thick-est of the fight,



CHORUS.
 Can we count, O say, can we count on you? Can we count,
 Can we count, Can we count,



on you? Will you e'er be true? Can we
 on you, on you? Will you e'er be true, be true?



count, can we count on you, O say, can we count on you?
 can we count, on you?

1. Hear the dis-tant na-tions cry-ing, For in
 2. O that wail of woe as-scend-ing, Send us the light, To the
 3. You can help us heed their calling, the Gos-pel light, Help us

dark-ness we are dy-ing, Send us the Light, Tell us
 throne with praises blending, Will our
 bear the bur-dens fall-ing, the Gos-pel Light; Give as

of the Christian's hope, For in aw-ful sins we grope, O the gates of life now ope,
 God, who reigns above, Still be-stow on us His love? If this fails our hearts to move
 God hath giv-en thee, Help them His sal-va-tion see, Your reward in heav'n will be,

CHORUS. Bass Solo.
 Send us the Light, the Gos-pel Light. O send us the Light, the
 Send us the Light, the Gos-pel Light.
 Send them the Light, the Gospel Light. Send us the Light,..... the

Gos-pel Light, the Gos-pel Light, And end our aw-ful gloom-y
 Gos-pel Light,..... And end our aw-ful gloom-y

Send Us the Light. Concluded.

night, our gloom-y night, O sev - er the chains and set us
 night, Sev - er the chain..... and set us

free, and set us free, This great sal - va - tion may we see.
 free,..... This great sal - va tion may we see, O may we see.

No. 94 I Surrender All.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

W. S. WEEDEN.

DUET.

1. { All to Je - sus I sur-ren - der, All to Him I free - ly give; }
 { I will ev - er love and trust Him, In His pres-ence dai - ly live. }
 2. { All to Je - sus I sur-ren - der, Hum-bly at His feet I bow, }
 { World-ly pleasures all for-sak - en, Take me, Je - sus, take me now. }
 3. { All to Je - sus I sur-ren - der, Make me, Sav - ior, whol - ly Thine; }
 { Let me feel the Ho - ly Spir - it, Tru - ly know that Thou art mine. }

CHORUS.

I sur-ren - der all, I sur-ren - der all, I sur-ren - der all, I sur-ren - der all.

All to Thee, my bless - ed Sav - iour, I sur - ren - der all.

Copyright, 1896, by Weeden and Van De Venter.

4 All to Jesus I surrender,
 Lord, I give myself to Thee;
 Fill me with Thy love and power,
 Let Thy blessing fall on me.

5 All to Jesus I surrender,
 Now I feel the sacred flame;
 O the joy of full salvation,
 Glory, glory to His name.

No. 95.

We're Marching to Zion.

"We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said,
 Rev. I. WATTS. I will give it you."—NUM 10: 29.

Rev. R. LOWRY, by per.

Spirited.

1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join
 2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But
 3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thous - and sa - cred sweets, Be -
 4. Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're

In a song with sweet ac - cord, Join in a song with sweet ac - cord, And
 chil - dren of the heav'n - ly King, But chil - dren of the heav'n - ly King, May
 fore we reach the heav'n - ly fields, Be - fore we reach the heav'n - ly fields, Or
 marching thro' Im - man - uel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, To

thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.
 speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - broad.
 walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets,
 fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.

thus sur-round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.
 speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - broad.
 walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets,
 fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.

CHORUS.

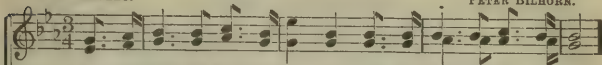
We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Zi - on; We're
 We're march - ing on to Zi - on,

marching up - ward to Zi - on, The beau - ti - ful cit - y of God.
 Zi - on, Zi - on

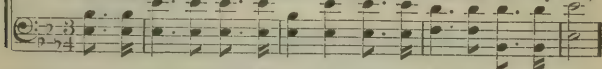
96 I Will Sing the Wondrous Story.

F. H. RAWLEY.

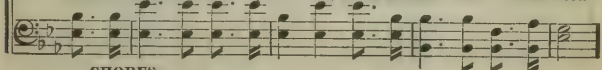
PETER BILHORN.



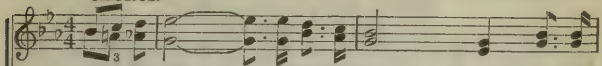
1. I will sing the won-drous sto - ry Of the Christ who died for me,
2. I was lost, but Je - sus found me, Found the sheep that went a - stray,
3. I was bruised, but Je - sus healed me, Faint was I from many a fall,
4. Days of dark-ness still come o'er me, Sor-row's paths I oft - en tread,
5. He will keep me till the riv - er Rolls its wa - ters at my feet;



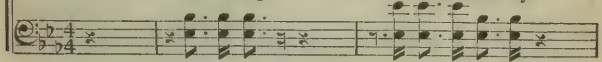
How He left His home in glo - ry, For the cross of Cal - va - ry.
 Threw His lov - ing arms a-round me, Drew me back in - to His way,
 Sight was gone, and fears possessed me, But He freed me from them all.
 But the Sav - iour still is with me, By His hand I'm safe - ly led.
 Then He'll bear me safe - ly o - ver, Where the loved ones I shall meet.



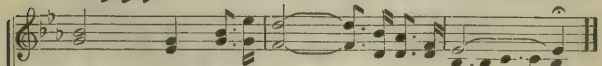
CHORUS.



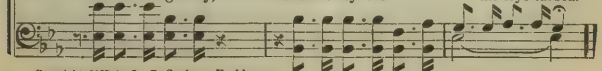
Yes, I'll sing..... the won-drous sto - - - ry Of the
 Yes, I'll sing the wondrous sto - ry



Christ..... who died for me,..... Sing it with..... the saints in
 Of the Christ who died for me, Sing it with



glo - - - ry, Gathered by..... the crys-tal sea.....
 the saints in glo - ry, Gathered by the the crys-tal sea.



When the Saints are Marching In.

"The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs."—Isa. 35 : 10.

KATHARINE E. PURVIS.

J. M. BLACK.

1. Thro' the shining gate, Where the angels wait, When the saints are marching
 2. Part-ed friends shall meet On the golden street, When the saints are marching
 3. Ev - 'ry tongue and race Shall extol God's grace, When the saints are marching
 4. To the Lamb once slain, But who lives again, When the saints are marching
 When the saints are marching

in,..... The Redeemed shall come And be crown'd at home, When the
 in,..... Spot-less robes shall wear, Victors' palms shall bear, When the
 in,..... And the blood-washed throng Shall repeat the song, When the
 in,..... We shall of - fer praise Thro' e - ter - nal days, When the
 in, are marching in,

CHORUS.

saints... are marching in. When the saints are marching in
 When the saints, When the saints, are marching in.

When the saints.. are marching in, Joy-ful songs of sal-va-tion
 When the saints are marching in,

thro' the sky shall ring, When the saints... are marching in.
 When the saints marching in.

J. H. S.

J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mer-cy with the Lord,
 2. For Je - sus shed his precious blood, Rich bless-ings to be-stow,
 3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest;
 4. Come, then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go.

And he will sure - ly give you rest, By trust - ing in his word.
 Plunge now in - to the crim - son flood That wash - es white as snow.
 Be - lieve in him with - out de - lay, And you are ful - ly blest.
 To dwell in that ce - les - tial land, Where joys im - mor - tal flow.

CHORUS.

{ On - ly trust him, on - ly trust him, On - ly trust him now;
 { He will save you, he will save you, He will save (Omit.....) you now.

No. 99

The Way of the Cross.

Arranged.

1. I can hear my Sav-ior call-ing, I can hear my Sav-ior call-ing,
 2. I'll go with Him thro' the garden, I'll go with Him thro' the garden,
 3. I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him thro' the judgment,
 4. He will give me grace and glo-ry, He will give me grace and glo-ry,

D. C. - Where He leads me I will follow, Where He leads me I will fol-low,

ad lib.

D. C.

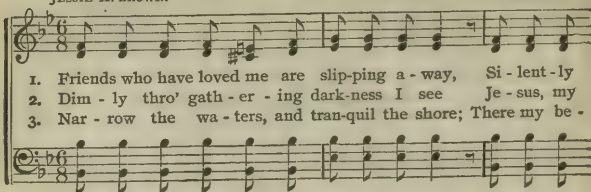
I can hear my Sav-ior call-ing, "Take the cross and fol-low, fol-low me."
 I'll go with Him thro' the garden, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
 I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
 He will give me grace and glo-ry, And go with me, with me all the way.

Where He leads me I will fol-low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

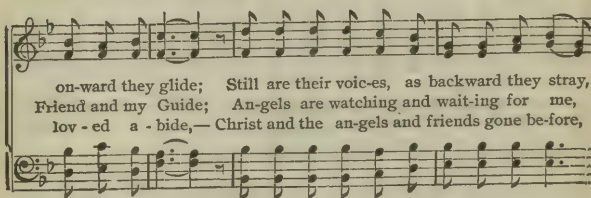
No. 100. Calling Me Over the Tide,

JESSIE H. BROWN.

J. H. FILLMORE.

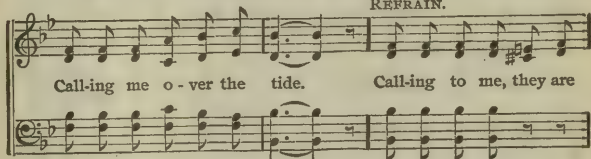


1. Friends who have loved me are slip-ping a-way, Si-lent-ly
 2. Dim-ly thro' gath-er-ing dark-ness I see Je-sus, my
 3. Nar-row the wa-ters, and tran-quil the shore; There my be-

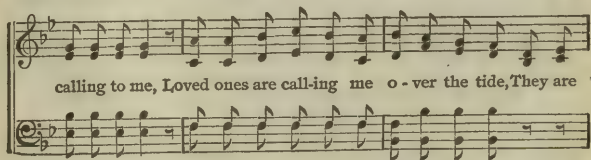


on-ward they glide; Still are their voic-es, as backward they stray,
 Friend and my Guide; An-gels are watching and wait-ing for me,
 lov-ed a-bide,— Christ and the an-gels and friends gone be-fore,

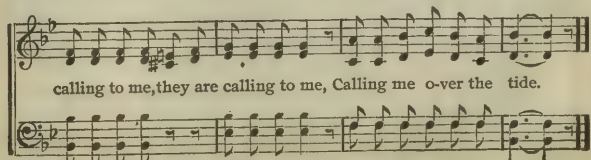
REFRAIN.



Call-ing me o-ver the tide. Call-ing to me, they are



calling to me, Loved ones are call-ing me o-ver the tide, They are



calling to me, they are calling to me, Calling me o-ver the tide.

No. 101

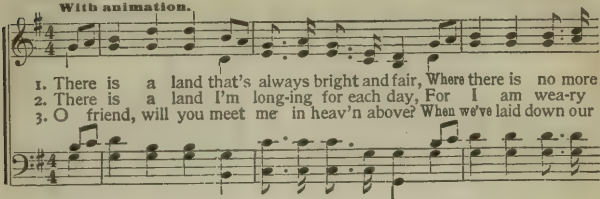
WE SHALL KNOW.

"Then shall I know even as also I am known."—I. COR. 13: 12

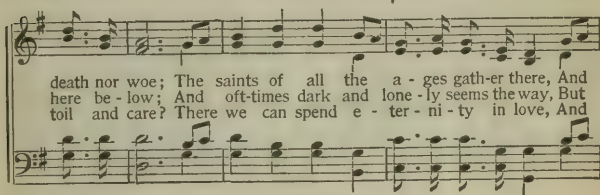
REV. J. A. LEE.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

With animation.

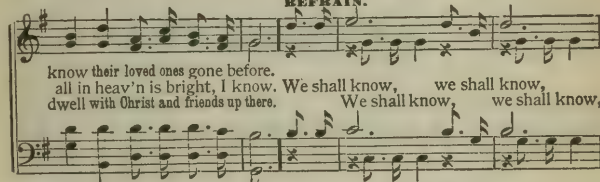


1. There is a land that's always bright and fair, Where there is no more
 2. There is a land I'm long-ing for each day, For I am wea-ry
 3. O friend, will you meet me in heav'n above? When we've laid down our

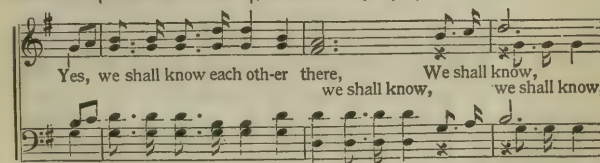


death nor woe; The saints of all the a - ges gath-er there, And
 here be - low; And oft-times dark and lone - ly seems the way, But
 toil and care? There we can spend e - ter - ni - ty in love, And

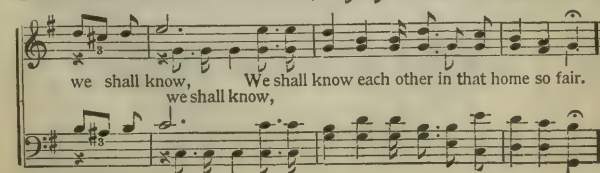
REFRAIN.



know their loved ones gone before.
 all in heav'n is bright, I know. We shall know, we shall know,
 dwell with Christ and friends up there. We shall know, we shall know,



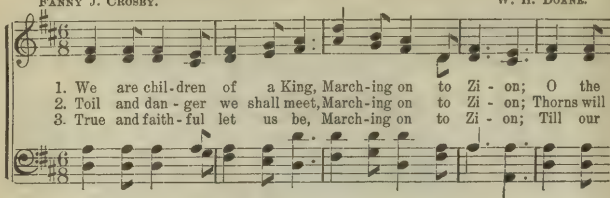
Yes, we shall know each oth-er there, We shall know,
 we shall know, we shall know,



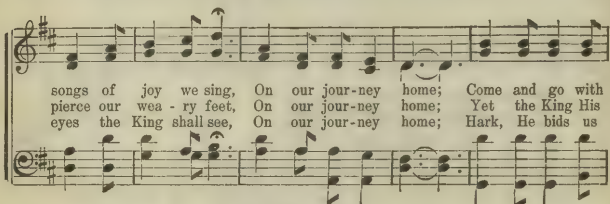
we shall know, We shall know each other in that home so fair.
 we shall know,

FANNY J. CROSBY.

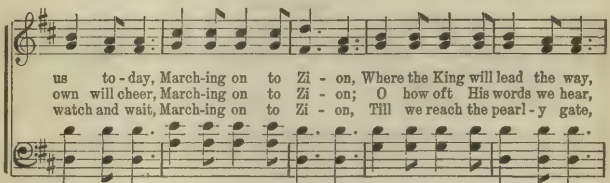
W. H. DOANE.



1. We are chil - dren of a King, March - ing on to Zi - on; O the
 2. Toil and dan - ger we shall meet, March - ing on to Zi - on; Thorns will
 3. True and faith - ful let us be, March - ing on to Zi - on; Till our

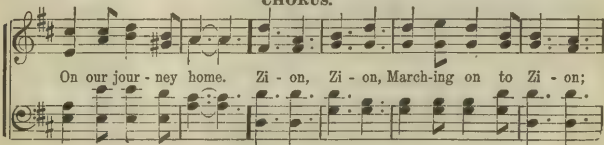


songs of joy we sing, On our jour - ney home; Come and go with
 pierce our wea - ry feet, On our jour - ney home; Yet the King His
 eyes the King shall see, On our jour - ney home; Hark, He bids us

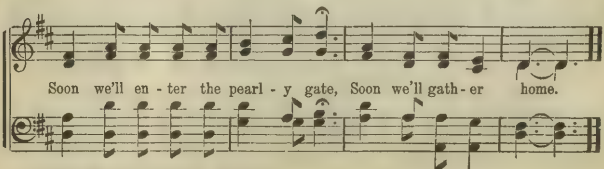


us to - day, March - ing on to Zi - on, Where the King will lead the way,
 own will cheer, March - ing on to Zi - on; O how oft His words we hear,
 watch and wait, March - ing on to Zi - on, Till we reach the pearl - y gate,

CHORUS.



On our jour - ney home. Zi - on, Zi - on, March - ing on to Zi - on;



Soon we'll en - ter the pearl - y gate, Soon we'll gath - er home.

"By grace ye are saved."—EPH. 2: 5.

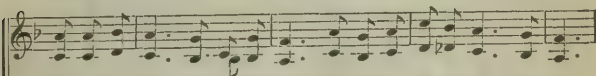
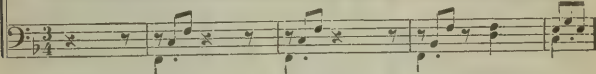
F. J. CROSBY.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

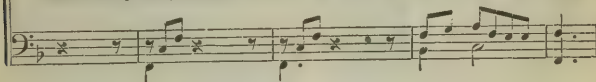
SOLO or DUET.



1. Some day the sil - ver cord will break, And I no more as now shall sing;
2. Some day my earth - ly house will fall, I can-not tell how soon 'twill be,
3. Some day, when fades the gold-en sun Be-neath the ro - sy - tint - ed west,
4. Some day; till then I'll watch and wait, My lamp all trimm'd and burn-ing brigh,



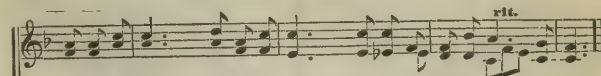
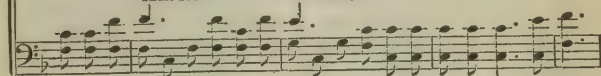
But, O, the joy when I shall wake With-in the pal-ace of the King!
 But this I know—my All in All Has now a place in heav'n for me.
 My blessed Lord shall say, "Well done!" And I shall en-ter in - to rest.
 That when my Sav - iour ope's the gate, My soul to Him may take its flight.



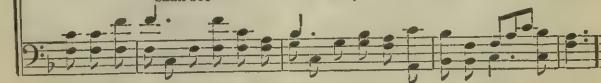
CHORUS



And I shall see Him face to face, And tell the sto-ry—Saved by grace;
 shall see to face,



And I shall see Him face to face, And tell the sto-ry—Saved by grace.
 shall see to face,



No. 104.

What a Friend.

H. BONAR.

C. C. CONVERSE.

I. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear !

What a priv-i-lege to car - ry Ev-'ry thing to God in pray'r !
D. S.—All be-cause we do not car - ry, Ev-'ry thing to God in pray'r !

Oh, what peace we oft-en for - feit, Oh, what needless pain we bear,
D. S.

By Permission

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Savior, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

No. 105. PRECIOUS PROMISE.

Key of G.

1 Precious promise God hath given
To the weary passer by,
On the way from earth to heaven,
"I will guide thee with mine eye."

REFRAIN.

I will guide thee, I will guide thee,
I will guide thee with mine eye;
On the way from earth to heaven,
I will guide thee with mine eye.

2 When temptations almost win thee,
And thy trusted watchers fly,
Let this promise ring within thee,
"I will guide thee with mine eye."

3 When thy secret hopes have perished
In the grave of years gone by,
Let this promise still be cherished,
"I will guide thee with mine eye."

4 When the shades of life are falling,
And the hour has come to die,
Hear thy trusty Pilot calling:
"I will guide thee with mine eye."

No. 106. ALL TO CHRIST I OWE.

Key of Eb.

1 I hear the Savior say,
Thy strength indeed is small;
Come to me—I'll be thy stay;
Find in me thine all in all,

CHORUS.

Jesus died for me,
All to Him I owe—
Sin had left a crimson stain:
He washed it white as snow.

2 For nothing good have I
Whereby Thy grace to claim—
Jesus died my soul to save,
And blessed be His name.

3 When from my dying bed
My ransomed soul shall rise,
"Jesus died my soul to save,"
Shall rend the vaulted skies.

4 And when, before the throne,
I stand in Him complete,
"Jesus died my soul to save,"
My lips shall still repeat.

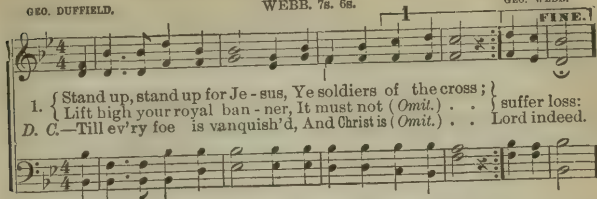
ALL AM.

No. 107. STAND UP, STAND UP FOR JESUS.

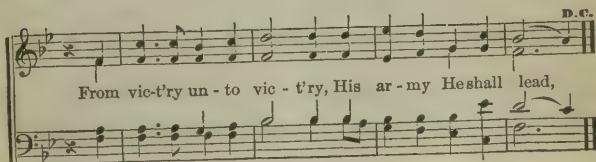
GEO. DUFFIELD,

WEBB, 7s. 6s.

GEO. WEBB.



1. { Stand up, stand up for Je-sus, Ye soldiers of the cross ; }
 { Lift high your royal ban-ner, It must not (*Omit.*) . . } suffer loss:
 D. C.—Till ev'ry foe is vanquish'd, And Christ is (*Omit.*) . . Lord indeed.



From vic-t'ry un-to vic-t'ry, His ar-my Heshall lead,

- 2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
 The trumpet call obey ;
 Forth to the mighty conflict,
 In this His glorious day:
 "Ye that are men, now serve Him,"
 Against unnumbered foes ;
 Your courage rise with danger
 And strength to strength oppose.

- 3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
 Stand in His strength alone ;
 The arm of flesh will fail you,
 Ye dare not trust your own ;
 Put on the gospel armor,
 Each piece put on with prayer,
 Where duty calls, or danger.
 Be never wanting there.

No. 108. (*See music above.*)

The morning light is breaking ;
 The darkness disappears ;
 The sons of earth are waking,
 To penitential tears:
 Each breeze that sweeps the ocean,
 Brings tidings from afar ;
 Of nations in commotion,
 Prepared for Zion's war.

- 2 See heathen nations bending,
 Before the God of love,
 And thousand hearts ascending,
 In gratitude above ;
 While sinners, now confessing,
 The gospel's call obey,
 And seek a Saviour's blessing,
 A nation in a day.

- 3 Blest river of salvation,
 Pursue thy onward way ;
 Flow thou to every nation
 Nor in thy richness stay:
 Stay not till all the lowly,
 Triumphant reach their home ;
 Stay not till all the holy
 Proclaim "The Lord is comel!"

No. 109. (*See music above.*)

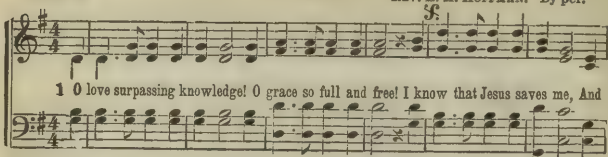
- 1 Unfurl the Temprance Banner,
 And fling it to the breeze,
 And let the glad hosanna
 Sweep over land and seas ;
 To God be all the glory
 For what we now behold—
 Oh, let the cheering story
 In every ear be told.
- 2 The drunkard shall not perish
 In Alcohol's dire chain,
 But wife and children cherish
 Within his home again ;
 And sobered men, repenting,
 Will bow at Jesus' feet,
 Their thankful hearts relenting
 Before the mercy-seat.
- 3 A new-waked zeal is burning
 In this and every land,
 And thousands now are turning
 To join our temprance band ;
 The light of truth is shining
 In many a darkened soul ;
 Ere long its rays combining
 Will blaze from pole to pole.

No. 110

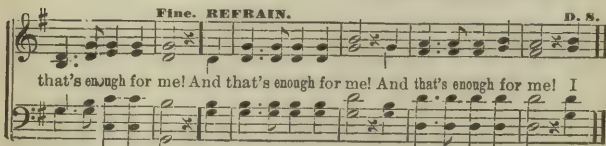
ENOUGH FOR ME.

E. A. H.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. By per.



D. S.—*know that Jesus saves me, And*



that's enough for me!

2 O wonderful salvation!
From sin He makes me free!
I feel the sweet assurance,
And that's enough for me!

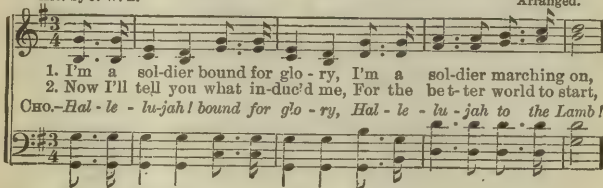
3 O blood of Christ so precious,
Poured out on Calvary!
I feel its cleansing power,
And that's enough for me!

No. 111

SAFE IN BEULAH.

Arr. by J. W. B.

Arranged.



Come and hear me tell my sto-ry, All who long in sin have gone.
'Twas the Saviour's lov-ing kindness O-vercame and won my heart.
I have crossed the riv-er Jor-dan, Now I'm safe in Beau-lah land.

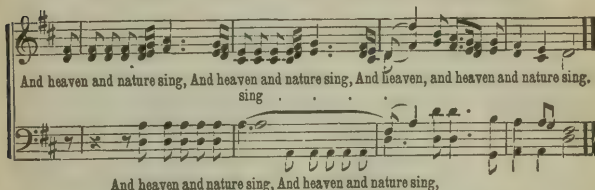
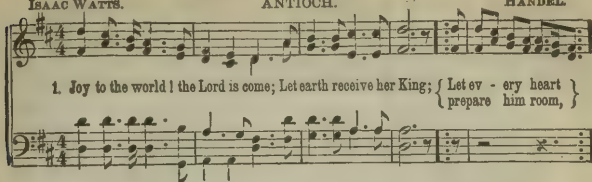
8 When I first with Christ enlisted,
Many said I'd turn again,
But I through each day resisted—
In the ranks I still remain.

4 Many say I am too noisy,
But I know the reason why;
And if they but felt the glory,
They would shout as well as I.

ISAAC WATTS.

ANTIOCH.

HANDEL.



And heaven and nature sing, And heaven and nature sing,

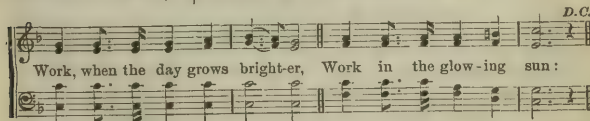
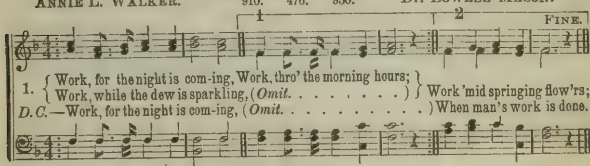
- 2 Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns: He comes to make his blessings flow,
 Let men their songs employ; Far as the curse is found.
 While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains, 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
 Repeat the sounding joy. And makes the nations prove
 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow, The glories of his righteousness,
 Nor thorns infest the ground; And wonders of his love.

113 WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

ANNIE L. WALKER.

* M. H. B. H. P. H.
910. 476. 950.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

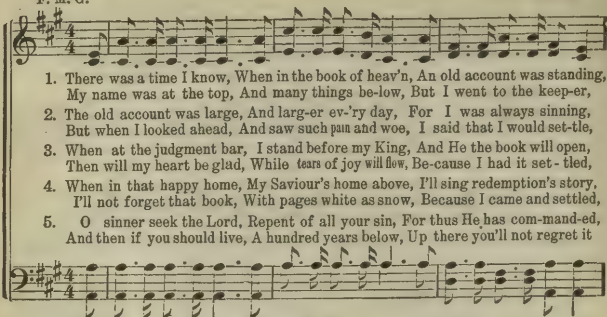


- 2 Work, for the night is coming,
 Work in the sunny noon;
 Fill brightest hours with labor,
 Rest comes sure and soon.
 Give every flying minute
 Something to keep in store:
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When man works no more.
- 3 Work, for the night is coming,
 Under the sunset skies;
 While their bright tints are glowing,
 Work, for daylight flies.
 Work till the last beam fadeth,
 Fadeth to shine no more;
 Work while the night is darkening,
 When man's work is o'er.

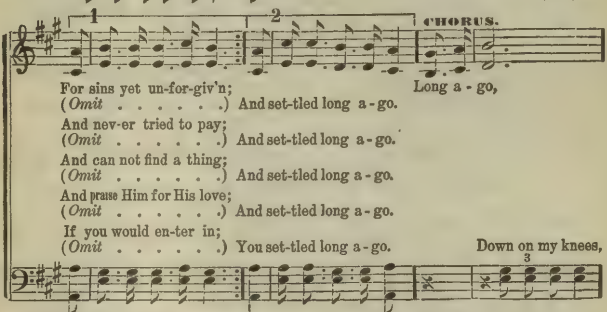
No. 114. THE OLD ACCOUNT SETTLED LONG AGO.

F. M. G.

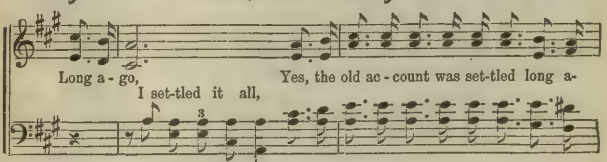
F. M. GRAHAM.



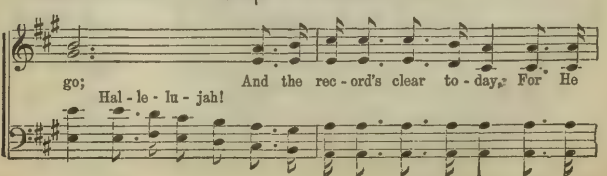
1. There was a time I know, When in the book of heav'n, An old account was standing,
My name was at the top, And many things be-low, But I went to the keep-er,
2. The old account was large, And larg-er ev'-ry day, For I was always sinning,
But when I looked ahead, And saw such pain and woe, I said that I would set-tle,
3. When at the judgment bar, I stand before my King, And He the book will open,
Then will my heart be glad, While tears of joy will flow, Be-cause I had it set- tled,
4. When in that happy home, My Saviour's home above, I'll sing redemption's story,
I'll not forget that book, With pages white as snow, Because I came and settled,
5. O sinner seek the Lord, Repent of all your sin, For thus He has com-mand-ed,
And then if you should live, A hundred years below, Up there you'll not regret it



1 2 CHORUS.
For sins yet un-for-giv'n;
(Omit) And set-tled long a-go. Long a-go,
And nev-er tried to pay;
(Omit) And set-tled long a-go.
And can not find a thing;
(Omit) And set-tled long a-go.
And praise Him for His love;
(Omit) And set-tled long a-go.
If you would en-ter in;
(Omit) You set-tled long a-go. Down on my knees,
3

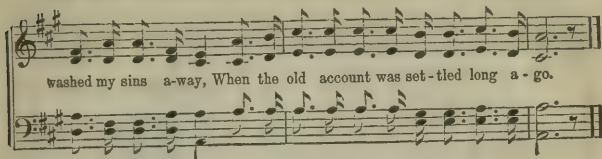


Long a-go, I set-tled it all, Yes, the old ac-count was set-tled long a-
3



go; Hal-le-lu-jah! And the rec-ord's clear to-day, For He

THE OLD ACCOUNT SETTLED LONG AGO. Concluded.

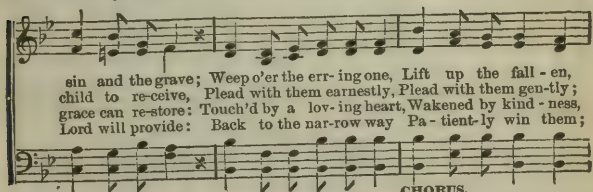
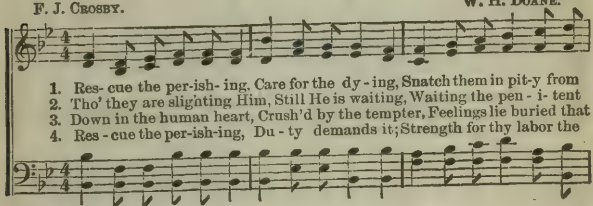


No. 115.

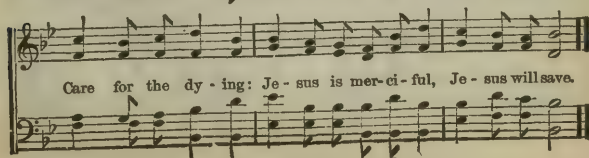
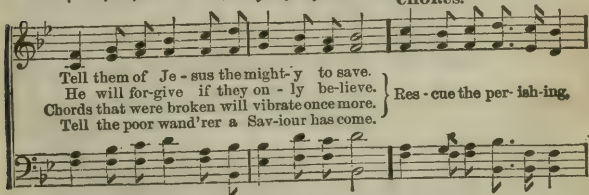
RESCUE THE PERISHING.

F. J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.



CHORUS.



1. If the name of the Sav-iour is precious to you, If his
 2. If your faith in the Sav-iour has brought its reward, If a
 3. If the souls all a-round you are liv-ing in sin, If the

care has been con-stant and ten-der and true, If the light of his
 strength you have found in the strength of your Lord, If the hope of a
 Mas-ter has told you to bid them come in, If the sweet in-vi-

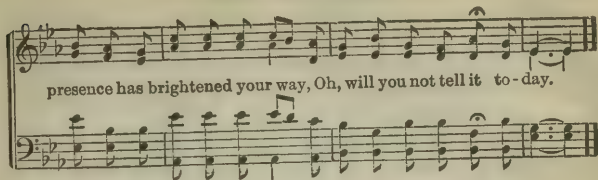
pre-sence has brightened your way, Oh, will you not tell of your
 rest in his pal-ace is sweet, Oh, will you not, brother, the
 ta-tion they nev-er have heard, Oh, will you not tell them the

REFRAIN.

glad-ness to-day? Oh, will you not tell it to-day? . .
 sto-ry re-peat? Oh, will you not, will you not tell it to-day?

Will you not tell it to-day? If the light of his
 Will you not, will you not tell it to-day?

Tell It To-day.



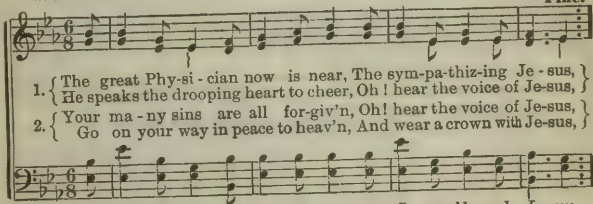
117

The Great Physician.

WM. HUNTER.

Arr. by J. H. STOCKTON,

Fine.

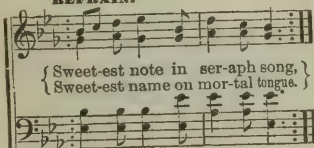


1. { The great Phy-si-cian now is near, The sym-pa-thiz-ing Je-sus, }
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, Oh! hear the voice of Je-sus, }
2. { Your ma-n-y sins are all for-giv'n, Oh! hear the voice of Je-sus, }
Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je-sus, }

D. C.—Sweet-est car-ol ev-er sung, Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus.

REFRAIN.

D. C.



- 3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Saviour's name,
I love the name of Jesus.
- 4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh! how my soul delights to hear
The charming name of Jesus.

118 A Shelter in the Time of Storm.

KEY OF F.

Words Arr.

- 1 The Lord's our Rock, in Him we
hide,
A shelter in the time of storm;
Secure whatever ill betide,
A shelter in the time of storm.

CHORUS.

Oh, Jesus is a Rock in a weary land,
A weary land, a weary land,
Oh, Jesus is a Rock in a weary land,
A shelter in the time of storm.

- 2 A shade by day, defence by night,
A shelter in the time of storm;

No fears alarm, no foes affright,
A shelter in the time of storm.

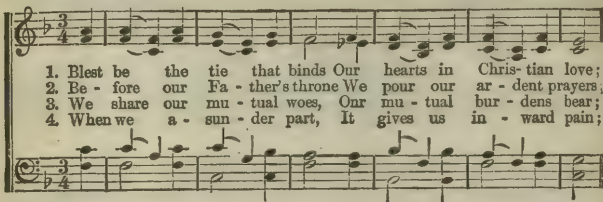
- 3 The raging storms may round us
beat,
A shelter in the time of storm;
We'll never leave our safe retreat,
A shelter in the time of storm.

4 O Rock divine, O refuge dear,
A shelter in the time of storm;
Be Thou our helper ever near,
A shelter in the time of storm.

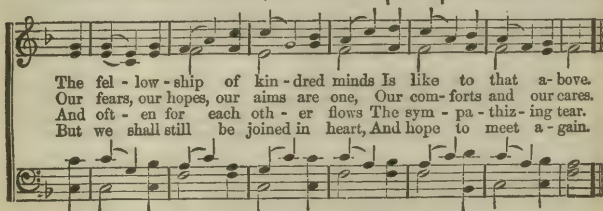
"Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."—*Psa. 133: 1*

JOHN FAWCETT.

H. G. NAGELL



1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love;
 2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne We pour our ar - dent prayers;
 3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear;
 4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain;



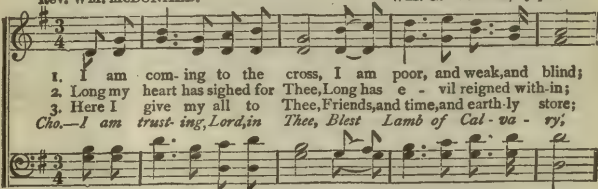
The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.
 And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
 But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

120

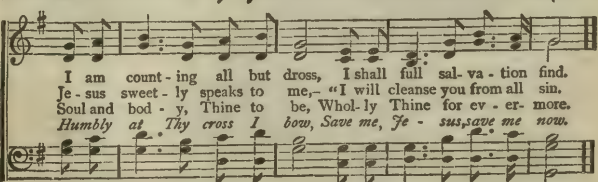
I AM COMING TO THE CROSS.

Rev. WM. McDONALD.

WM. G. FISHER, by per.



1. I am com - ing to the cross, I am poor, and weak, and blind;
 2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee, Long has e - vil reigned with - in;
 3. Here I give my all to Thee, Friends, and time, and earth - ly store;
 Cho.—I am trust - ing, Lord, in Thee, Blest Lamb of Cal - va - ry;



I am count - ing all but dross, I shall full sal - va - tion find.
 Je - sus sweet - ly speaks to me,— "I will cleanse you from all sin.
 Soul and bod - y, Thine to be, Whol - ly Thine for ev - er - more.
 Humbly at Thy cross I bow, Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

4 In Thy promises I trust,
 Now I feel the blood applied;
 I am prostrate in the dust,
 I with Christ am crucified.—CHO.

5 Jesus comes! He fills my soul
 Perfected in Him I am;
 I am every whit made whole,
 Glory, glory to the Lamb.—CHO.

REV. J. A. LEE.

JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. Come and join us in the serv-ice of the Lord, He will
 2. Broth-er, there's a work for each of us to do, Ma-ny
 3. There is joy when-e'er we do the Master's work, O, my
 the Master's work,

lead and guide us day by day; He will keep our spir-its with His own ac-
 tasks on us the Lord has laid; Let us then be faith-ful, loy-al servants
 friends, why do you then delay? You can not af-ford your task to shun and

cord, As we journey in the nar-row way. nar-row way.
 His own ac-cord, And our Lord will always lend us aid. lend us aid.
 too, loy-al serv-ants, too, shirk, For you may not have an-oth-er day. an-oth-er day.
 to shun and shirk,

REFRAIN.

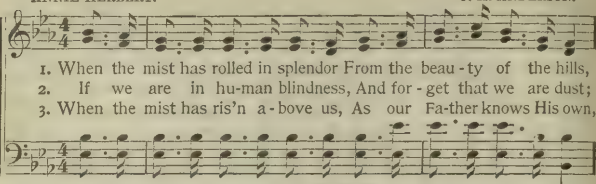
Come and walk the narrow way, Yes, walk the narrow way, For the Saviour leads us day by

day; Come and join us, come and join us, As we journey in the narrow way.
 Come and join us, come and join us,

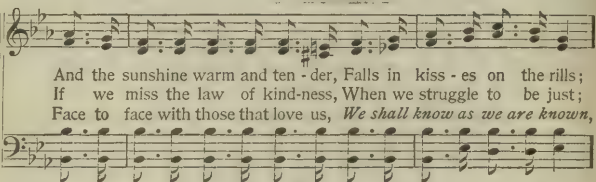
No. 122. When the Mist Has Cleared Away.

ANNIE HERBERT.

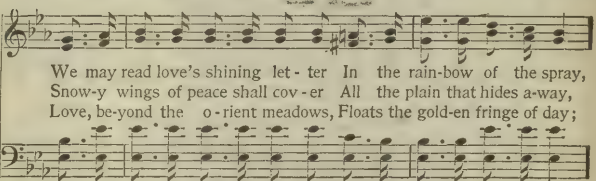
J. H. ANDERSON.



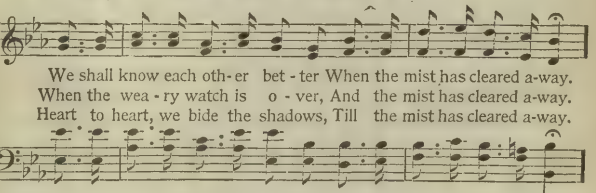
1. When the mist has rolled in splendor From the beau - ty of the hills,
 2. If we are in hu - man blindness, And for - get that we are dust;
 3. When the mist has ris'n a - bove us, As our Fa - ther knows His own,



And the sunshine warm and ten - der, Falls in kiss - es on the rills;
 If we miss the law of kind - ness, When we struggle to be just;
 Face to face with those that love us, *We shall know as we are known,*

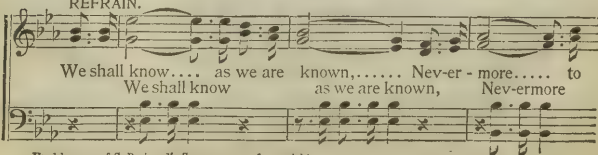


We may read love's shining let - ter In the rain - bow of the spray,
 Snow - y wings of peace shall cov - er All the plain that hides a - way,
 Love, be - yond the o - rient meadows, Floats the gold - en fringe of day;



We shall know each oth - er bet - ter When the mist has cleared a - way.
 When the we - ry watch is o - ver, And the mist has cleared a - way.
 Heart to heart, we bide the shadows, Till the mist has cleared a - way.

REFRAIN.



We shall know.... as we are known,..... Nev - er - more..... to
 We shall know as we are known, Nev - er more

When the Mist Has Cleared Away.

walk a-lone, In the dawn - ing of the morn-ing,
to walk a-lone In the dawning,

When the mist.... has cleared away; In the dawn - ing
When the mist has cleared away; In the dawning

Rit. and Cres.

of the morning, When the mist..... has cleared away.
When the mist has cleared away.

No. 123.

I'll Live for Him.

"To me to live is Christ."—PHIL. 1: 21.

G. R. DUNBAR.

1. My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
2. I now believe Thou dost receive, For Thou hast died that I may live;
3. O Thou, who died on Cal - va - ry, To save my soul and make me free,

CHO. *I'll live for Him who died for me, How happy then my life shall be;*

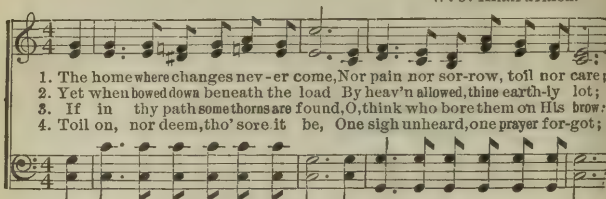
O may I ev - er faith-ful be, My Sav-iour and my God!
And now henceforth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav-iour and my God!
I con - se-crate my life to Thee, My Sav-iour and my God!

I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav-iour and my God.

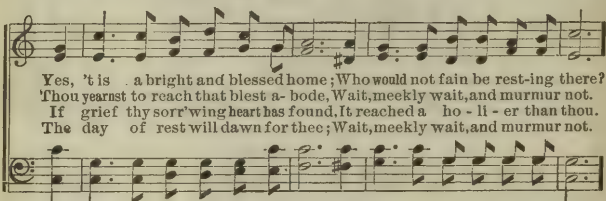
No. 124. WAIT, AND MURMUR NOT.

"All the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come."—Job 14: 14.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

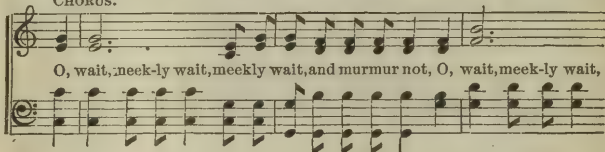


1. The homewhere changes nev-er come, Nor pain nor sor-row, toil nor care;
 2. Yet when bowed down beneath the load By heav'n allowed, thine earth-ly lot;
 3. If in thy path some thorns are found, O, think who bore them on His brow:
 4. Toll on, nor deem, tho' sore it be, One sigh unheard, one prayer for-got;

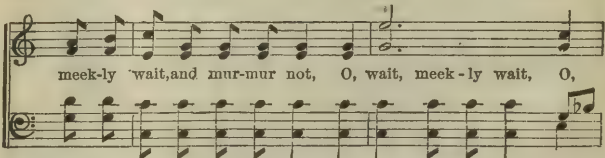


Yes, 't is a bright and blessed home; Who would not fain be rest-ing there?
 'Thou yearnest to reach that blest a-bode, Wait, meek-ly wait, and murmur not.
 If grief thy sor-r'wing heart has found, It reached a ho-li-er than thou.
 The day of rest will dawn for thee; Wait, meek-ly wait, and murmur not.

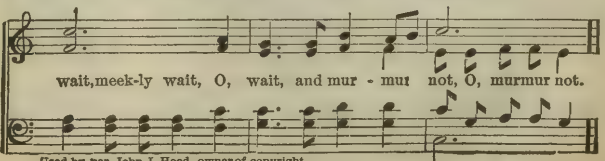
CHORUS.



O, wait, meek-ly wait, meek-ly wait, and murmur not, O, wait, meek-ly wait,



meek-ly wait, and mur-mur not, O, wait, meek-ly wait, O,



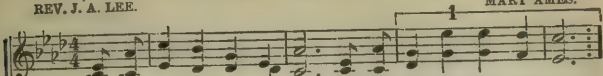
wait, meek-ly wait, O, wait, and mur - mur not, O, murmur not.

No. 125 I Go to Prepare a Place for You.

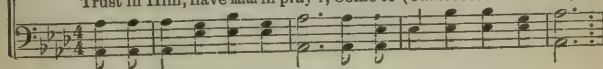
REV. J. A. LEE.

MARY AMES.


1




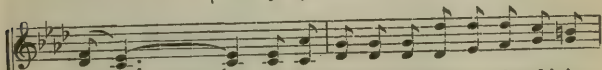
1. When we reach our home up there Ma-ny loved ones we shall meet,
 Freed from ev'ry toil and care, We shall (*Omit*.....)
 2. Oh, how hap-py then 'twill be, When our Sav-iour we be-hold,
 When our dear ones we shall see Safe-ly (*Omit*.....)
 3. Oh, my friends, if you'd be there, Look to Him with-out de-lay,
 Trust in Him, have faith in pray'r, Come to (*Omit*.....)



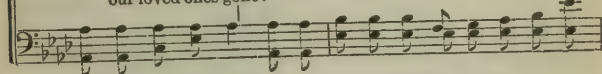
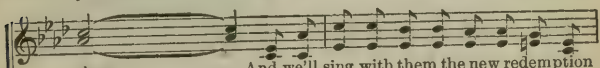
2. REFRAIN.




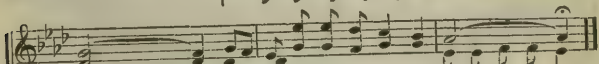
walk the gold-en street.
 housed within the fold. Will we meet, oh will we meet our loved ones
 Him now while you may.


gone?..... Yes, we'll meet them, meet them on that shining
 our loved ones gone?

shore;..... And we'll sing with them the new redemption
 shore, that shining shore;

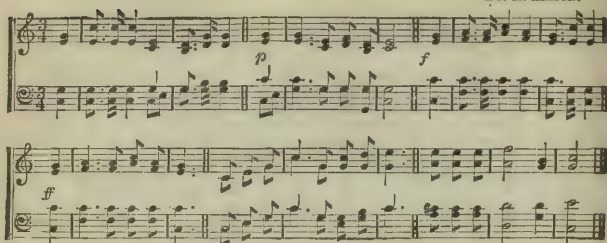



song,..... For - ev - er, yes, for ev - er - more.....
 redemption song, for ev - er - more.



ZERAH. C. M.

DR. L. MASON.



126. The Prince of Peace. C. M.

- 1 To us a Child of hope is born;
To us a Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him all the hosts of heav'n.
- 2 His name shall be the Prince of peace,
For evermore adored;
The Wonderful, the Counselor,
The great and mighty Lord.
- 3 His power, increasing, still shall spread;
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.
- 4 To us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
The Wonderful, the Counselor,
The mighty Lord of heaven.

JOHN MORRISON.

127 Awake, my Soul. C. M.

- 1 Awake, my soul! stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.
- 4 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with vict'ry, at thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

128 Come, Let us Join. C. M.

- 1 Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne:
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
- 2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus:
Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,
For he was slain for us.
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.
- 4 The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

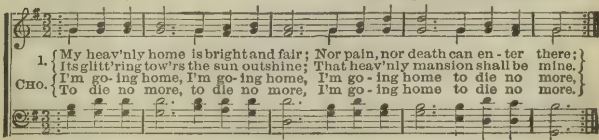
ISAAC WATTS.

129

I'M GOING HOME.

WM. HUNTER, D.D.

Arr. by Rev. W. McDONALD.



1. { My heav'nly home is bright and fair; Nor pain, nor death can en-ter there; }
 { Its glitt'ring tow'rs the sun outshine; That heav'nly mansion shall be mine. }
 CHO. { I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home to die no more, }
 { To die no more, to die no more, I'm go-ing home to die no more. }

- 2 My Father's house is built on high:
Far, far above the starry sky;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.
- 3 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow,

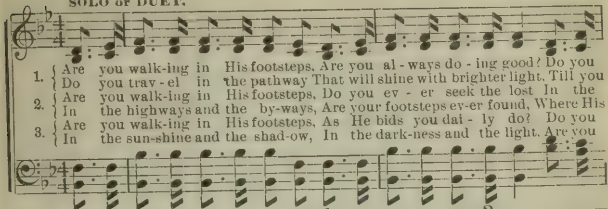
- Be mine a happier lot, to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.
4 Then fall this earth, let stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine,
All nature sink and cease to be,
That heavenly mansion stands for me.

130. Walking In His Footsteps.

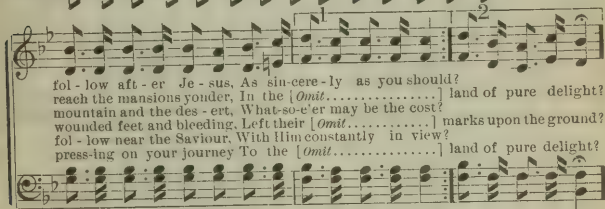
M. LOWRIE HOFFORD, D. D.

J. H. FILLMORE.

SOLO or DUET.

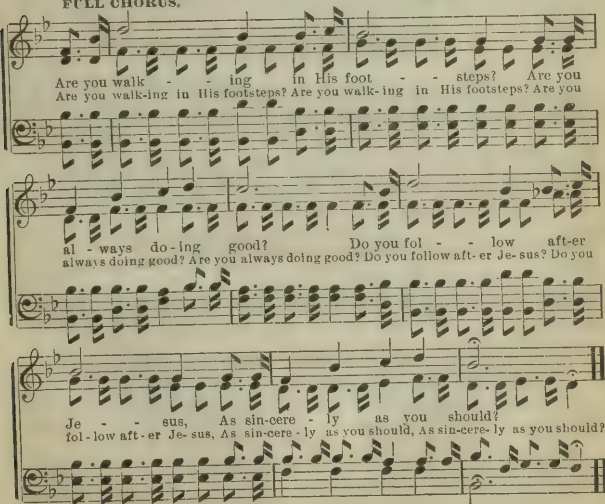


1. { Are you walk-ing in His footsteps, Are you al-ways do-ing good? Do you
Do you trav-el in the pathway That will shine with brighter light. Till you
2. { Are you walk-ing in His footsteps, Do you ev-er seek the lost In the
In the highways and the by-ways, Are your footsteps ev-er found, Where His
3. { Are you walk-ing in His footsteps, As He bids you dai-ly do? Do you
In the sun-shine and the shad-ow, In the dark-ness and the light. Are you



fol-low aft-er Je-sus, As sin-cere-ly as you should?
reach the mansions yonder, In the [Omit.....] land of pure delight?
mountain and the des-ert, What-so-e'er may be the cost?
wounded feet and bleeding, Left their [Omit.....] marks upon the ground?
fol-low near the Saviour, With Him constantly in view?
press-ing on your journey To the [Omit.....] land of pure delight?

FULL CHORUS.



Are you walk-ing in His foot-steps? Are you
Are you walk-ing in His footsteps? Are you walk-ing in His footsteps? Are you
al-ways do-ing good? Do you fol-low aft-er
always doing good? Are you always doing good? Do you follow aft-er Je-sus? Do you
Je-sus, As sin-cere-ly as you should?
fol-low aft-er Je-sus, As sin-cere-ly as you should, As sin-cere-ly as you should?

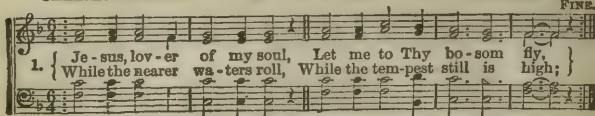
No. 131. JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

CHARLES WESLEY.

M. H. 354. B. H. 499. P. H. 305.

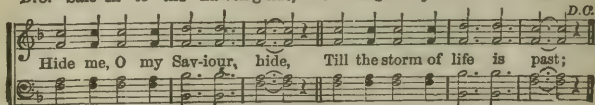
S. B. MARSH.

FINE.



1. { Je-sus, lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo-som fly, }
 { While the nearer wa-ters roll, While the tem-pest still is high; }

D.C.—Safe in-to the ha-ven guide, O re-cive my soul at last.



Hide me, O my Sav-iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;

2 Other refuge have I none;
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
 Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me!
 All my trust on Thee is stayed,
 All my help from Thee I bring;
 Cover my defenseless head
 With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
 More than all in Thee I find;
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.

Just and holy is Thy Name;
 I am all unrighteousness;
 False and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.
 4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found.
 Grace to cover all my sin;
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within.
 Thou of Lif the Fountain art;
 Freely let me take of Thee;
 Spring Thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

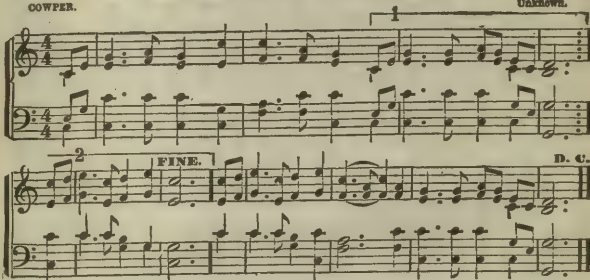
• M. H. (Methodist Hymnal.) B. H. (Baptist Hymnal.) P. H. (Presbyterian Hymnal.)

132

THERE IS A FOUNTAIN.

COWPER.

Unknown.



1 There is a fountain filled with blood
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
 And sinners plunged beneath that flood
 Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That fountain in his day;
 And there have I, as vile as he,
 Washed all my sins away.

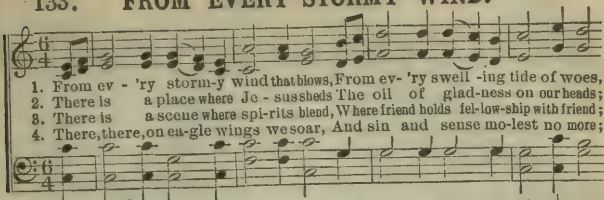
3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power,

Till all the ransomed Church of God
 Be saved to sin no more.

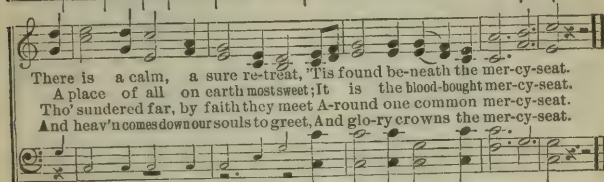
4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be till I die.

5. Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing Thy power to save,
 When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
 Lies silent in the grave.

133. FROM EVERY STORMY WIND.



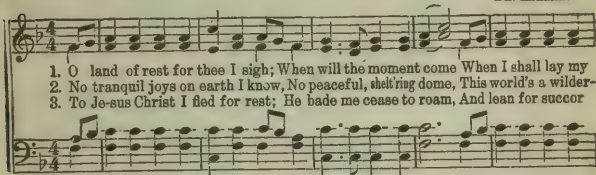
1. From ev - 'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev - 'ry swell - ing tide of woes,
 2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil of glad-ness on our heads;
 3. There is a scene where spi-rits blend, Where friend holds fel-low-ship with friend;
 4. There, there, on ea-gle wings we soar, And sin and sense mo-lest no more;



There is a calm, a sure re-treat, 'Tis found be-neath the mer-cy-seat.
 A place of all on earth most sweet; It is the blood-bought mer-cy-seat.
 Tho' sundered far, by faith they meet A-round one common mer-cy-seat.
 And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, And glo-ry crowns the mer-cy-seat.

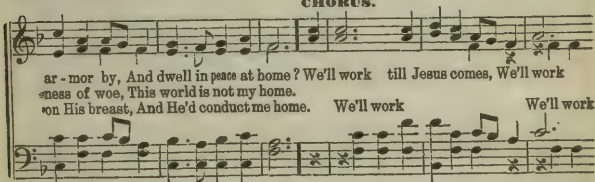
134 We'll Work Till Jesus Comes.

DR. MILLER.

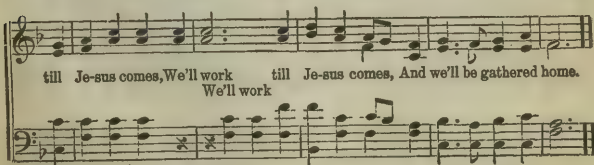


1. O land of rest for thee I sigh; When will the moment come When I shall lay my
 2. No tranquil joys on earth I know, No peaceful, sheltering dome, This world's a wilder-
 3. To Je-sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam, And lean for succor

CHORUS.



ar - mor by, And dwell in peace at home? We'll work till Jesus comes, We'll work
 ness of woe, This world is not my home.
 on His breast, And He'd conduct me home. We'll work We'll work



till Je-sus comes, We'll work till Je-sus comes, And we'll be gathered home.
 We'll work

J. NEWTON.

J. NEWTON.

1. A - maz-ing grace, how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me!
 2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re-lieved:
 3. Thro' ma - ny dan-gers, toils, and snares, I have al - read - y come;
 4. Yes—when this flesh and heart shall fail, And mor - tal life shall cease,

I once was lost, but now am found; Was blind, but now I see.
 How pre-cious did that grace ap-pear, The hour I first be-lieved!
 'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
 I shall pos-sess, with-in the veil, A life of joy and peace.

ISAAC WATTS.

R. SIMPSON.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, Heav'nly Dove! With all Thy quickening pow'rs,
 2. Look! how we grov-el here be-low, Fond of these tri - fling toys!
 3. In vain we tune our for-mal songs; In vain we strive to rise;

Kin-dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.
 Our souls can nei-ther fly nor go To reach e - ter - nal joys.
 Ho - san-nas languish on our tongues, And our de - vo - tion dies.

4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
 At this poor dying rate—
 Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
 And Thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove!
 With all Thy quickening pow'rs;
 Come, shed abroad a Savior's love,
 And that shall kindle ours.

137

O For a Faith.

1 O for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe;
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe;

2 That will not murmur or complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That, when in danger, knows no fear,
In darkness, feels no doubt!

4 Lord, give us such a faith as this;
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

W. H. BALHURST.

138

O For a Closer Walk.

1 O for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

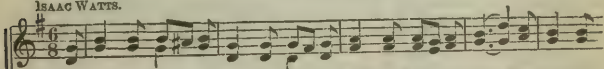
4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

WM. COWPER

No. 139.

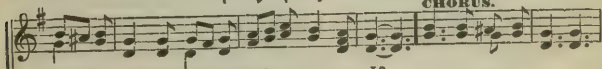
O How I Love Jesus.

ISAAC WATTS.



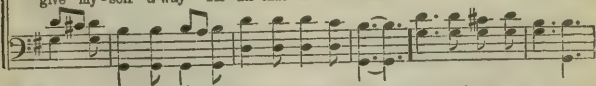
1. A - las! and did my Sav-iour bleed? And did my Sov'reign die? Would He de-
2. Was fit for crimes that I had done, He groaned up-on the tree? A - maz-ing
3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut his glo-ries in, When God's own
4. Thus might I hide my blush-ing face While His dear cross appears, Dissolve my
5. But drops of grief can ne'er re-pay The debt of love I owe; Here, Lord, I

CHORUS.

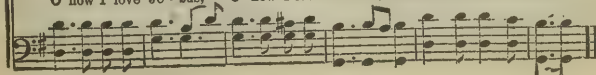


vote that sa-cred head, For such a worm as I?
pit - y! grace unknown, And love be-yond de - greel
Son was cru - ci - fied For man, the creature's sin.
heart in thank-ful-ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
give my-self a-way—'Tis all that I can do.

O how I love Je - sus,



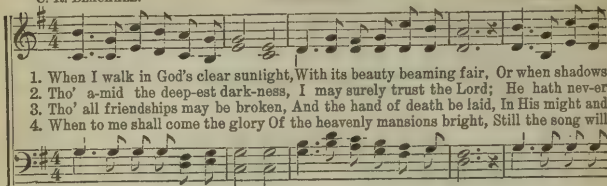
O how I love Je - sus, O how I love Je - sus, Because He first loved me.



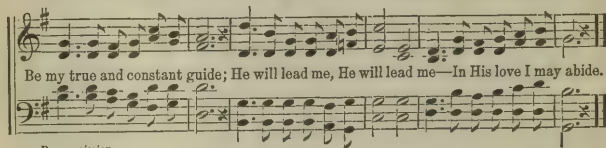
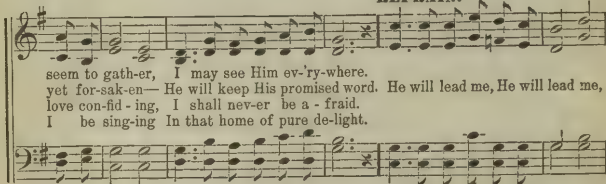
C. R. BLACKALL.

"He will lead me."

W. F. SHERWIN.



REFRAIN.



By permission.

141 Take the Name of Jesus.

Key of A-Flat.

- 1 Take the name of Jesus with you,
Child of sorrow and of woe;
It will joy and comfort give you,
Take it, then, where'er you go.

CHORUS.

Precious name, O how sweet,
Hope of earth, and joy of heaven;
Precious name, O how sweet,
Hope of earth, and joy of heaven.

- 2 Take the name of Jesus ever
As a shield for every snare;
If temptations round you gather,
Breathe that holy name in prayer.

- 3 Oh! the precious name of Jesus;
How it thrills our souls with joy,
When His loving arms receive us,
And His songs our tongues employ.

—Mrs. Lydia Baxter.

142 My Happy Home.

Key of G.

- 1 Jerusalem, my happy home,
Oh, how I long for thee!
When will my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys, when shall I see?

REFRAIN.

[: Will you meet me in the city of the new
Jerusalem?

Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb? :

- 2 Thy walls are all of precious stone
Most glorious to behold;
Thy gates are richly set with pearl,
Thy streets are paved with gold.

- 3 Reach down, reach down thine arms of grace,
And cause me to ascend
Were congregations ne'er break up
And praises never end.

143 More Love to Thee.

- 1 More love to Thee, O Christ!
More love to Thee!
Hear Thou the prayer I make
On bended knee;
This is my earnest plea,—

CHORUS.

More love, O Christ! to Thee,
More love, O Christ! to Thee,
More love to Thee!

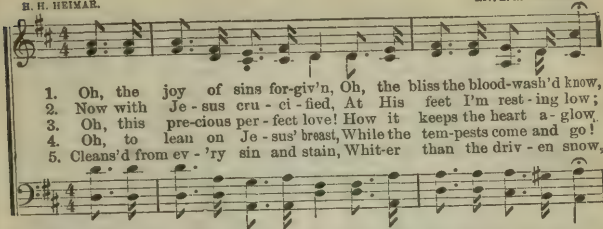
- 2 Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest;
Now Thee alone I seek,
Give what is best;
This all my prayer shall be,—

- 3 Let sorrow do its work,
Send grief and pain;
Sweet are Thy messengers,
Sweet their refrain,
When they can sing with me,

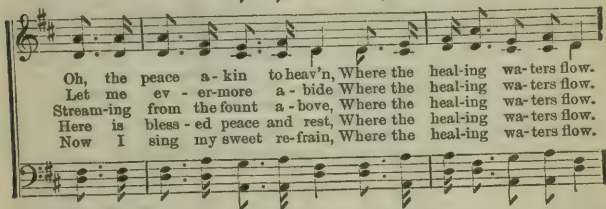
THE HEALING WATERS.

H. H. HEIMAR.

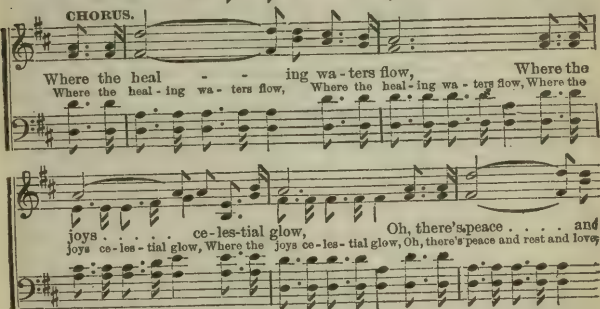
Rev. L. L. PICKETT.



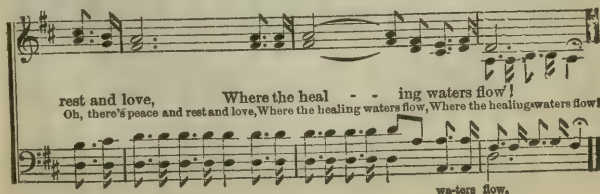
1. Oh, the joy of sins for-giv'n, Oh, the bliss the blood-wash'd know,
 2. Now with Je-sus cru-ci-fied, At His feet I'm rest-ing low;
 3. Oh, this pre-cious per-fect love! How it keeps the heart a-glow.
 4. Oh, to lean on Je-sus' breast, While the tem-pests come and go!
 5. Cleans'd from ev-'ry sin and stain, Whit-er than the driv-en snow,



Oh, the peace a-kin to heav'n, Where the heal-ing wa-ters flow.
 Let me ev-er-more a-bide Where the heal-ing wa-ters flow.
 Stream-ing from the fount a-bove, Where the heal-ing wa-ters flow.
 Here is bless-ed peace and rest, Where the heal-ing wa-ters flow.
 Now I sing my sweet re-frain, Where the heal-ing wa-ters flow.



CHORUS.
 Where the heal - - ing wa-ters flow, Where the
 Where the heal-ing wa-ters flow, Where the heal-ing wa-ters flow, Where the
 joys coeles-tial glow, Oh, there's peace . . . and
 joys coeles-tial glow, Where the joys coeles-tial glow, Oh, there's peace and rest and love



rest and love, Where the heal - - ing waters flow!
 Oh, there's peace and rest and love, Where the healing waters flow, Where the healing waters flow!
 wa-ters flow.

1. The Bi - ble! the Bi - ble! more pre-cious than gold, The hopes and the
 2. The Bi - ble! the Bi - ble! blest vol-ume of truth, How sweet-ly it
 3. The Bi - ble! the Bi - ble! we hail it with joy, Its truths and its
 4. The Bi - ble! the Bi - ble! the val-leys shall ring, And hill-tops re-

glo-ries its pa-ges un-fold; It speaks of a Sav-iour, and
 smiles on the sea-son of youth! It bids us seek ear-ly the
 glo-ries our tongues shall em-ploy; We'll sing of its tri-umphs, we'll
 ech-o the notes that we sing; Our ban-ners in-scribed with its

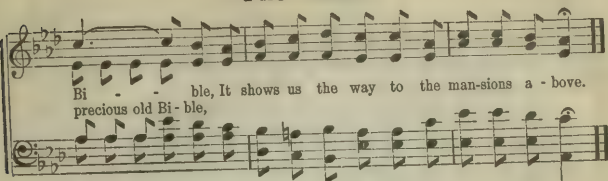
tells of His love; It shows us the way to the man-sions a-bove.
 pearl of great price, Ere th'heart is en-slaved in the bond-age of vice,
 tell of its worth, And send its glad ti-dings a-far o'er the earth.
 pre-cepts and rules Shall long wave in tri-umph, the joy of our Schools.

CHORUS.

The Bi - - - ble, the Bi - - - ble, It speaks of a
 The Bi - ble, the Bi - ble, the pre-cious old Bi - ble,

Sav-iour, it tells of His love; The Bi - - - ble, the
 The Bi - ble, the Bi - ble, the

The Bible.



Bi - ble, It shows us the way to the man-sions a - bove.
precious old Bi - ble,

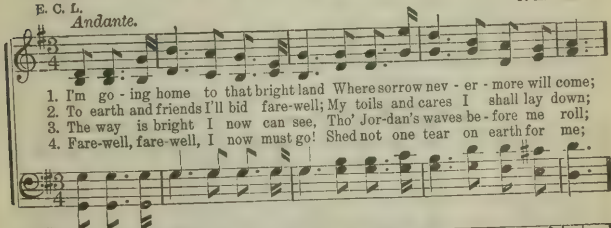
146

I'm Going Home.

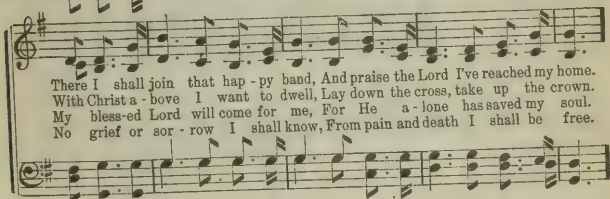
J. A. LEE.

E. C. L.

Andante.

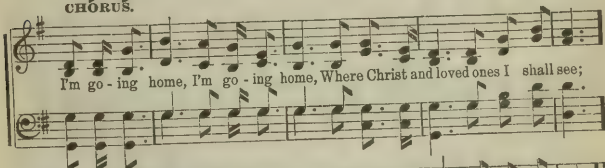


1. I'm go - ing home to that bright land Where sorrow nev - er - more will come;
2. To earth and friends I'll bid fare-well; My toils and cares I shall lay down;
3. The way is bright I now can see, Tho' Jor-dan's waves be - fore me roll;
4. Fare-well, fare-well, I now must go! Shed not one tear on earth for me;

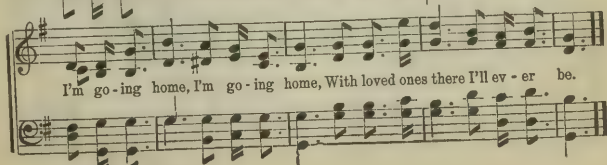


There I shall join that hap - py band, And praise the Lord I've reached my home.
With Christ a - bove I want to dwell, Lay down the cross, take up the crown.
My bless-ed Lord will come for me, For He a - lone has saved my soul.
No grief or sor - row I shall know, From pain and death I shall be free.

CHORUS.



I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home, Where Christ and loved ones I shall see;



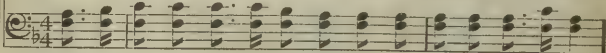
I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home, With loved ones there I'll ev - er be.

Anon.

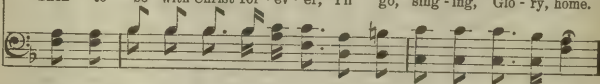
J. A. Lee.



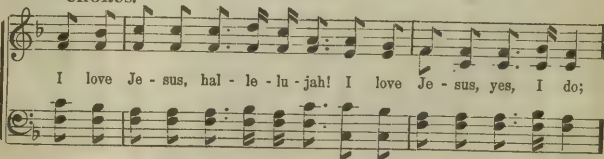
1. I'm a pil-grim bound for glo-ry, I'm a pil-grim go-ing home;
2. First His Ho-ly Spir-it sought me, In the dark and cloud-y day;
3. Faint and wea-ry then He brought me To the foun-tain of His love,
4. Sight He gave me in my blind-ness, For the bet-ter land to start;
5. Thro' the wil-der-ness He led me, Strength in weak-ness He bestowed,
6. Is the jour-ney still be-fore me, Des-ert lands where drought abides?
7. Soon to Jor-dan's swell-ing riv-er, Like a pil-grim, I shall come,



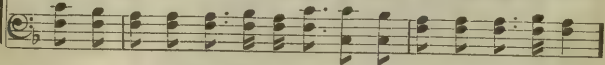
Come, and hear me tell my sto-ry, All who love the Sav-iour, come.
 Soon His grace and mer-cy taught me In His Word to seek the way.
 Showed me how His blood had bought me, Sealed my par-don from a-bove.
 And His ten-der, lov-ing-kindness O-ver-came and won my heart.
 With the bread of life He fed me, Streams of liv-ing wa-ter flowed.
 Heav'n-ly streams shall still re-store me, Fresh from God's un-fail-ing tides.
 Then to be with Christ for-ev-er, I'll go, sing-ing, Glo-ry, home.



CHORUS.



I love Je-sus, hal-le-lu-jah! I love Je-sus, yes, I do;

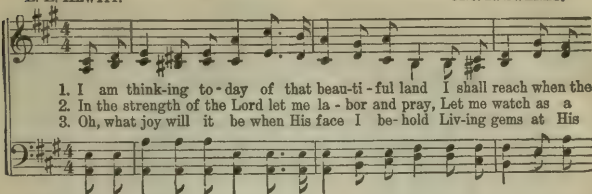


I love Je-sus, He's my Sav-iour, Je-sus smiles and loves me too.

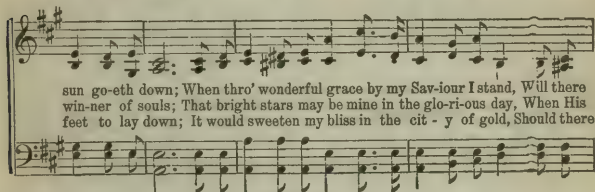


E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

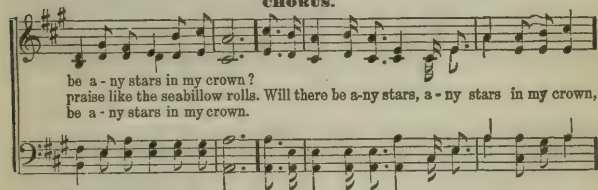


1. I am think-ing to-day of that beau-ti-ful land I shall reach when the
 2. In the strength of the Lord let me la-bor and pray, Let me watch as a
 3. Oh, what joy will it be when His face I be-hold Liv-ing gems at His

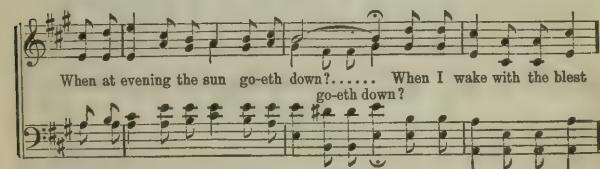


sun go-eth down; When thro' wonderful grace by my Sav-iour I stand, Will there
 win-ner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glo-ri-ous day, When His
 feet to lay down; It would sweeten my bliss in the cit-y of gold, Should there

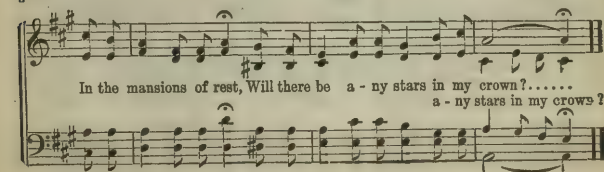
CHORUS.



be a - ny stars in my crown?
 praise like the seabillow rolls. Will there be a-ny stars, a - ny stars in my crown,
 be a - ny stars in my crown.



When at evening the sun go-eth down?..... When I wake with the blest
 go-eth down?



In the mansions of rest, Will there be a - ny stars in my crown?.....
 a - ny stars in my crown?

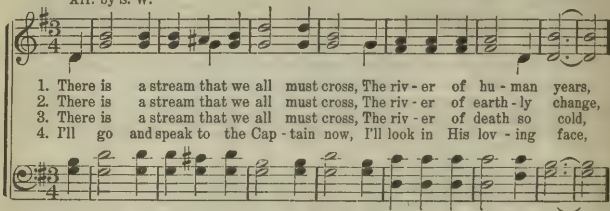
Go and Speak to the Captain.

"There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God."—PSALM 46: 4.

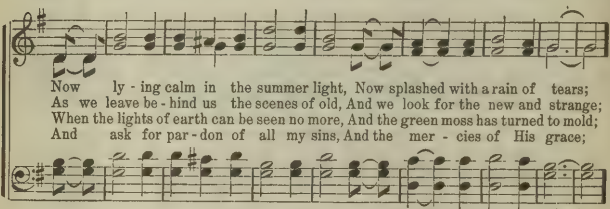
Rev. HENRY BURTON.

Arr. by S. W.

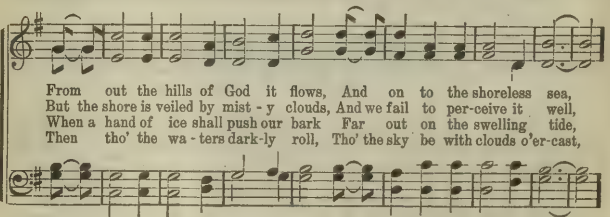
SIDNEY WILLIAMS.



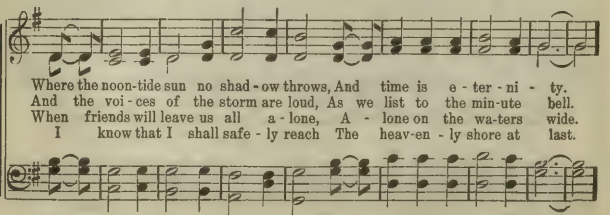
1. There is a stream that we all must cross, The riv - er of hu - man years,
 2. There is a stream that we all must cross, The riv - er of earth - ly change,
 3. There is a stream that we all must cross, The riv - er of death so cold,
 4. I'll go and speak to the Cap - tain now, I'll look in His lov - ing face,



Now ly - ing calm in the summer light, Now splashed with a rain of tears;
 As we leave be - hind us the scenes of old, And we look for the new and strange;
 When the lights of earth can be seen no more, And the green moss has turned to mold;
 And ask for par - don of all my sins, And the mer - cies of His grace;



From out the hills of God it flows, And on to the shoreless sea,
 But the shore is veiled by mist - y clouds, And we fail to per - ceive it well,
 When a hand of ice shall push our bark Far out on the swelling tide,
 Then tho' the wa - ters dark - ly roll, Tho' the sky be with clouds o'er - cast,



Where the noon - tide sun no shad - ow throws, And time is e - ter - ni - ty.
 And the voi - ces of the storm are loud, As we list to the min - ute bell.
 When friends will leave us all a - lone, A - lone on the wa - ters wide.
 I know that I shall safe - ly reach The heav - en - ly shore at last.

Go and Speak to the Captain.

REFRAIN.

But why should I faint or fal - ter? O why are those doubts and fears?

I will go and speak to the Cap - tain, As I cross the riv - er of years.

150 I Want to Go Where the Saviour Reigns.

"To him that overcometh will I give to sit with me in my throne."—REV. 3: 21.

J. W. DADMUN.

J. A. LEE.

1. { I want to go where the Saviour reigns, On the beau - ti - ful throne a - bove; }
 { And catch the strains of the heav'nly choir, As they sing of His dy - ing love. }
 2. { I want to sit by the liv - ing stream, As it flows from the gold - en throne; }
 { And bathe my soul in its crys - tal flood, And dwell with the saints at home. }
 3. { I want to walk in the gold - en streets, A - long with the blood - washed throng; }
 { And greet the friends who have gone before, And u - nite in the new - made song. }

CHORUS.

O beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful throne, . . . O beau - ti - ful gold - en throne;
 beautiful throne,

I want to go where the Sav - iour reigns, And sit in the beau - ti - ful throne.

My Hope Is Secure.

"And he said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee."—II Cor. 12: 9.

J. A. LEE.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. In Je-sus my hope is se-cure, Tho' tem-pests be ra-ging so high;
 2. I've sought Him, and found Him so kind, Yes, will-ing and read-y to hear;
 3. O Je-sus, who is the true light, My Shep-herd, He guides thro' the day;

His grace will for-ev-er en-dure—He's promised 'twill be my sup-ply.
 In dark-ness I've wandered so blind, But now I can see my way clear.
 He cares for His sheep thro' the night, And drives all the darkness a-way.

CHORUS.

My hope..... is se-cure,..... Tho' tem-pests be
 In Je-sus my hope is se-cure, se-cure,

ra-ging so high;..... His love and His grace will for-
 so high;

ev-er en-dure, And He's prom-ised 'twill be my sup-ply.

F. E. HEWITT.

CHAS. M. DAVIS.

1. When at Cal - v'ry, bend - ing low, Love, re - deem - ing love, I know;
 2. When my Sav - iour's name I plead, Grace I find for ev - 'ry need,
 3. When the clouds of sor - row rise, O - ver - spread - ing sun - ny skies,
 4. So, thro' var - ied good and ill, I will trust my Fa - ther still;

There my sins are washed a - way, God will hear me when I pray.
 Grace to keep me lest I stray, God will hear me when I pray.
 Still there shines a sun - ny ray, God will hear me when I pray.
 Sing - ing glad - ly, day by day, God will hear me when I pray.

CHORUS.

God will hear me, Gra - cious - ly near me, Help - ing me
 He will hear, Ev - er near,

O - ver life's way; God will hear me, Com - fort and
 Help - ing me o'er life's way; He will hear,

cheer me, When I be - liev - ing - ly I pray.
 Com - fort, cheer, When be - liev - ing - ly I pray.

"And there shall be no more death."—REV. 21: 4.

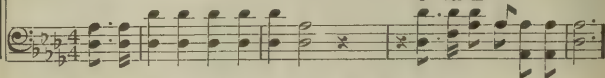
J. A. LEE.

J. H. FILLMORE.



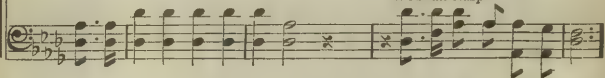
1. We shall meet the loved ones yonder, O - ver in the bet-ter land;
2. All our sorrows there'll be end-ed, Death to us will come no more;
3. Ties up there are nev - er bro-ken, Nothing's there to cause us pain;

O - ver in

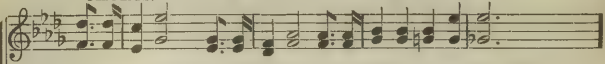


In that home of love and won-der, We shall clasp a - gain their hand.
 There our joys will all be blended, On that peace - ful shin-ing shore.
 Farewell words are nev-er spo-ken, When we meet loved ones a - gain.

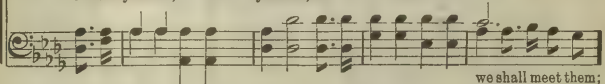
We shall clasp



CHORUS.



O - ver yon-der, o - ver yon-der, O - ver in that bet-ter land;
 O - ver yon-der, o - ver yon-der,

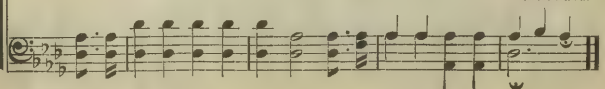


we shall meet them;



In that home of love and won-der, We shall clasp a - gain their hand.

their hand.



No. 154.

MOTHER'S PRAYER.

A. C. LAMB.

D. R. WADE.

1. While I am passing thro' this life,
2. And at a throne of grace they found
3. So praise the Lord for mother's pray'rs,

With all its toils and cares, I think amid the trials so rife Of mother's lov - ing pray'rs.
 A hearing from the Lord, So now my soul is heaven-bound, Because her pray'rs were heard.
 For her sweet life so dear, And when I climb the golden stairs I'll meet her sure up there.

She pray'd for me in childhood days, As by her knee I stood, And while my feet found evil
 Since I have left the old home-place, To make my way thro' life, Her pray'rs still reach a throne of
 O youth, heed thou thy mother's pray'rs, While in your youthful days, And when amid life's busy

CHORUS.

ways, Her pray'rs went up to God.
 grace, And help me 'mid the strife. O give your heart to mother's God, Who'll save you
 cares, Forget not that she prays.

from your sins, And when on earth no more you've trod Blessed heav'n you'll enter in.

Light In the Valley.

Dedicated to my father, Dr. G. R. Lee, who departed this life Sept. 30th, 1905.

J. A. L.

J. A. LEE.

1. When in af-flic-tion's val-ley I'm pass-ing through, There'll be
 2. When friends of oth-er days have left for yon-der shore, There'll be
 3. And when I roam the plains in glo-ry bright and fair, There'll be

light in the val-ley for me; The Sav-iour will be there to
 light in the val-ley for me; And when the time shall come, to
 light in the val-ley for me; The saved of ev-'ry land and

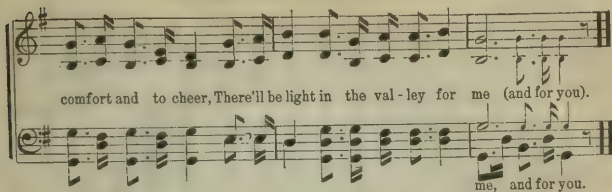
cheer and com-fort too, There'll be light in the val-ley for me.
 earth I'll be no more, There'll be light in the val-ley for me.
 coun-try will be there, There'll be light in the val-ley for me.

CHORUS.

There'll be light in the val-ley for me (and for you), There'll be light in the
 me, and for you,

val-ley for me (and for you); The Lord will be near to
 me, and for you;

Light In the Valley.



comfort and to cheer, There'll be light in the val-ley for me (and for you).
me, and for you.

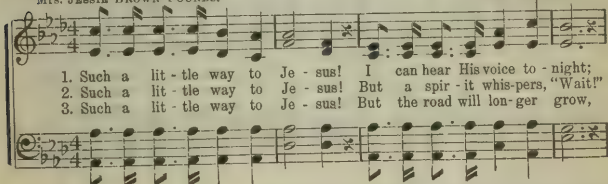
156

Such a Little Way to Jesus.

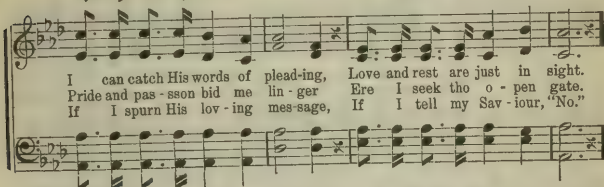
"Jesus himself stood in the midst of them."—LUKE 14: 35.

Mrs. JESSIE BROWN POUNDS.

J. H. FILLMORE.

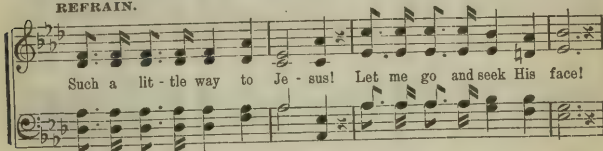


1. Such a lit-tle way to Je-sus! I can hear His voice to-night;
2. Such a lit-tle way to Je-sus! But a spir-it whis-pers, "Wait!"
3. Such a lit-tle way to Je-sus! But the road will lon-ger grow,

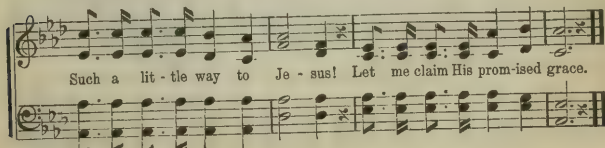


I can catch His words of plead-ing, Love and rest are just in sight.
Pride and pas-sion bid me lin-ger Ere I seek tho o-pen gate.
If I spurn His lov-ing mes-sage, If I tell my Sav-iour, "No."

REFRAIN.



Such a lit-tle way to Je-sus! Let me go and seek His face!



Such a lit-tle way to Je-sus! Let me claim His prom-ised grace.

MARY P. GRIFFIN.

J. A. LEE.

1. Tho' the mist hang o'er the riv - er, And its bil - lows loud - ly roar,
 2. And the bright ce - les - tial cit - y, We have caught such ra - diant gleams
 3. He has called for many a loved one; We have seen them leave our side;
 4. When we've passed that vale of shad - ows, With its dark and chill - ing tide,
 5. Pain nor sick - ness ne'er shall en - ter; Grief nor woe my lot shall share;

Yet we hear the song of an - gels Waft - ed from the oth - er shore.
 Of its tow'rs, like daz - zling sun - light, With its sweet and peace - ful streams.
 With our Sav - iour we shall meet them, When we too have crossed the tide.
 In that bright ce - les - tial cit - y We shall ev - er - more a - bide.
 But in that ce - les - tial cen - ter I a crown of life shall wear.

CHORUS.

We are wait - - - ing by the riv - er, We are watch - - - ing
 We are wait - ing We are watch - ing

on the shore; On - ly wait - - - ing for the
 on the shore; On - ly wait - ing

an - gels; Soon they'll come... . . . to bear us o'er.
 Soon they'll come to bear us o'er,

What Shall It Profit?

"For what is a man profited, if he should gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"—MATT. 16: 26.

C. E. P.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

With expression.

1. O what shall it prof - it, my broth - er, The mi - ser - ly
 2. O what shall it prof - it, my broth - er, Seek - ing earth's fleeting
 3. O what shall it prof - it, my broth - er, Your scrambling for

hoard - ing of wealth; When the days of your so - journ are num - bered,
 pleas - ures and vain; If you know not the joy of re - ceiv - ing
 hon - or and fame; If the an - gel, in searching the rec - ord,

CHORUS.

Are slip - ping a - way as by stealth?
 Sal - va - tion thro' Je - sus' dear name?
 Should find not a trace of your name? } O what shall it prof - it, my

broth - er, When the an - gel shall o - pen the scroll,..... If the
 my broth - er, shall o - pen the scroll,

record shows hoarding of rich - es, Has cost thee the price of thy soul?
 of rich - es,

E. E. HEWITT.

C. M. DAVIS.

1. O won - der - ful Sav - iour, how great is Thy love! No an - gel can
 2. Once wound - ed and dy - ing I wan - dered a - far, A light shone a -
 3. Once dark were the wa - ters on life's Gal - i - lee, The winds, cold and
 4. A - bide Thou with - in me, I pray, Ho - ly Dove, Re - veal - ing more

tell it in glo - ry a - bove; Its mar - vel - ous ful - ness no
 round me from Beth - le - hem's star; I heard a voice call - ing, "I'm
 storm - y, swept o - ver the sea; But Je - sus spoke peace to the
 clear - ly this in - fin - ite love; Till changed to His like - ness by

mor - tal can sing, The good - ness and mer - cy of Je - sus my King.
 seek - ing for thee;" 'Twas Christ the Good Shepherd whose love re - scued me.
 high - roll - ing waves; Ho - san - na to Him who a - bun - dant - ly saves!
 grace I shall be, And rise where my King in His beau - ty I'll see.

CHORUS.

My liv - ing Re - deem - er, how great is Thy love! To fit a poor

sin - ner for glo - ry a - bove; 'Twill be the blest theme of e -

How Great Is Thy Love.

ter - ni - ty's day, To sing of a love that shall not pass a - way.

160

You Can, If You Will.

"Choose you this day whom ye will serve."—JOSHUA 24: 15.

Mrs. JESSIE BROWN POUNDS.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. You can, if you will, be saved to - night; You can, if you will;
 2. You can, if you will, leave sin be - hind; You can, if you will;
 3. You can, if you will, send God a - way; You can, if you will;
 Yes, you can,

You can, if you will, with God be right; You can, if you will.
 You can, if you will, the bless - ing find; You can, if you will.
 You can, if you will, be lost for aye; You can, if you will.
 Yes, you can,

CHORUS.

You can, if you will, You can, if you will;
 You can, if you will, You can, if you will;

You can claim God's pow'r in this ver - y hour, You can, yes, you can, if you will.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. Ac - cord - ing to the Bi - ble plans, Up - on the rock I'm build - ing;
 2. With Christ as the great cor - ner stone, Up - on the rock I'm build - ing;
 3. Thro' days and weeks, thro' months and years, Up - on the rock I'm build - ing;
 4. Al-though the world may sneer at me, Up - on the rock I'm build - ing;
 5. A home to stand for - ev - er - more, Up - on the rock I'm build - ing;

A - void - ing all the shift - ing sands, I'm build - ing on the rock.
 My home will nev - er be o'er-thrown, I'm build - ing on the rock.
 With pray'r and praise, with songs and tears, I'm build - ing on the rock.
 For time and for e - ter - ni - ty, I'm build - ing on the rock.
 Se - cure on that e - ter - nal shore, I'm build - ing on the rock.

CHORUS.

O glo - ry to God, Up - on the rock I'm build - ing;

O glo - ry to God, I'm build - ing on the rock.....
 bless - ed rock.

E. E. HEWITT.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. In the ro-sy morn-ing of life's flit-ting day, While the dew-drops
 2. While the birds are sing-ing on the bud-ding bough, While the sun-ny
 3. Hap-py they who fol-low at the Mas-ter's call, Hap-py is His

spark-le on the bloom-ing way, List-en to the Sav-iour, hear Him
 springtime smiles a-round us now, Let us work for Je-sus, He will
 serv-ice, what-so-e'er be-fall; He has grace a-bun-dant, pow'r to

D. S.—To the paths of wis-dom, be our

Fine. CHORUS.

gen-tly say, They shall find who seek me ear-ly.
 teach us how, They shall find who seek Him ear-ly. } Ear-ly let us seek Him,
 help us all, They shall find who seek Him ear-ly.


steps inclined, They shall find who seek Him early.

D. S.

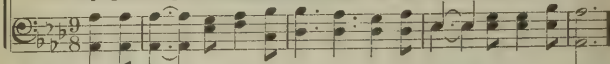
ear-ly let us find Him, Christ the lov-ing Sav-iour, mer-ci-ful and kind;

C. M. D.

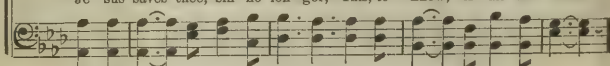
CHAS. M. DAVIS.



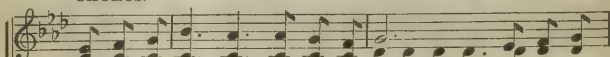
1. There's a sto - ry, quaint and old - en, I have heard long, long a - go;
 2. Heard you ne'er this wondrous sto - ry Of the Sav - iour and His love?
 3. In the Gos - pel's sa - cred pa - ges, Ra - diant with His love di - vine,
 4. Hope grows bright, and faith grows stronger, When in beau - teous lines we read—



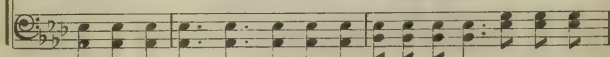
And its mes - sage, rich and gold - en, Tells of One who loves me so.
 How He left His home in glo - ry, To re - deem us by His blood?
 There the mes - sage of the a - ges, Ev - er - more will brightly shine.
 "Je - sus saves thee, sin no lon - ger," This, to know, is all we need.



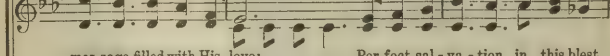
CHORUS.




Glo - ri - ous Gos - pel, sent from a - bove, Won - der - ful
 from a - bove,



mes - sage filled with His love; Per - fect sal - va - tion in this blest
 yes, with love;



word, Sweet - est of sto - ries mor - tal e'er heard.
 this blest word, ev - er heard.



The Fount of Grace.

"By grace ye are saved."—EPH. 2: 5.

Selected.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Good as a Solo.

1. Christ, of all my hopes the ground, Christ, the spring of all my joy,
 2. Firm - ly trust - ing in His blood, Noth - ing shall my heart con-found,
 3. Thus, O thus, an en-trance give To the land of cloud-less sky,

Still in Thee let me be found, Still for Thee my pow'rs em-ploy.
 Safe-ly shall I pass the flood, Safe-ly reach Im-man-uel's ground.
 Hav-ing known it, "Christ to live," Let me know it, "gain to die."

CHORUS.

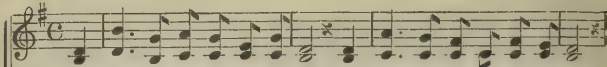
Fount of grace,..... o'er-flow-ing grace, Free-ly
 Fount of grace, o'er-flow-ing grace,

from... . Thy ful-ness give; Till I close..... my
 Free-ly from Thy ful-ness give; Till I close

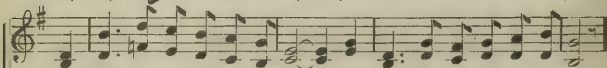
earth-ly race, my earth-ly race, 'Twill be "Christ for me to live."

J. A. L.

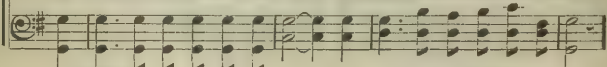
CHAS. M. DAVIS.



1. Oh, what a meet-ing that will be! When gath-ered there from land and sea,
2. The saved of a-ges then will be As num-ber-less as sands of sea;
3. The saved thro' His e-ter-nal love Are num-ber-less as stars a-bove;
4. From ev-ry nation, tribe and tongue, Are gath-ered there both old and young;



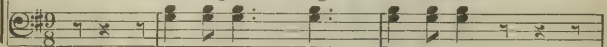
Un-numbered thousands then will sing The prais-es of our Sav-iour King.
 The count-less mil-lions there will sing Of their Re-deem-er, Lord and King.
 The proph-ets and the saints of old Are gath-ered there with-in the fold.
 All of God's chil-dren will be there, In heav'n, that home so bright and fair.



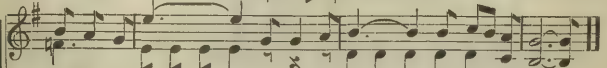
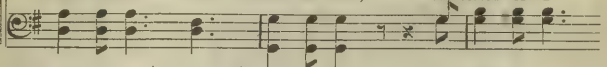
CHORUS.



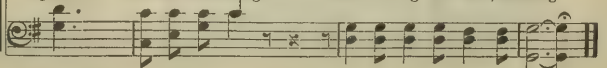
Oh, what a gath-er-ing in that home!.... No more in
 What a gath-er-ing in that home!



this..... wide world to roam;..... Redeemed of a-ges!
 Nev-er more this world to roam; Redeemed of a-



won-der-ful throng!..... All there to sing..... the new, new song.
 ges! won-der-ful throng! There to sing the new, new song.




I Will Go to the Saviour.


"I will arise and go to my father."—LUKE 15:18.

Words arr. and 3rd verse by C. E. P.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.




1. I'm go - ing at once to the Sav - iour, Con - fess - ing my
 2. His warn - ing too long I have slight - ed, Re - ject - ing His
 3. With Thee, O com - pas - sion - ate Sav - ior, I plead for for -
 4. O Je - sus, my bless - ed Re - deem - er, Thy mer - it my

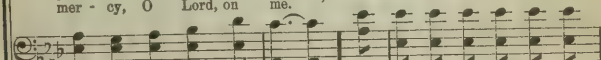


guilt and sin; I'll knock at the door of His mer - cy, And
 call for years; Now, hum - ble and bro - ken in spir - it, I
 giveness of sin; That thou wilt most thor - ough - ly cleanse me, And
 on - ly plea; I kneel at Thy foot - stool im - plor - ing, Have

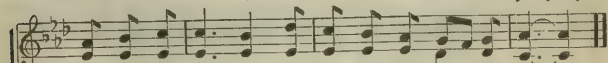
CHORUS.



ask Him to let me in.
 seek with re - pent - ing tears. } So lov - ing and full of com -
 plant the new life with - in.
 mer - cy, O Lord, on me.



pas - sion, So will - ing a par - don to give; If I touch but the



bem of His gar - ment, I know that my soul shall live.

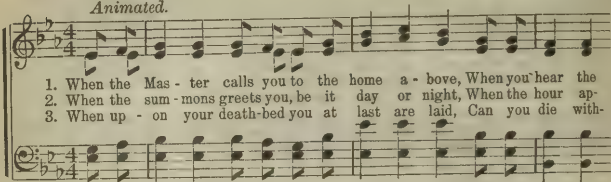
Will Your Soul be Ready?

"Be ye therefore ready also: for the Son of man cometh at an hour when ye think not."—LUKE 12: 40.

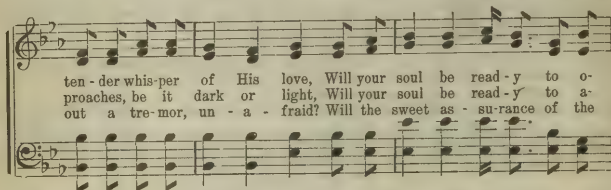
REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

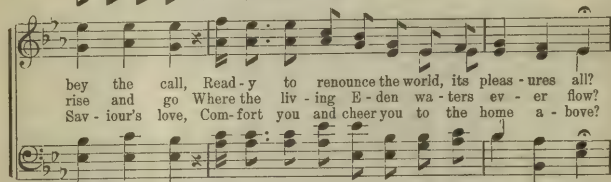
Animated.



1. When the Mas - ter calls you to the home a - bove, When you hear the
 2. When the sum - mons greets you, be it day or night, When the hour ap -
 3. When up - on your death-bed you at last are laid, Can you die with-

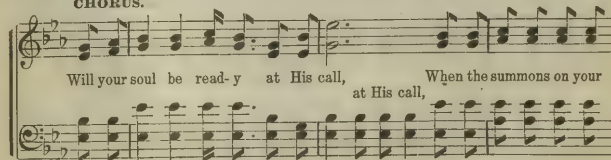


ten - der whis - per of His love, Will your soul be read - y to o -
 proaches, be it dark or light, Will your soul be read - y to a -
 out a tre - mor, un - a - fraid? Will the sweet as - su - rance of the

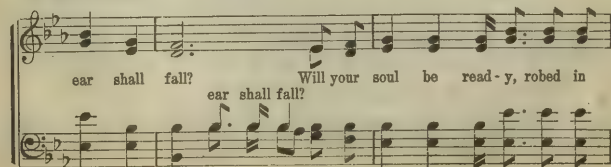


bey the call, Read - y to renounce the world, its pleas - ures all?
 rise and go Where the liv - ing E - den wa - ters ev - er flow?
 Sav - iour's love, Com - fort you and cheer you to the home a - bove?

CHORUS.



Will your soul be read - y at His call, When the summons on your
 at His call,



ear shall fall? Will your soul be read - y, robed in
 ear shall fall?

Will Your Soul be Ready?

white, and read-y, Read-y to o-bey the Mas-ter's call?

168

Jesus is Calling.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Je - sus is ten - der - ly calling thee home—Call-ing to-day, call-ing to-day;
 2. Je - sus is call-ing the wea - ry to rest— Call-ing to-day, call-ing to-day;
 3. Je - sus is wait-ing, oh, come to Him now— Waiting to-day, waiting to-day;
 4. Je - sus is pleading, oh, list to His voice—Hear Him to-day, hear Him to-day;

Why from the sun-shine of love wilt thou roam Far-ther and far-ther a - way?
 Bring Him thy burden, and thou shalt be blest; He will not turn you a - way.
 Come with thy sins, at His feet low - ly bow; Come, and no long-er de - lay.
 They who be-lieve on His name shall re-joice; Quick-ly a - rise and a - way.

REFRAIN.

Call - ing to - day,..... Call - ing to - day;.....
 Call-ing, call-ing to - day, to-day; Call-ing, call-ing to - day, to-day;

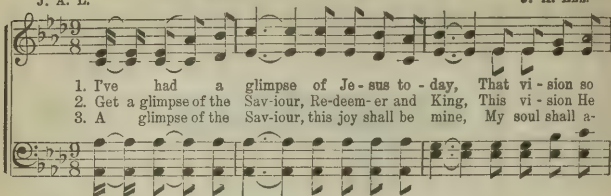
Je - - sus is call - ing, is ten-der-ly call-ing to - day.
 Je - sus is ten-der-ly call-ing to-day,

A Glimpse of Jesus.

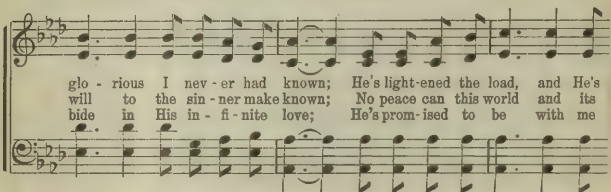
"While they beheld, he was taken up."—ACTS 1: 9.

J. A. L.

J. A. LEE.



1. I've had a glimpse of Je-sus to-day, That vi-sion so
2. Get a glimpse of the Sav-iour, Re-deem-er and King, This vi-sion He
3. A glimpse of the Sav-iour, this joy shall be mine, My soul shall a-

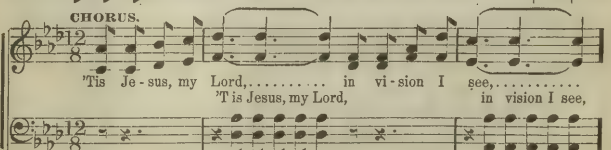


glo-rious I nev-er had known; He's light-ened the load, and He's
will to the sin-ner make known; No peace can this world and its
bide in His in-fi-nite love; He's prom-ised to be with me

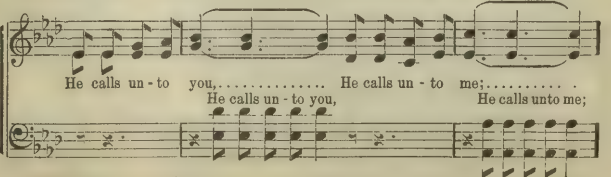


led in the way, That leads me on to heav-en my home.
pleasures e'er bring, Then look to [the Sav-iour and trust Him a-lone.
all of the time, And lead me on to heav-en a-bove.

CHORUS.



'Tis Je-sus, my Lord,..... in vi-sion I see,.....
'Tis Jesus, my Lord, in vision I see,



He calls un-to you,..... He calls un-to me;.....
He calls un-to you, He calls unto me;

A Glimpse of Jesus.

Then bring me, dear Lord, still clos-er to Thee,
 Then bring me, dear Lord, still closer to Thee,

And then I'll from sin and sor-row be free
 And then I'll from sin and sorrow be free.

170

Oh, Do Not Despair.

Arr. by J. B. HERBERT.

1. Oh, do not de-spair, The poor-est may share That par-don so
 2. For him that's a-thirst, Tho' sin-ner the worst, The Wa-ter of
 3. When tempted and tried, In Je-sus con-fide, His an-gels shall

price-less and free; From sin turn a-way, The Spir-it will say,
 Life is so free; The Spir-it will say, If hum-bly you pray,
 watch o-ver thee; Thy com-fort and stay, The Spir-it will say,

REFRAIN. *mp* *mf*

"Come, wel-come, come, wel-come, Come, wel-come, poor sin-ner, to me."

I Will Sing to the Lord.

"I will sing to the Lord as long as I live."—Ps. 104: 23.

T. J. JENKINS.

JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. I will sing to the Lord just as long as I live, I will
 2. My de - vo - tions are sweet when I sing to the Lord, Of the
 3. 'Tis a joy to my soul of Thy glo - ry to sing, Of Thy
 4. O the wor - ship in song to my soul is so sweet, Joys di-
 5. In the home of the soul there are an - thems more sweet Than the

sing of His good-ness to me, The praise in my heart in the
 love that re - deemed my soul, And transports of joy come to
 good-ness and mer - cies to me; 'Tis joy then to know that
 vine on this earth to me come; Far sweet - er my song when my
 an - gels or ser - apts can sing; These songs will be sung when re-

CHORUS.

song I will give To Thee, O Lord, un - to Thee.
 me from His Word, In song Thy glo - ries are told.
 Thou art my King, And sing ho - san - nas to Thee.
 work is com - plete, And Christ has gathered me home.
 deemed ones shall meet In heav'n, the home of our King.

I will sing
 I will sing to the

to the Lord, He has heard my cry; I'll re-
 Lord, I will sing to the Lord, He has heard my fee - ble cry; I'll re-

I Will Sing to the Lord.

joice in His word,..... And I'll meet Him by and by.
 joice in His word, I'll re-joice in His word,

172

Never Say "No!" to God.

"To obey is better than sacrifice." I SAM. 15: 22.

Mrs. JESSIE BROWN POUNDS.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Nev - er say "No!" when the Lord says "Go!" Nev - er re - fuse His call;
 2. Nev - er say "No!" when the Lord says "Go!" Dark tho' the road may be;
 3. Nev - er say "No!" when the Lord says "Go!" Tho' by the cross He lead;

Glad - ly o - bey when He points the way, He is the King o'er all.
 Trust to the Guide who will walk be - side, E'en tho' you can - not see.
 Strength He will give, and your soul shall live, Strength for the ut - most need.

REFRAIN.

Nev - er say "No!" when the Lord says "Go!" Nev - er say "No!" to God;

Rit.

Nev - er say "No!" when the Lord says "Go!" Nev - er say "No!" to God.

E. E. HEWITT.

CHAS. M. DAVIS.

1. I need the dear Sav-iour, not far, far a-way, But al-ways be-
 2. I'm glad that He sends me, for use ev-'ry day, The grace all suf-
 3. Led in-to the des-ert some-times I will be; If Christ fights the
 4. A help ev-er pres-ent, a joy for all time, From morn-ing's first

side me, a' help ev-'ry day, To com-fort and cheer me, as
 fi-cient His Word to o-bey; The strength will be giv-en in
 bat-tle the temp-ter will flee; Bright an-gels will bring me a
 blush till the eve-ning bell's chime, And ev-'ry-day glide may a

mo-ments glide by, And flash on my path-way a light from the sky.
 an-swer to pray'r, The serv-ice to ren-der, the bur-den to bear.
 mes-sage of love, And give me a fore-taste of man-na a-bove.
 ves-ti-bule be, To heav-en's fair glo-ry, where Je-sus we'll see.

CHORUS.

Christ is the Sav-iour for me,..... He is the
 He is the Sav-iour I need,

Sav-iour I need;..... A friend ev-'ry day, a
 Christ is the Sav-iour;

Christ Is the Saviour I Need.

help all the way, He is the Sav - iour I need.

174 The Time Is Drawing Near.

J. A. LEE.

JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. { O the time is draw - ing near When our Lord shall re - ap - pear,
I shall look for Him to - day, Let Him come when - e'er He may,
2. { When He tells the dead to rise, Then the world will re - a - lize,
He will come to judge us all, Good and bad, and great and small,
3. { Dare I say my Lord is late? Pa - tient - ly I watch and wait,
He'll come in the by and by, Then I'll dwell with Him on high,

D. C.—Take the crown He giv - eth me, Wear thro' all e - ter - ni - ty,
D. C.—Yes, the right - eous He'll re - ceive, All who in Him that be - lieve,
D. C.—For He'll sit up - on His throne, When He gath - ers all His own,

Fine.

In His glo - ry from on high;
I'll be with Him by and by. } When the trumpet shall be blown, And He
What a Sav - iour is our Lord;
As re - cord - ed in His Word. } O the righteous in that day Will be
For His prom - is - es are sure;
With the good and with the pure. } Should He come by day or night, Let our

And His prais - es loud pro - claim.
Will be wel - comed there to rest.
They shall rest be - neath His wing.

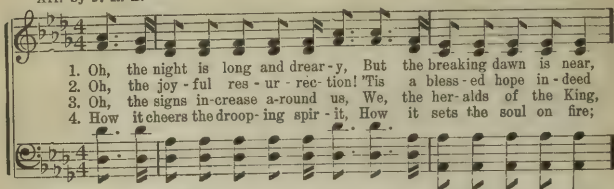
D. C.

call - eth for His own, I will an - swer to my name;
welcomed there to stay, To the coun - try of the blest;
lamp be burning bright, Trimmed and ready for our King;
Hal - le - lu - jah!

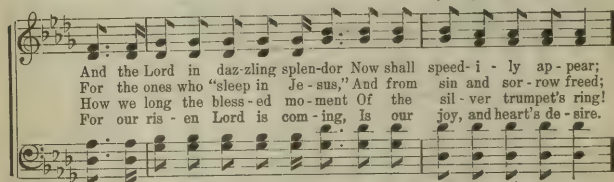
175 When the Saviour Comes Again.

Arr. by J. R. B.

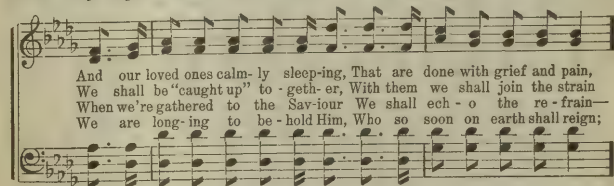
JNO. R. BRYANT.



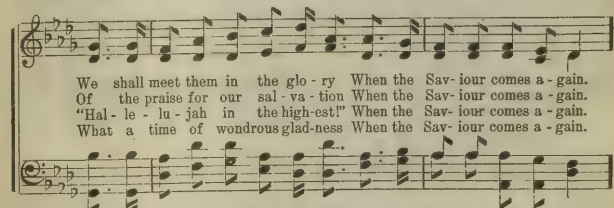
1. Oh, the night is long and drear-y, But the breaking dawn is near,
 2. Oh, the joy-ful res-ur-rec-tion! 'Tis a bless-ed hope in-deed
 3. Oh, the signs in-crease a-round us, We, the her-alds of the King,
 4. How it cheers the droop-ing spir-it, How it sets the soul on fire;



And the Lord in daz-ling splen-dor Now shall speed-i-ly ap-pear;
 For the ones who "sleep in Je-sus," And from sin and sor-row freed;
 How we long the bless-ed mo-ment Of the sil-ver trumpet's ring!
 For our ris-en Lord is com-ing, Is our joy, and heart's de-sire.

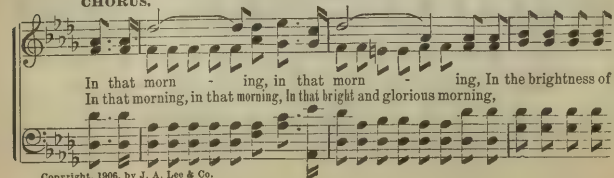


And our loved ones calm-ly sleep-ing, That are done with grief and pain,
 We shall be "caught up" to- geth-er, With them we shall join the strain
 When we're gathered to the Sav-iour We shall ech-o the re-frain—
 We are long-ing to be-hold Him, Who so soon on earth shall reign;




We shall meet them in the glo-ry When the Sav-iour comes a-gain.
 Of the praise for our sal-va-tion When the Sav-iour comes a-gain.
 "Hal-le-lu-jah in the high-est!" When the Sav-iour comes a-gain.
 What a time of wondrous glad-ness When the Sav-iour comes a-gain.

CHORUS.

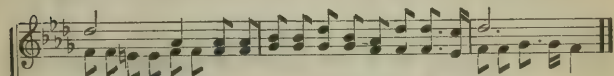


In that morn-ing, in that morn-ing, In the brightness of
 In that morning, in that morning, In that bright and glorious morning,

When the Saviour Comes Again.



His glo - ry, He to earth will come again; With Him comes the saints and
With Him comes the saints and angels, With Him



an gels, For He's coming back to earth again to reign.
comes the saints and angels, yes, coming back to reign.


176

My Prayer!

T. F. JENKINS.

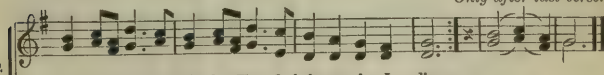
Music arr. by F. L. BRETOW.

ff Andante religioso.



1. Lord, hear me when I cry to Thee!—A weak and hum - ble cry—There
2. A sin - ner vile, O may I dare To come to Thee for rest? (A
3. There's sin in all I think and do— In word, in pray'r, in dream—Lord,
4. Lord, look on me with pity - ing eye, I'm poor, and weak, and blind! I
5. I'll bless Thee thro' life's fleet - ing years, All my al - lot - ted time! O

Only after last verse.



is no one to help but Thee, O help me, else I die.
waif with-out a moth-er's care May come to Thee for rest!)
speak the word, my heart re-new, My soul from sin re - deem!
on Thy grace a-lone re - ly For rest and heav'n to find.
Lord, now wipe a-way my tears, For rest and heav'n are mine! A - men.

C. M. D.

CHAS. M. DAVIS.

1. The Sav - iour is call - ing for thee, His love and sal - va -
 2. The World and the E - vil One call, And great is thy haste
 3. Be warned ere He call - eth no more, And closed be E - ter -

tion are free, And those who be - lieve, His bless - ings re - ceive; Then,
 to the fall; Thy Sav - iour still lives, The err - ing for - gives, Why,
 ni - ty's door; Where then shall you spend That life with - out end? O

CHORUS.

sin - ner, why should you de - lay?
 sin - ner, O why then de - lay? } The Sav - iour is call - ing for
 sin - ner, why will you de - lay? } is

thee,..... The Sav - iour is call - ing for thee,..... O
 call - ing for thee, is call - ing for thee,

come while you may, 'Tis wrong to de - lay; He's calling, O sin - ner, for thee.
 O sinner, for thee.

What Will You Say?

NELLE EDWARDS.

JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. What will you say to the Sav - iour When you in - to
 2. What will you say to the Sav - iour If He shall thy
 3. What will you say to the Sav - iour If He shall say
 4. Come to the Sav - iour this mo - ment Ere you shall to

judg - ment shall go? Since you have neg - lect - ed sal - va - tion,
 rec - ord make bare? Thy sins, which are man - y and vil - est,
 to thee "De - part"? Thou'lt think of the times He's en - treat - ed,
 pun - ish - ment go; He stands at thy heart's door and plead - eth,

REFRAIN.

So oft to His plead - ings said "No" (said "No").
 Shall o - pen - ly meet thee up there (up there).
 And long - ing - ly plead for thy heart (thy heart). } What will you say?
 O flee then from mis - 'ry and woe (and woe).

What will you say? What will you say to the Sav - iour? If

still you shall turn from the Saviour, He'll turn from you, sin - ner, that day.

J. A. LEE.

CHAS. M. DAVIS.

1. This beau - ti - ful morn - ing we must go At our bless - ed
 2. Yes, you should re - mem - ber as you sow, If you're ei - ther
 3. The seed that you sow a - long the way Can be ei - ther

Lord's com - mand;... The seed of the Gos - pel we must sow
 young or old,..... That what you may sow is sure to grow,
 good or wild,..... And bring near - er Christ, or lead a - stray,

CHORUS.

With a faith - ful, will - ing hand..... } Sow - ing the seed from
 And be gath - ered in the fold..... }
 From the home some moth - er's child..... }

day to day, It is sure to yield, I know; Sow - ing the

seed a - long the way, We will reap what - e'er we sow.....

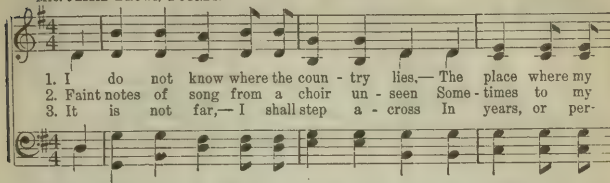
It Is Not Very Far Away.

"They desire a better country."—HEB. 11: 16.

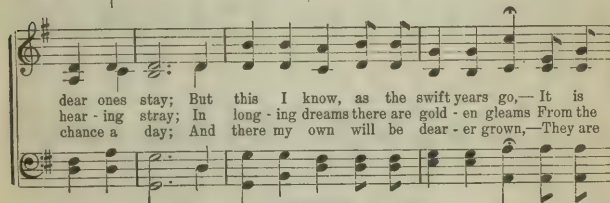
(SOLO AND QUARTET.)

Mrs. JESSIE BROWN POUNDS.

J. H. FILLMORE.

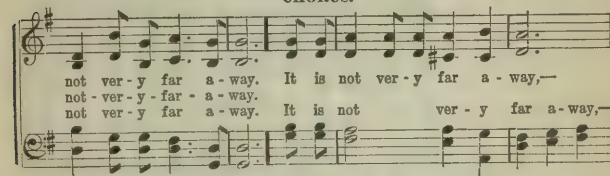


1. I do not know where the coun - try lies.— The place where my
 2. Faint notes of song from a choir un - seen Some - times to my
 3. It is not far,— I shall step a - cross In years, or per -

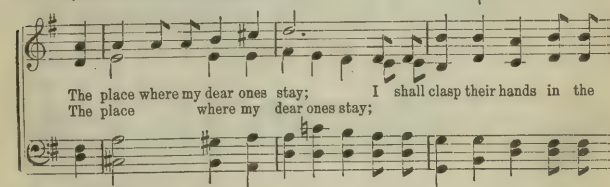


dear ones stay; But this I know, as the swift years go,— It is
 hear - ing stray; In long - ing dreams there are gold - en gleams From the
 chance a day; And there my own will be dear - er grown,—They are

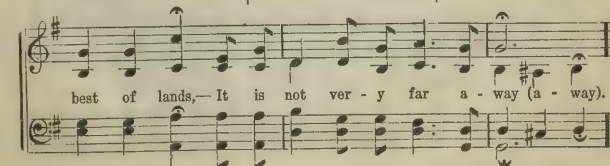
CHORUS.



not ver - y far a - way. It is not ver - y far a - way,—
 not - ver - y - far - a - way.
 not ver - y far a - way. It is not ver - y far a - way,—



The place where my dear ones stay; I shall clasp their hands in the
 The place where my dear ones stay;



best of lands,— It is not ver - y far a - way (a - way).

Arr. by J. I. W.

1. I hear the soft winds sigh-ing through ev-'ry bush and tree, Where
 2. I see the pale moon shin-ing on moth-er's white gravestone, The
 3. My heart is ev-er lone-ly, my spir-it ev-er sad, 'Twas

moth-er dear is ly-ing a-way from home and me; Tears from mine
 rose-bud round it twin-ing is there, like me, a-lone; And, too, is
 her dear pres-ence on-ly that kept my spir-it glad; From morn-ing

eyes are start-ing, and sor-row shades my brow, O wea-ry was our
 like me weep-ing the dew-drops on the brow, Long time has she been
 un-till eve-ning care rests up-on my brow, She's gone from earth to

part-ing, I have no moth-er now. I have no moth-er now, I have no
 sleep-ing, I have no moth-er now. I have no moth-er now, I have no
 heav-en, I have no moth-er now. I have no moth-er now, I have no

moth-er now; O wea-ry was our part-ing, I have no moth-er now.
 moth-er now; Long time has she been sleep-ing, I have no moth-er now.
 moth-er now; She's gone from earth to heav-en, I have no moth-er now.

182 Listen to the Still, Small Voice.

E. E. HEWITT.

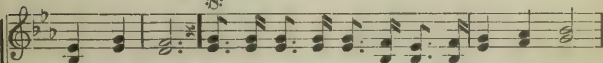
J. H. FILLMORE.



1. Go a - part with Je - sus in the morn - ing fair, List - en to the
2. Serv - ing Him with glad - ness thro' the bus - y day, List - en to the
3. Go a - part with Je - sus at the e - ven - tide, List - en to the
4. All the pil - grim jour - ney, look - ing heav'nward still, List - en to the



S:



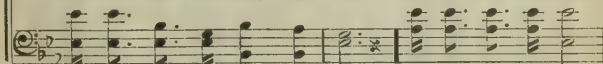
still, small voice; Seek a - new His bless - ing in be - liev - ing pray'r,
 still, small voice; Guid - ed by His coun - sel, do as He shall say,
 still, small voice; Bring Him ev - 'ry bur - den, in His peace a - bide,
 still, small voice; In the dark - ened val - ley you will fear no ill,



D. S.—Com - ing close to Je - sus, trust - ing in His pow'r,

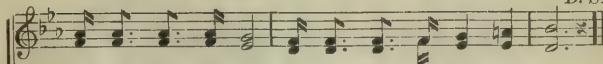


List - en to the still, small voice. List - en to the voice,

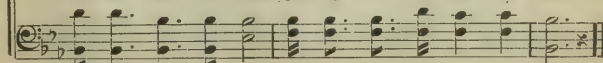


List - en to the still, small voice.

D. S.



List - en to the voice, Speak - ing in the qui - et hour;



183 We Will Lay Down the Bible and Go Home.

An old minister, after preaching the Gospel for more than fifty years, when dying called his family around him, and asked his wife to hand him his Bible, and holding it in his hand, quoted from it, and then said, "We will lay down the Bible and go home, Bright angels standing at the door."

Arr. by FRANK L. BRISTOW.

CHORUS. *Moderato.*

We will lay down the Bi - ble and go home, Yes, we'll lay down the

Bi - ble and go home, Yes, we'll lay down the Bi - ble and go home.

Fine.

Bright an - gels stand - ing at the door.

1. O moth - ers, get read - y and go
2. O fa - thers, get read - y and go
3. O chil - dren, get read - y and go
4. O Chris - tian, get read - y and go
5. O preach - ers, get read - y and go

home, O moth - ers, get read - y and go home, O moth - ers, get
home, O fa - thers, get read - y and go home, O fa - thers, get
home, O chil - dren, get read - y and go home, O chil - dren, get
home, O chris - tian, get read - y and go home, O chris - tian, get
home, O preach - ers, get read - y and go home, O preach - ers, get

D. C. Chorus.

read - y and go home, Bright an - gels stand - ing at the door.

In That Home Over There.

"There remaineth a rest to the people of God."—HEB. 4: 9.

G. A. R.

G. A. R.

1. In that beau - ti - ful home o - ver there, Where the flow - ers shall
 2. We will sing in that beau - ti - ful home, When the robe and the
 3. To our boun - ti - ful Giv - er a - bove, All ar - rayed in His

fade nev - er - more, There the sun ev - er shines bright and fair On the
 crown we shall wear, And the King in His beau - ty be - hold On His
 splen - dor so fair, We will sing ev - er - more of His love, When we

CHORUS.

banks of the pearl - y white shore. In that home o - ver
 throne with the an - gels so fair. In that beau - ti - ful home o - ver
 meet in that home o - ver there.

there, In that beau - ti - ful home o - ver there, We will
 there, by and by, by and by,

shine as the stars ev - er - more, In that beau - ti - ful home o - ver there.
 by and by,

MISS JENNIE STOUT.

A. A. ARMEN.

1. Oh, I oft - en sit and pon - der, When the sun is sink - ing low,
 2. Shall I be at work for Je - sus, Whilst He leads me by the hand,
 3. But per - haps my work for Je - sus Soon in fu - ture may be done,

Where shall yon - der fu - ture find me: Does but God in heav - en know?
 And to those a - round be say - ing, Come, and join this hap - py band?
 All my earth - ly tri - als end - ed, And my crown in heav - en won;

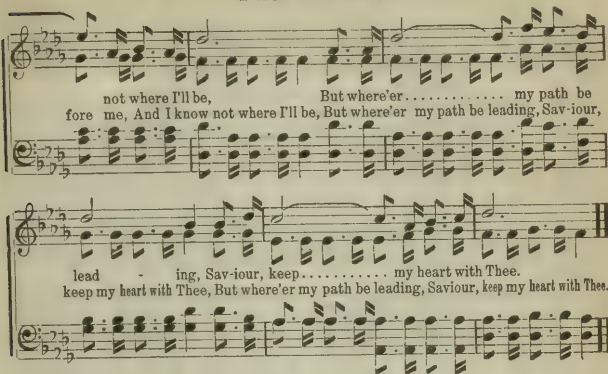
Shall I be a - mong the liv - ing? Shall I min - gle with the free?
 Come, for all things now are read - y, Come, His faith - ful follower be;
 Then for - ev - er with the ran - somed Thro' e - ter - ni - ty I'd be,

Where - so - e'er my path be lead - ing, Sav - iour, keep my heart with Thee.
 Oh, where'er my path be lead - ing, Sav - iour, keep my heart with Thee.
 Chant - ing hymns to Him who bought me, With His blood shed on the tree.

CHORUS.

Oh, the fu - ture lies be - fore me, And I know.....
 Oh, the future lies before me, And I know not where I'll be, Oh, the fu - ture lies be -

The Future.



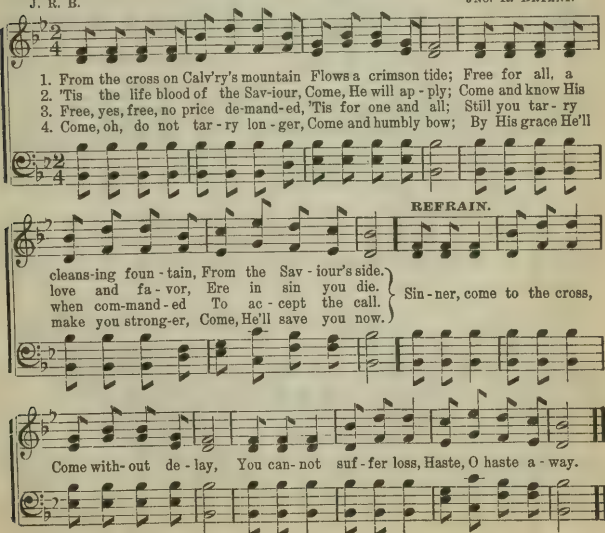
not where I'll be, But where'er..... my path be
fore me, And I know not where I'll be, But where'er my path be leading, Sav-iour,
lead - ing, Sav-iour, keep..... my heart with Thee.
keep my heart with Thee, But where'er my path be leading, Saviour, keep my heart with Thee.

186

Come to the Cross.

J. R. B.

JNO. R. BRYANT.



1. From the cross on Calv'ry's mountain Flows a crimson tide; Free for all, a
2. 'Tis the life blood of the Sav-iour, Come, He will ap- ply; Come and know His
3. Free, yes, free, no price de-mand-ed, 'Tis for one and all; Still you tar- ry
4. Come, oh, do not tar- ry lon- ger, Come and humbly bow; By His grace He'll

REFRAIN.

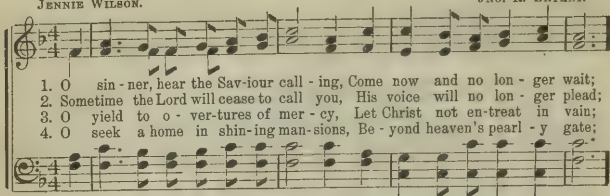
cleans-ing foun- tain, From the Sav- iour's side.
love and fa- vor, Ere in sin you die. } Sin-ner, come to the cross,
when com-mand- ed To ac- cept the call.
make you strong-er, Come, He'll save you now.

Come with- out de- lay, You can- not suf- fer loss, Haste, O haste a- way.

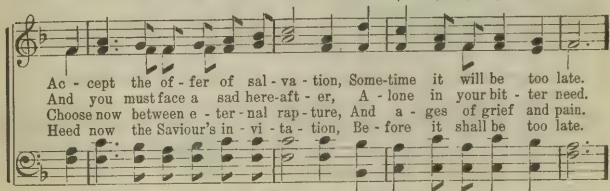
187 Sometime It Will Be Too Late.

JENNIE WILSON.

JNO. R. BRYANT.

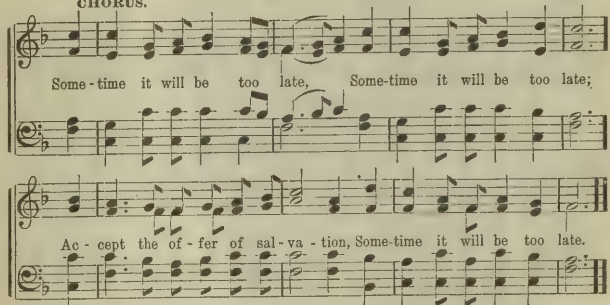


1. O sin-ner, hear the Sav-iour call-ing, Come now and no lon-ger wait;
 2. Sometime the Lord will cease to call you, His voice will no lon-ger plead;
 3. O yield to o-ver-tures of mer-cy, Let Christ not en-treat in vain;
 4. O seek a home in shin-ing man-sions, Be-yond heaven's pearl-y gate;



Ac-cept the of-fer of sal-va-tion, Some-time it will be too late.
 And you must face a sad here-aft-er, A-lone in your bit-ter need.
 Choose now between e-ter-nal rap-ture, And a-ges of grief and pain.
 Heed now the Saviour's in-vi-ta-tion, Be-fore it shall be too late.

CHORUS.



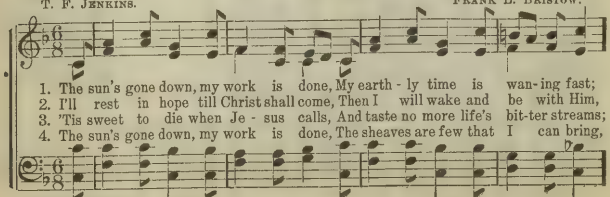
Some-time it will be too late, Some-time it will be too late;
 Ac-cept the of-fer of sal-va-tion, Some-time it will be too late.

Copyright, 1906, by J. A. Lee & Co.

188 My Work is Done.

T. F. JENKINS.

FRANK L. BRISTOW.



1. The sun's gone down, my work is done, My earth-ly time is wan-ing fast;
 2. I'll rest in hope till Christ shall come, Then I will wake and be with Him,
 3. 'Tis sweet to die when Je-sus calls, And taste no more life's bit-ter streams;
 4. The sun's gone down, my work is done, The sheaves are few that I can bring,

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My Work is Done.

I al-most see my heav'n-ly home, Where rest and bliss are mine at last.
Where Je-sus is--that is my home, And then I'll rest, be free from sin.
'Tis bliss to rest in Je-sus' arms, When freed from life's de-li-rious dreams.
But O I know there is a crown Laid up for me by Christ the King.

CHORUS.

Sweet rest I'll find in my blest home, When I shall reach that land of bliss.

189

All the Way With Jesus.

Rev. J. A. LEE.

J. A. L.

1. Je - sus, my Sav-iour, Friend and Guide, All the way long it is Je - sus, The
2. Yes, He is with me day and night, All the way long it is Je - sus, He's
3. He'll be with me when friends forsake, All the way long it is Je - sus, And
4. Come to my soul what-ev - er may, All the way long it is Je - sus, With

CHORUS.

stormy waves He'll surely ride, All the way long it is Je - sus.
aid - ing me when in the right, All the way long it is Je - sus. } Je - sus! Je - sus!
me to glo - ry He will take, All the way long it is Je - sus.
me He will for - ev - er stay, All the way long it is Je - sus.

All the way long it is Je - sus; Je - sus! Je - sus! All the way long it is Je - sus.

T. J. JENKINS.

J. A. LEE.

1. How blest I'll be when time is o - ver, And I have crossed life's
 2. I know my sins are dark,—ap - pall - ing, But Christ my Lord has
 3. And to that home I'm glad - ly near - ing, Earth has no rest - ing
 4. As life is like the shut - tle fly - ing, Like wa - ters flow - ing
 5. Hark! hark! oh, 'tis the an - gels sing - ing! That home of song mine

storm-y sea, To hear these words of my dear Sav - iour, "Come, weary
 set me free, And now I hear Him gen - tly call - ing, "Come, weary
 place for me, And oh! the words so sweet, so cheer - ing, "Come, weary
 to the sea, I hear the call for which I'm sigh - ing, "Come, weary
 soon will be, For Je - sus speaks, great glad-ness bring - ing, "Come, weary

CHORUS.

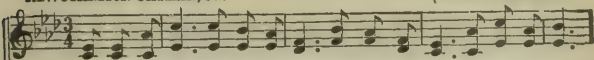
child, come home to Me." I go, I go, with joy and

sing - ing, There for my - self my Lord to see; And by Thy

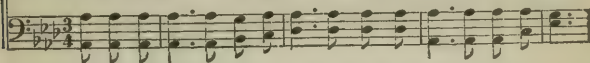
grace, no mer - it bring - ing, I'm com-ing home, dear Lord, to Thee.

REV. JOHNSTON OATMAN, JR.

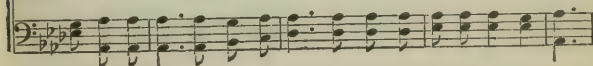
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



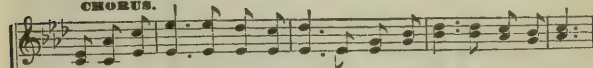
1. I'm pressing on the upward way, New heights I'm gaining ev-'ry day ;
2. My heart has no de-sire to stay Where doubts arise and fears dismay ;
3. I want to live a-bove the world, Tho' Satan's darts at me are hurl'd ;
4. I want to scale the utmost height, And catch a gleam of glo-ry bright ;



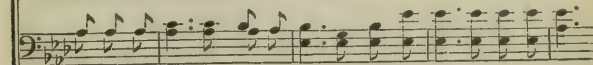
Still praying as I onward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground."
 Tho' some may dwell where these a-bound, My pray'r, my aim is high-er ground.
 For faith has caught the joyful sound, The song of saints on higher ground.
 But still I'll pray till heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to high-er ground."



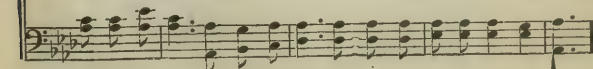
CHORUS.



Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith, on heaven's ta-ble-land ;



A higher plane than I have found, Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground.

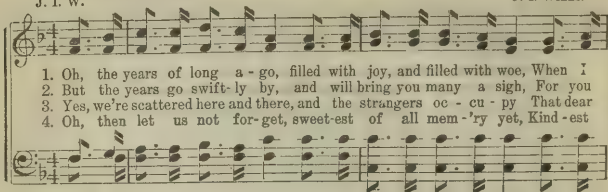


192 You Will Never Miss Your Mother.

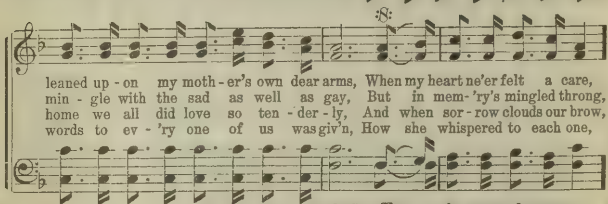
Dedicated to my mother, Mrs. Polly Rupard Wills, who died June 14th, 1894.

J. I. W.

J. I. WILLS.

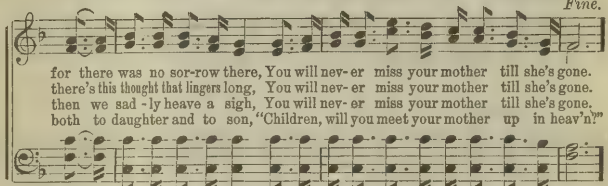


1. Oh, the years of long a-go, filled with joy, and filled with woe, When I
 2. But the years go swift-ly by, and will bring you many a sigh, For you
 3. Yes, we're scattered here and there, and the strangers oc-cu-py That dear
 4. Oh, then let us not for-get, sweet-est of all mem-ry yet, Kind-est



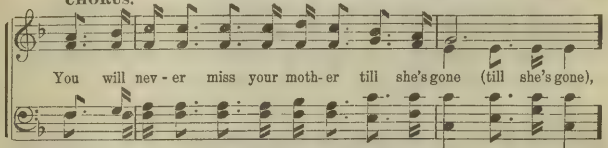
leaned up-on my moth-er's own dear arms, When my heart ne'er felt a care,
 min-gle with the sad as well as gay, But in mem-ry's mingled throng,
 home we all did love so ten-der-ly, And when sor-row clouds our brow,
 words to ev-'ry one of us was giv'n, How she whispered to each one,

*D. S.—For she was al-ways near
 Fine.*



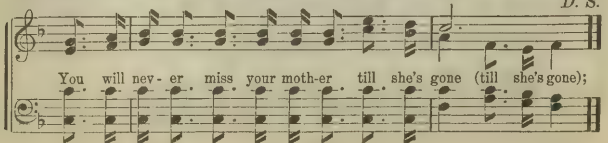
for there was no sor-row there, You will nev-er miss your mother till she's gone.
 there's this thought that lingers long, You will nev-er miss your mother till she's gone.
 then we sad-ly heave a sigh, You will nev-er miss your mother till she's gone.
 both to daughter and to son, "Children, will you meet your mother up in heav'n?"

to wipe a-way the tear, You will never miss your mother till she's gone.
CHORUS.



You will nev-er miss your moth-er till she's gone (till she's gone),

D. S.



You will nev-er miss your moth-er till she's gone (till she's gone);

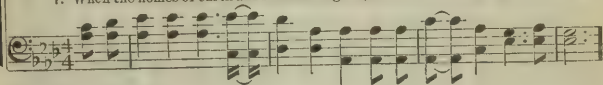
193 I'm Going Back Home To-day.

Mrs. J. A. LEE.

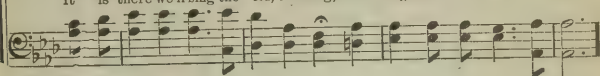
C. J. GILBERT.



1. To the blue grass hills and vil-lage mills, Where the roses and pansies grow;
2. To that dear old home and or-chard too, Where the fruits and flowers grow;
3. To the dis-trict school with slate and books, And the house with roof so low;
4. To the dear old church we all did go, Seek-ing there our Lord to know;
5. But my p-zrents dwell in their home a-bove, And that home I too shall know;
6. As we view the change, we think it strange, Yet the change must come we know;
7. Whea the homes of earth and friends are gone, There's an unchanged home we know;



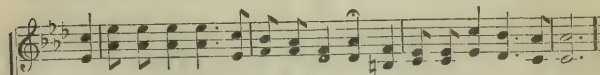
To the ska-dy nook and rippling brook, 'Tis there that I long to go.
 Yes, the loved ones there so kind and true, At home in the long a-go.
 And we trod our way with anxious looks, 'T was so in the long a-go.
 And the Bi-ble song made faith more strong, Back there in the long a-go.
 I shall rest a-bove with those I loved So well in the long a-go.
 But there's One a-bove who does not change, 'T is Je-sus of long a-go.
 It is there we'll sing the old, old song, The songs of the long a-go.



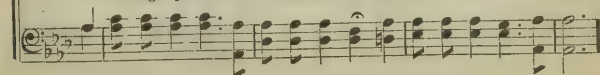
CHORUS.



I'm go-ing back home, I'm go-ing back home, I'm go-ing back home to-day;
 Last v. I'm com-ing up home, I'm com-ing up home, I'm com-ing up home some day;



I'm go-ing back home, I'm go-ing back home, I'm go-ing back home to stay.
 I'm com-ing up home, I'm com-ing up home, I'm com-ing up home to stay.



Rev. J. A. LEE.

JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. When the Mas - ter shall call me from serv - ice be - low, I shall
 2. O the hour is ap - proach - ing, I know it will come, And then
 3. When the Sav - iour shall call for His chil - dren down here, Can you

try to be read - y and will - ing to go; O then, Chris - tian, be
 I shall be called to my heav - en - ly home; Then the work - ing and
 go to the judg - ment with - out an - y fear? Have you been ev - er

work - ing, and ear - nest - ly pray, For the Mas - ter may call for you
 pray - ing will all soon be o'er, And our rec - ord we'll meet that has
 true to His bless - ed com - mand, Both at home and al - so to the

CHORUS.

on an - y day. I must be read - y to go,..... You
 gone on be - fore.
 far for - eign land? yes, read - y to go,

must be read - y to go;..... When the Mas - ter shall call
 yes, read - y to go;

WE MUST BE READY. Concluded.

for one and for all, We must be read-y to go.....
yes, read-y to go.

No. 195. SAVED THROUGH JESUS' BLOOD.

"The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."—1 JOHN 1: 7.

J. W. R.

JOHN W. REAMS.

1. The Lord has saved my soul from sin, I'm saved through Je-sus' blood;
2. He came to earth and died for me, I'm saved through Je-sus' blood;
3. 'Twas not of works that I have done, I'm saved through Je-sus' blood;
4. Through faith alone He saved my soul, I'm saved through Je-sus' blood;
5. Oh, praise His name for sav - ing grace, I'm saved through Je-sus' blood;

His love su-preme-ly reigns with-in, I'm saved through Je-sus' blood.
My cap-tive soul from sin set free, I'm saved through Je-sus' blood.
But by be-liev-ing in the Son, I'm saved through Je-sus' blood.
His blood ap-plied has made me whole, I'm saved through Je-sus' blood.
And I shall see Him face to face, I'm saved through Je-sus' blood.

CHORUS.

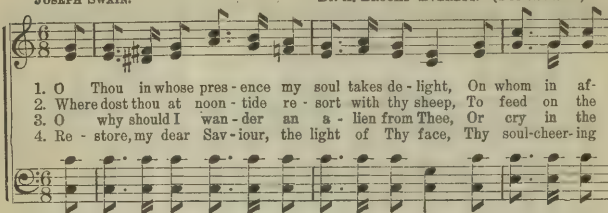
I'm saved..... I'm saved..... I'm saved..... I'm saved.....
I'm saved, I'm saved, I'm saved, I'm saved,

I'm saved..... I'm saved..... I'm saved through Je-sus' blood.
I'm saved, I'm saved,

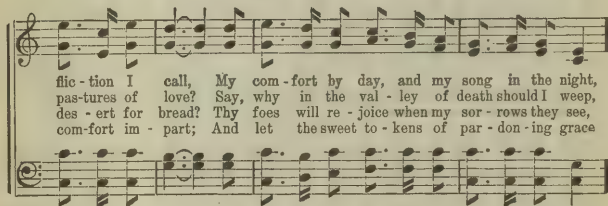
196 My Hope, My Salvation, My All!

JOSEPH SWAIN.

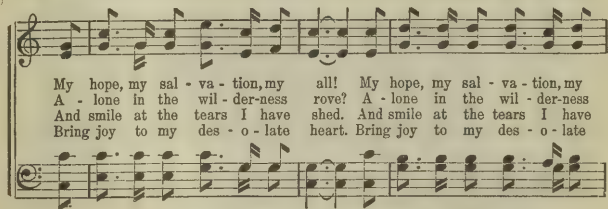
Dr. A. BROOKS EVERETT. (Posthumous)



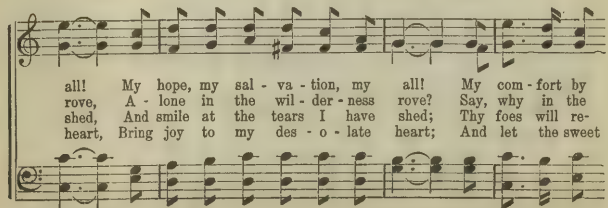
1. O Thou in whose pres-ence my soul takes de-light, On whom in af-
 2. Where dost thou at noon-tide re-sort with thy sheep, To feed on the
 3. O why should I wan-der an a-lien from Thee, Or cry in the
 4. Re-store, my dear Sav-iour, the light of Thy face, Thy soul-cheer-ing



flic-tion I call, My com-fort by day, and my song in the night,
 pas-tures of love? Say, why in the val-ley of death should I weep,
 des-ert for bread? Thy foes will re-joice when my sor-rows they see,
 com-fort im-part; And let the sweet to-kens of par-don-ing grace



My hope, my sal-va-tion, my all! My hope, my sal-va-tion, my
 A-lone in the wil-der-ness rove? A-lone in the wil-der-ness
 And smile at the tears I have shed. And smile at the tears I have
 Bring joy to my des-o-late heart. Bring joy to my des-o-late



all! My hope, my sal-va-tion, my all! My com-fort by
 rove, A-lone in the wil-der-ness rove? Say, why in the
 shed, And smile at the tears I have shed; Thy foes will re-
 heart, Bring joy to my des-o-late heart; And let the sweet

My Hope, My Salvation, My All!

day, and my song in the night, My hope, my sal - va - tion, my all!
 val - ley of death should I weep, A - lone in the wil - der - ness rove?
 joy when my sor - rows they see, And smile at the tears I have shed.
 to - kens of par - don - ing grace Bring joy to my des - o - late heart.

197

Come, Humble Sinner.

Arr. for J. H. Dew.

1. Come, hum - ble sin - ner, in whose breast A thou - sand tho'ts re - solve;
2. I'll go to Je - sus, tho' my sin Hath like a moun - tain rose;
3. Pros - trate I'll lie be - fore His throne, And there my guilt con - fess;
4. Per - haps He may ad - mit my plea, Per - haps will hear my pray'r;
5. I can but per - ish if I go; I am re - solved to try;

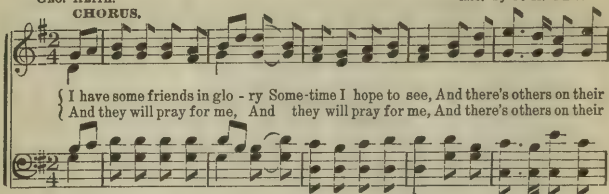
Come, with your guilt and fear op - pressed, And make this last re - solve;
 I know His courts, I'll en - ter in, What ev - er may op - pose;
 I'll tell Him I'm a wretch un - done With - out His sov - reign grace;
 But, if I per - ish, I will pray, And per - ish on - ly there;
 For if I stay a - way, I know I must for - ev - er die;

Come, with your guilt and fear op - pressed, And make this last re - solve:—
 I know His courts, I'll en - ter in, What - ev - er may op - pose.
 I'll tell Him I'm a wretch un - done With - out His sov - reign grace.
 But, if I per - ish, I will pray, And per - ish on - ly there.
 For if I stay a - way, I know I must for - ev - er die.

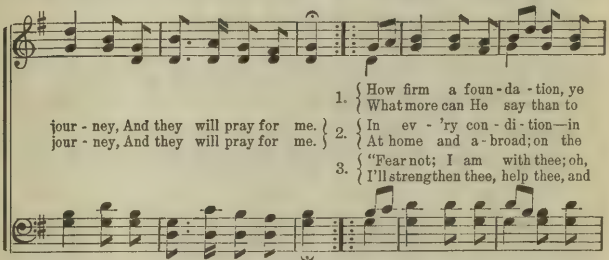
198 "I Have Some Friends in Glory."

GEO. KEITH.
CHORUS.

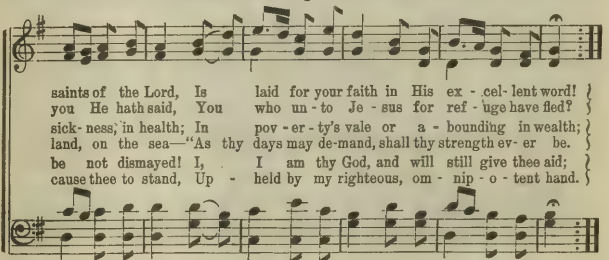
Arr. by J. H. DEW.



{ I have some friends in glo - ry Some-time I hope to see, And there's others on their
{ And they will pray for me, And they will pray for me, And there's others on their



1. { How firm a foun-da-tion, ye
What more can He say than to
2. { In ev-'ry con-di-tion—in
At home and a-broad; on the
3. { "Fear not; I am with thee; oh,
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and



saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His ex-cel-lent word! }
you He hath said, You who un-to Je-sus for ref-uge have fled? }
sick-ness; in health; In pov-er-ty's vale or a-bounding in wealth; }
land, on the sea—"As thy days may de-mand, shall thy strength ev-er be. }
be not dismayed! I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid; }
cause thee to stand, Up-held by my righteous, om-ni-potent hand. }

This arrangement copyrighted, by J. A. Lee & Co.

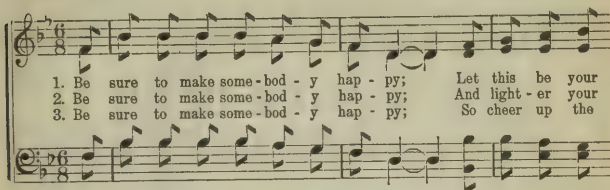
4 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
5 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply:
The flame shall not hurt thee—I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

6 "E'en down to old age all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love:
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.
7 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not, desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, NO NEVER forsake."

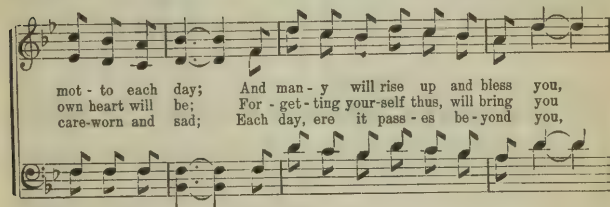
199 Be Sure to Make Somebody Happy.

IDA L. REED.

R. M. MCINTOSH.

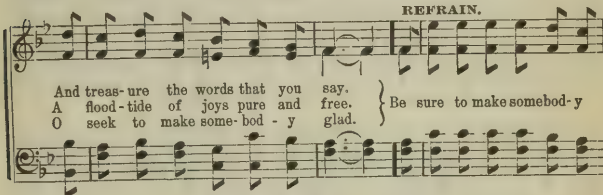


1. Be sure to make some-bod - y hap - py; Let this be your
 2. Be sure to make some-bod - y hap - py; And light - er your
 3. Be sure to make some-bod - y hap - py; So cheer up the

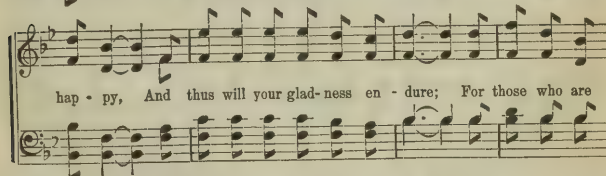


mot - to each day; And man - y will rise up and bless you,
 own heart will be; For - get - ting your-self thus, will bring you
 care-worn and sad; Each day, ere it pass - es be - yond you,

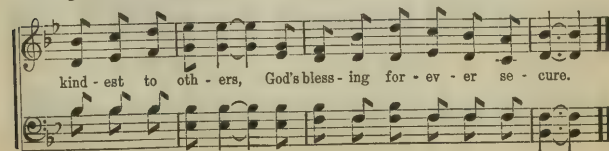
REFRAIN.



And treas - ure the words that you say.
 A flood - tide of joys pure and free. } Be sure to make somebod - y
 O seek to make some-bod - y glad.



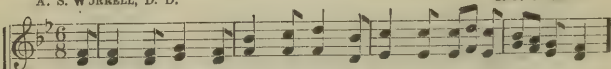
hap - py, And thus will your glad - ness en - dure; For those who are



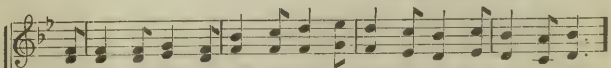
kind - est to oth - ers, God's bless - ing for - ev - er se - cure.

A. S. WORRELL, D. D.

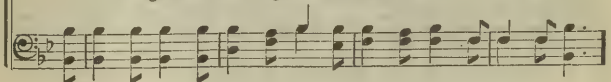
C. J. GILBERT.



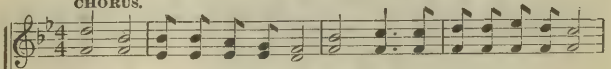
1. Re - pent, be - lieve, and be bap - tized, Is our Re - deemer's great command;
2. This blest com - mand we do ' o - bey, Not to ob - tain His life di - vine,
3. His death and res - ur - rec - tion too, We do show forth in this one act,
4. In this new life we now should live, So long as here on earth we stay;
5. To glo - ri - fy His name on earth, Our sin - gle mo - tive e'er should be;



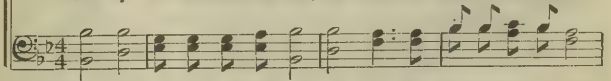
Those who His life have re - al - ized, Should in His per - fect or - der stand.
 But, hav - ing life in Him, we may His death show forth, and for Him shine.
 Our bless - ed un - ion with Him, true, And our new life in Him a fact.
 To Him our ransomed pow'rs should bring, Nor let our be - ing from Him stray.
 To dis - re - gard His claim brings death, And loss of crown e - ter - nal - ly.



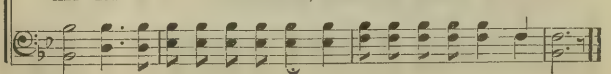
CHORUS.



Glo - ry to the Lamb once slain, Who died for sins, but lives a - gain,



And now ex - alt - ed on His throne, Doth well His wondrous love make known.



1. Our ship is on the o - pen sea, We're sail - ing o'er the deep;
 2. The storm subsides, the wa - ters lie As if in tran - quil sleep;
 3. Tossed to and fro up - on the wave, Our ves - sel fierce - ly driv'n,
 4. In deep dis - tress to God we cry; He bids the winds be still;
 5. The har - bor gained, our per - ils o'er, And safe - ly an - chored fast;

While roar - ing tem - pests, wild and free, A - round us oft - en sweep.
 A - gain the bil - lows, roll - ing high, Dis - turb us on the deep.
 Sinks down - ward in a liq - uid grave, Then up - ward mounts to heav'n.
 He calms the tem - pest rag - ing high, The waves o - bey His will.
 With joy we'll stand up - on the shore, We'll reach our home at last.

CHORUS.

We'll bear the storm with cour - age strong, Our
 We'll bear the storm with cour - age strong,
 voy - ages soon shall cease; The winds will waft
 it soon shall cease; The winds will waft
 our bark a - long, In - to the port of peace.
 our bark a - long, the port of peace.

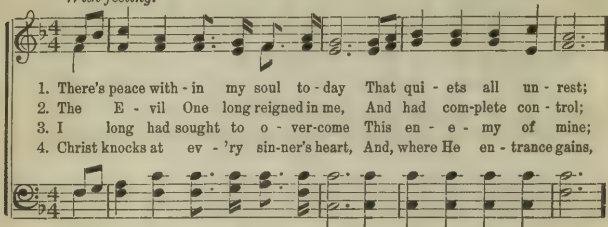
202 There's Peace Within My Soul To-day.

"My peace I give unto you." —JOHN 14: 27.

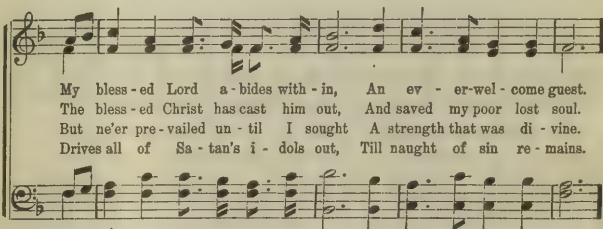
C. E. P.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

With feeling.

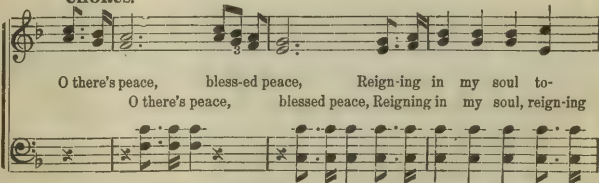


1. There's peace with - in my soul to - day That qui - ets all un - rest;
 2. The E - vil One long reigned in me, And had com - plete con - trol;
 3. I long had sought to o - ver - come This en - e - my of mine;
 4. Christ knocks at ev - 'ry sin - ner's heart, And, where He en - trance gains,

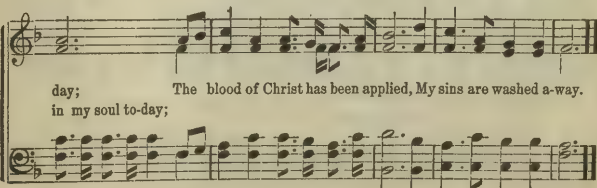


My bless - ed Lord a - bides with - in, An ev - er - wel - come guest.
 The bless - ed Christ has cast him out, And saved my poor lost soul.
 But ne'er pre - vailed un - til I sought A strength that was di - vine.
 Drives all of Sa - tan's i - dols out, Till naught of sin re - mains.

CHORUS.



O there's peace, bless - ed peace, Reign - ing in my soul to -
 O there's peace, blessed peace, Reigning in my soul, reign - ing



day; The blood of Christ has been applied, My sins are washed a - way.
 in my soul to - day;

G. W. L.

G. W. LYON.

1. Scat - ter bright smiles all a - round you, They cheer like the
 2. Scat - ter bright smiles all a - round you, More pre - cious than
 3. Scat - ter bright smiles all a - round you, Re - mem - ber the
 4. Scat - ter bright smiles all a - round you, We nev - er know

beau - ti - ful rain That falls on the with - er - ing flow - ers, And
 treas - ures of gold; They light - en the bur - dens of oth - ers, They
 weak and op - pressed; Oh, smile on the poor and the need - y, And
 where they may fall; Then ev - er be read - y and will - ing To

CHORUS.

makes them bloom sweet - ly a - gain.
 cheer up the young and the old. } Then scat - ter bright smiles; they will
 com - fort the sad and dis - tressed.
 scat - ter bright smiles o - ver all.

nev - er be lost; Re - mem - ber your mis - sion be - low; Scat - ter bright smiles,

scat - ter bright smiles Wher - ev - er, wher - ev - er you go....

MARY COLBY.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. There is nev - er a day so sun - ny But a lit - tle cloud ap - pears;
 2. There is nev - er a cup so pleas - ant But has bit - ter with the sweet;
 3. There is nev - er a way so nar - row But the en - trance is made straight;
 4. There is nev - er a heart so haughty But will some day bow and kneel;

There is nev - er a life so hap - py, But has had its time of tears:
 There is nev - er a path so rug - ged, Bearing not the print of feet:
 There is al - ways a guide to point us To the "lit - tle wick - et gate,"
 There is nev - er a heart so wound - ed That the Sav - iour can - not heal:

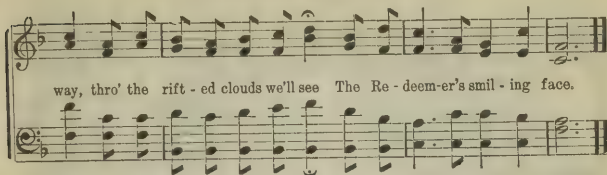
Yet the sun shines out the bright - er When the storm - y tem - pest clears.
 But we have a Help - er furnished For the tri - als we may meet.
 And the an - gels will be near - est To a soul that's des - o - late.
 There is man - y a low - ly fore - head Bear - ing now the hid - den seal.

CHORUS.

In the sun - shine or the shade let us ev - er cheer - ful be, Ev - er

trust - ing in our Saviour's boundless grace; Soon will shad - ows pass a -
 boundless grace;

Rifted Clouds.



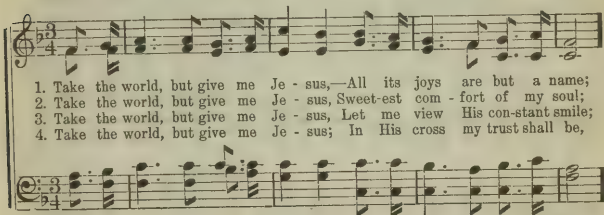
way, thro' the rift - ed clouds we'll see The Re - deem-er's smil - ing face.

205

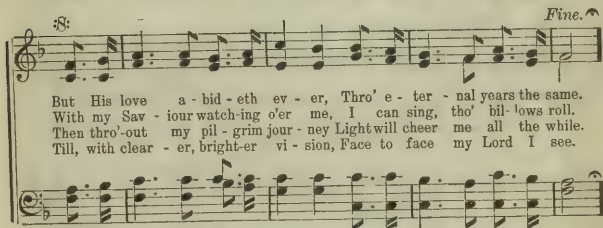
Give Me Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Take the world, but give me Je - sus,—All its joys are but a name;
 2. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, Sweet-est com - fort of my soul;
 3. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, Let me view His con-stant smile;
 4. Take the world, but give me Je - sus; In His cross my trust shall be,

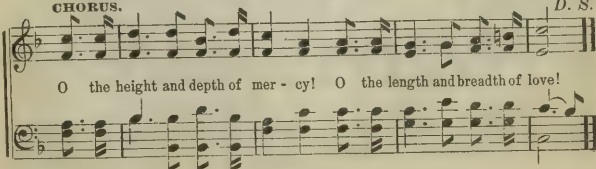


Fine.
 But His love a - bid - eth ev - er, Thro' e - ter - nal years the same.
 With my Sav - iour watch-ing o'er me, I can sing, tho' bil - lows roll.
 Then thro'-out my pil - grim jour - ney Light will cheer me all the while.
 Till, with clear - er, bright-er vi - sion, Face to face my Lord I see.

D. S.—O the ful - ness of re-demp-tion! Pledge of end - less life a - bove.

CHORUS.

D. S.



O the height and depth of mer - cy! O the length and breadth of love!

MRS. HARRIET E. JONES.

A. C. HOPKINS.

DUET.

1. Just o - ver be - yond, in the cit - y of gold, Where nev - er an
 2. I know they are wait - ing and watching for me, While sad - ly I
 3. Some beau - ti - ful morn - ing the sea will be crossed, Some - time I will
 4. O beau - ti - ful cit - y! O home of the soul! Where safe - ly the

ill can be - tide, Where sweet - ly, and ev - er, new beau - ties un - fold,
 tread the lone way; Yes, yon - der they stand on the shore of the sea
 land on that plain; And there I will greet the dear friends I have lost,
 miss - ing ones dwell; O bliss - ful as - sur - ance, while a - ges shall roll,

Rit.

CHORUS.

My dear ones in safe - ty a - bide.
 That I must be cross - ing some day. } The boat - man will row me a -
 And ev - er - more with them re - main.
 Shall nev - er be heard a fare - well.

cross the still sea, And bear me to those I love best; I long for the

Rit.

greet - ings there wait - ing for me, I sigh for that ha - ven of rest.

Arranged.

1. { Oh, come, come with me, to the old church-yard, I well know the
Friends alu - ber there we were wont to re - gard, We'll trace out their

D. C.—For deep is their sleep, tho' cold and hard Their pil - lows may

path thr,' the soft green sward; } Oh, mourn not for them, their
names in the old church-yard. }

be in the old church-yard.

D. C.
grief is o'er, Weep not for them, they weep no more;

2 I know it seems vain, when friends depart,

To breathe kind words to the broken heart;
I know that the joys of life seem marred,
When we follow our friends to the old church-yard;

But were I at rest beneath yon tree,
Why should you weep, dear friends, for me?

I'm wayworn and sad, O why then retard
The rest that I seek in the old church-yard?

3 Our friends linger there in sweetest repose,

Released from the world's sad bereavements and woes;

And who would not rest with the friends they regard,

In quietude sweet, in the old church-yard?

We'll rest in the hope of that bright day
When beauty shall spring from the prison of clay,
When Gabriel's voice, and the trump of the Lord,
Shall awaken the dead in the old church-yard.

4 Oh, weep not for me, I am anxious to go
To that haven of rest where tears never flow;

I fear not to enter that dark lonely ward,
For soon shall I rise from the old church-yard;

Yes, soon shall I join that heavenly band
Of glorified souls at my Saviour's right hand,
Forever to dwell in bright mansions prepared

For saints, who shall rise from the old church-yard.

FRANK GOULD.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. All the day,..... in sweet com-mun-ion,.....
 2. One by one,..... the eve-ning shad-ows.....
 1. All the day, in sweet com-mun-ion, All the day, in sweet com-mun-ion,
 2. One by one, the eve-ning shad-ows, One by one, the eve-ning shadows,

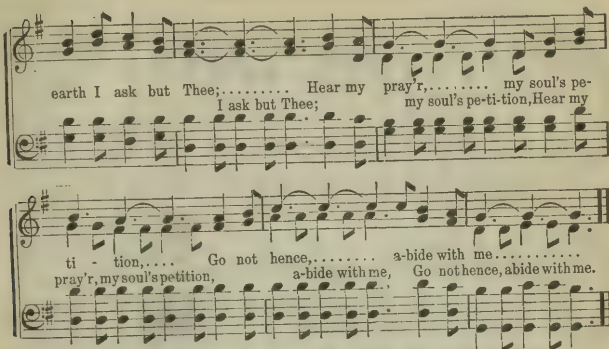
Je - sus, I..... have walked with Thee;.....
 Gath - er dark - ly o'er the lea,.....
 Je - sus, I have walked with Thee, Je - sus, I have walked with Thee;
 Gath - er dark-ly o'er the lea, Gath - er dark - ly o'er the lea,

Do not now..... with-draw Thy pres-ence,.....
 Yet the light..... of peace re-main-eth,.....
 Do not now withdraw Thy pres-ence, Do not now with-draw Thy pres-ence,
 Yet the light of peace re-main-eth, Yet the light of peace re-main-eth,

From this hour..... a-bide with me,.....
 If Thou still..... a-bide with me,.....
 From this hour a-bide with me, From this hour a-bide with me.
 If Thou still a-bide with me, If Thou still a-bide with me.

CHORUS.
 Thou my life,..... my on - ly guide,..... There is naught in heav'n or
 Thou my life, my on - ly guide.

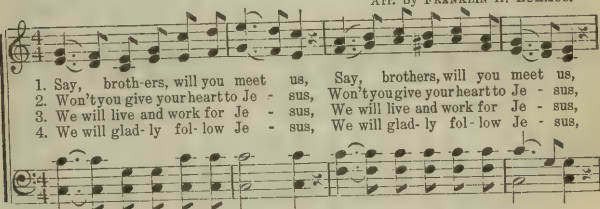
Abide With Me.



earth I ask but Thee;..... Hear my pray'r,..... my soul's pe-
I ask but Thee; my soul's pe-ti-tion, Hear my
ti - tion,.... Go not hence,..... a-bide with me.....
pray'r, my soul's petition, a-bide with me, Go not hence, abide with me.

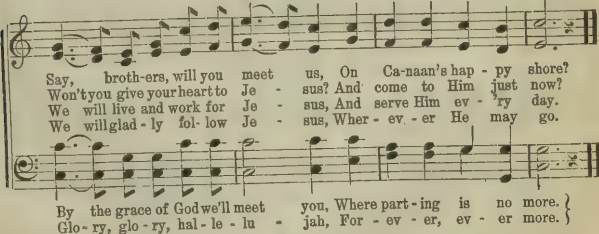
209 Say, Brothers, Will You Meet Us.

Arr. by FRANKLIN H. LUMMUS.



1. Say, broth-ers, will you meet us, Say, brothers, will you meet us,
2. Won't you give your heart to Je - sus, Won't you give your heart to Je - sus,
3. We will live and work for Je - sus, We will live and work for Je - sus,
4. We will glad-ly fol-low Je - sus, We will glad-ly fol-low Je - sus,

CHO. { By the grace of God we'll meet you, By the grace of God we'll meet you,
Glo-ry, glo-ry, hal-le-lu - jah, Glo-ry, glo-ry, hal-le-lu - jah,



Say, broth-ers, will you meet us, On Canaan's hap-py shore?
Won't you give your heart to Je - sus? And come to Him just now?
We will live and work for Je - sus, And serve Him ev-ry day.
We will glad-ly fol-low Je - sus, Where-ev-er He may go.
By the grace of God we'll meet you, Where part-ing is no more. }
Glo-ry, glo-ry, hal-le-lu - jah, For-ev-er, ev-er more. }

5 Jesus lives and reigns for-ever,
Jesus lives and reigns for-ever,
Jesus lives and reigns for-ever,
On Canaan's happy shore.

6 We will all meet up in heaven,
We will all meet up in heaven,
We will all meet up in heaven,
On a bright and better day.

Mrs. M. B. SLADE.

R. M. MCINTOSH.

SEMI-CHORUS.

1. To the heav-en - ly Je - ru - sa-lem They are singing as they go, And the
2. In the heav-en - ly Je - ru - sa-lem No more night their souls shall know; There the

CHORUS.

King thereof shall welcome them, For He loves, He loves them so. Thro' the o - -
Lord's dear face shall shine on them, For He loves, He loves them so. There the crys- -
Thro' the open, thro' the
There the crystal, there the

- - pen pearly portals Sounds the won - - drous new-made song, And the
- - tal riv-er flow-eth, There the heal - - ing leaves are found; There no
o - pen pearly portals Sounds the wondrous, sounds the wondrous new-made song, And the
crys-tal riv-er flow-eth, There the healing, there the healing leaves are found; There no

an - - them of im-mor-tals Greet the hap - - py pilgrim throng.
sor - - row ev-er go-eth, And e - ter - - nal joys a-bound.

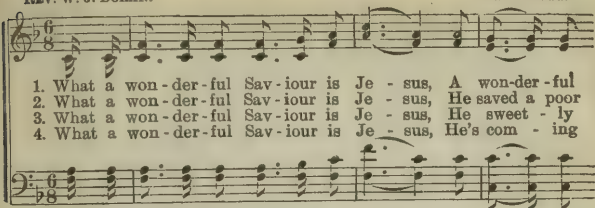
anthems, and the anthems of immortals Greet the happy, greet the happy pilgrim throng.
sorrow, there no sorrow ev-er go-eth, And e - ter-nal, and e-ter-nal joys abound.

3 In the heavenly Jerusalem

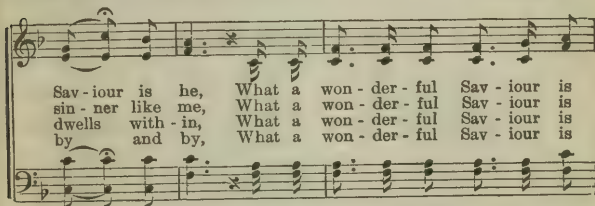
All their tears shall cease to flow;
No more sorrow, pain, nor death for them,
For He loves, He loves them so.
They shall serve Him there forever,
Sweetly singing songs of love;
They shall wander from Him never,
In that blissful world above.

4 To that heavenly Jerusalem

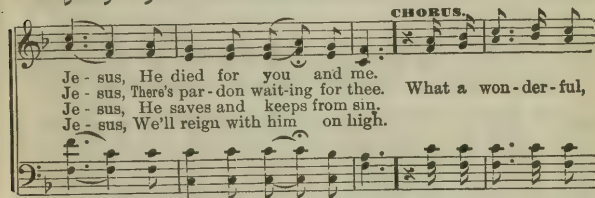
With the pilgrims will you go?
Singing songs of endless praise with them,
For He loves, He loves them so.
By the crystal flowing river,
Where the joyous anthems swell,
Will you enter and forever
In the heavenly city dwell?



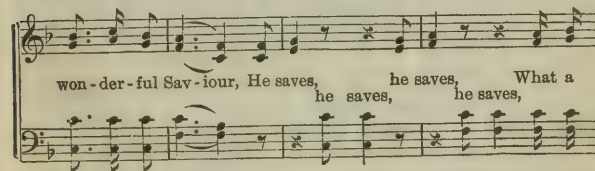
1. What a won - der - ful Sav - iour is Je - sus, A won - der - ful
 2. What a won - der - ful Sav - iour is Je - sus, He saved a poor
 3. What a won - der - ful Sav - iour is Je - sus, He sweet - ly
 4. What a won - der - ful Sav - iour is Je - sus, He's com - ing



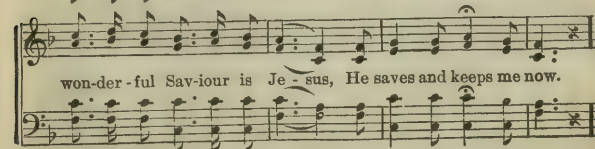
Sav - iour is he, What a won - der - ful Sav - iour is
 sin - ner like me, What a won - der - ful Sav - iour is
 dwells with - in, What a won - der - ful Sav - iour is
 by and by, What a won - der - ful Sav - iour is



CHORUS.
 Je - sus, He died for you and me.
 Je - sus, There's par - don wait - ing for thee. What a won - der - ful,
 Je - sus, He saves and keeps from sin.
 Je - sus, We'll reign with him on high.



won - der - ful Sav - iour, He saves, he saves, What a
 he saves, he saves, he saves,



won - der - ful Sav - iour is Je - sus, He saves and keeps me now.

No. 212. YIELD NOT TO TEMPTATION.

H. R. P.

H. R. PALMER.

1. Yield not to temp-ta - tion, For yield-ing is sin; Each vic-t'ry will
 Fight man-ful-ly on - ward, Dark pas-sions sub - due; Look ev - er to
 2. Shun e - vil com-pa-n - ions, Bad language dis - dain, God's name hold in
 Be thoughtful and ear-nest, Kind hearted and true; Look ev - er to
 3. To him that o'er-com-eth God giv-eth a crown; Thro' faith we will
 He who is our Sav-iour, Our strength will re-new; Look ev - er to

1
 help you Some oth - er to win.
 Je - sus, [Omit.....] } He'll car - ry you through.
 rev - 'rence, Nor take it in vain; }
 Je - sus, [Omit.....] } He'll car - ry you through.
 con - quer, Tho' of - ten cast down; }
 Je - sus, [Omit.....] } He'll car - ry you through.

CHORUS.

Ask the Sav - iour to help you, Com - fort, strengthen, and keep you;

He is will - ing to aid you, He will car - ry you through.

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No. 213 Come, Sinner, Come.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden."—Matt. 11: 28.

W. E. WITTER.

H. R. PALMER.

1. While Je - sus whis - pers to you, Come, sin - ner, come! While we are
 2. Wea - ry and heav - y - la - den? Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus will
 3. O hear His ten - der plead-ing, Come, sin - ner, come! Come and re-

"Come, Sinner, Come." Concluded.

praying for you, Come, sinner, come! Now is the time to own Him,
bear your burden, Come, sinner, come! Jesus will not deceive you,
ceive the blessing, Come, sinner, come! While Jesus whispers to you,

Come, sinner, come! Now is the time to know Him, Come, sinner, come!
Come, sinner, come! Jesus can now redeem you, Come, sinner, come!
Come, sinner, come! While we are praying for you, Come, sinner, come!

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214

SOLID ROCK.

EDWARD MOTE.

• M. H. B. H.
849. 309.

W. B. BRADBURY.

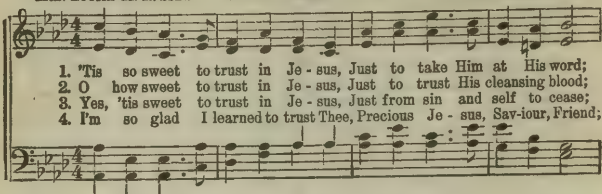
- { My hope is built on nothing less Than Jesus' blood and righteousness; }
- { I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But wholly lean on Jesus' name; }
- { When darkness veils His lovely face, I rest on His unchanging grace; }
- { In ev'ry high and stormy gale, My anchor holds within the veil; }
- { His oath, His covenant and blood, Support me in the whelming flood: }
- { When all around my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay: }

On Christ, the Sol - id Rock, I stand, All oth - er ground is

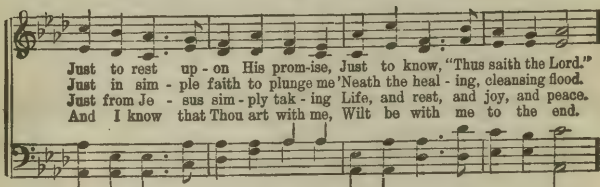
sink - ing sand, All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand.

No. 215. 'Tis So Sweet To Trust In Jesus.

"My peace I give unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."—JOHN 14: 27.
 MRS. LOUISA M. R. STEAD. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

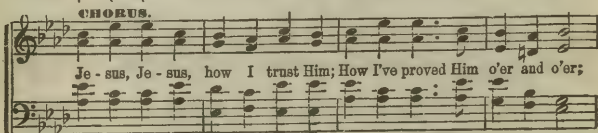


1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to take Him at His word;
 2. O how sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to trust His cleansing blood;
 3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just from sin and self to cease;
 4. I'm so glad I learned to trust Thee, Precious Je - sus, Sav-iour, Friend;

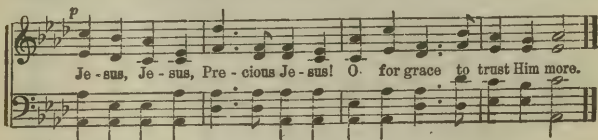


Just to rest up - on His prom - ise, Just to know, "Thus saith the Lord."
 Just in sim - ple faith to plunge me 'Neath the heal - ing, cleansing flood.
 Just from Je - sus sim - ply tak - ing Life, and rest, and joy, and peace.
 And I know that Thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the end.

CHORUS.



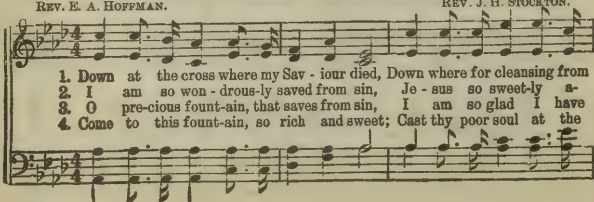
Je - sus, Je - sus, how I trust Him; How I've proved Him o'er and o'er;



Je - sus, Je - sus, Pre - cious Je - sus! O. for grace to trust Him more.

No. 216. Glory To His Name.

"God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."—GAL. 6: 14.
 REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. REV. J. H. STOCKTON.



1. Down at the cross where my Sav - iour died, Down where for cleansing from
 2. I am so won - drous - ly saved from sin, Je - sus so sweet - ly a -
 3. O pre - cious fount - ain, that saves from sin, I am so glad I have
 4. Come to this fount - ain, so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the

Glory To His Name. Concluded.

sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood ap-plied; Glo-ry to His
bides with-in; There at the cross where He took me in; Glo-ry to His
en-tered in; There Je-sus saves me and keeps me clean, Glo-ry to His
Sav-iour's feet; Plunge in to-day, and be made com-plete; Glo-ry to His

Fine. **CHORUS.** *D. S.*

name. Glo-ry to His name, Glo-ry to His name;

No. 217.

He Leadeth Me.

Jos. H. GILMORE.

"He leadeth me beside the still waters."—Ps. 23: 2.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. He lead-eth me! O bless-ed thought, O words with heav'-ly comfort fraught;
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bow-ers bloom,
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev-er mur-mur nor re-pine—
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vic-tory's won,

What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
By wa-ters still, o'er troubled seas,—Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
Con-tent, what-ev-er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead-eth me.
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God through Jordan lead-eth me.

REFRAIN.

He lead-eth me! He lead-eth me! By His own hand He lead-eth me; }
His faithful follower I would be, By His own hand He [Omit. . .] leadeth me.

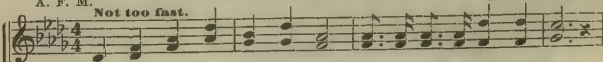
No. 218. Let the Blessed Sunlight In.

"God is light, and in him is no darkness at all."—1 JOHN 1: 5.

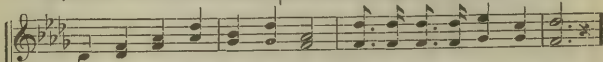
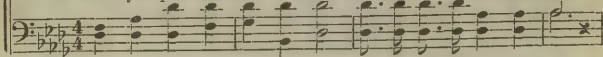
A. F. M.

A. F. MYERS.

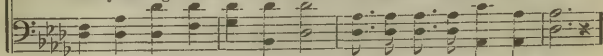
Not too fast.



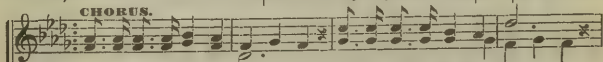
1. Would you al - ways cheer - ful be, Let the bless - ed sun - light in;
2. Would you bright - en drear - y days, Let the bless - ed sun - light in;
3. Would you ease a bur - dened heart, Let the bless - ed sun - light in;
4. Would you speed the truth a - broad, Let the bless - ed sun - light in;



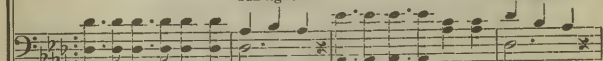
- Would you bid the dark - ness flee, Let the bless - ed sun - light in.
 Would you fill your heart with praise, Let the bless - ed sun - light in.
 Would you joy and strength im - part, Let the bless - ed sun - light in.
 Would you bring the world to God, Let the bless - ed sun - light in.



CHORUS.

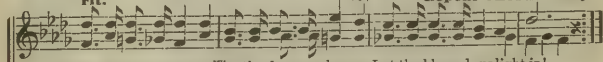


- Let the blessed sunlight in! Let the bless - ed sun - light in!
 sun - light in! sun - light in!

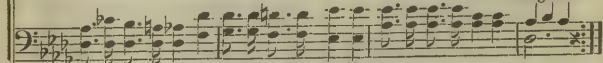


rit.

Repeat Chorus softly.



- Would you never weary, When the days are dreary, Let the blessed sunlight in!
 sunlight in!

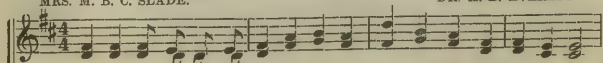


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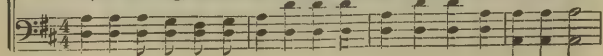
No. 219. Hark! the Gentle Voice.

MRS. M. B. C. SLADE.

DR. A. B. EVERETT.

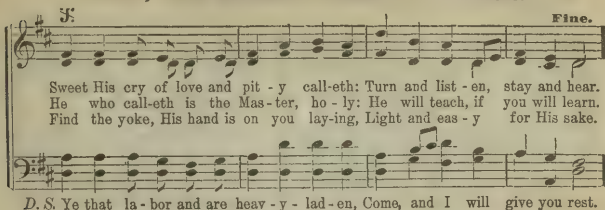


1. Hark! the gen - tle voice of Je - sus fall - eth Ten - der - ly up - on your ear;
2. Take His yoke; for He is meek and low - ly: Bear His bur - den: of Him learn,
3. Then, His lov - ing, ten - der voice o - bey - ing, Bear His yoke: His bur - den take,



Hark, the Gentle Voice. Continued.

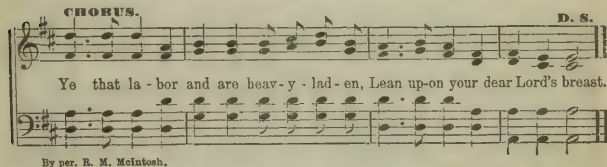
J. **Fine.**



Sweet His cry of love and pit - y call-eth: Turn and list - en, stay and hear.
 He who call-eth is the Mas - ter, ho - ly: He will teach, if you will learn.
 Find the yoke, His hand is on you lay - ing, Light and eas - y for His sake.

D. S. Ye that la - bor and are heav - y - lad - en, Come, and I will give you rest.

CHORUS. **D. S.**



Ye that la - bor and are heav - y - lad - en, Lean up-on your dear Lord's breast.

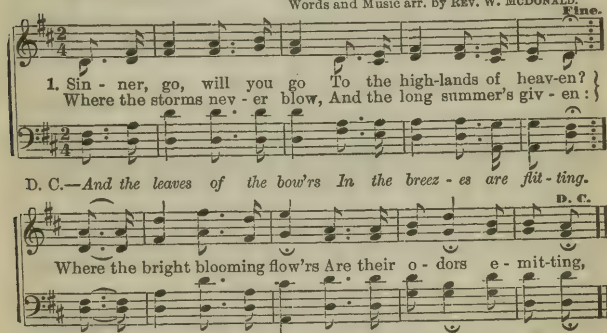
By per. R. M. McIntosh.

No. 220

THE SINNER INVITED.

Words and Music arr. by REV. W. McDONALD.

Fine.



1. Sin - ner, go, will you go To the high-lands of heav-en? }
 Where the storms nev - er blow, And the long summer's giv - en: }

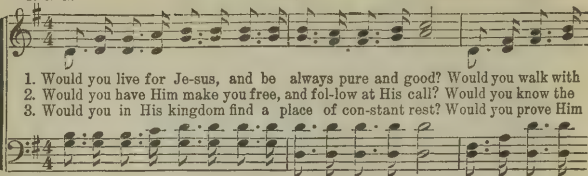
D. C.—And the leaves of the bow'rs In the breez - es are flit - ting.

D. C.

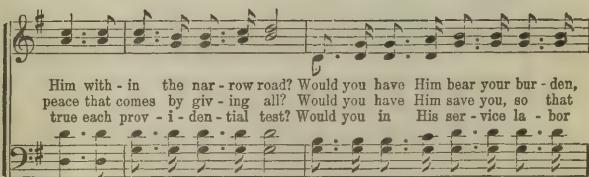
Where the bright blooming flow'rs Are their o - dors e - mit - ting,

2 Where the saints robed in white,
 Cleansed in life's flowing fountain,
 Shining beauteous and bright,
 They inhabit the mountain.
 Where no sin nor dismay,
 Neither trouble or sorrow,
 Will be felt for a day,
 Nor be feared for the morrow.

3 He's prepared thee a home—
 Sinner, canst thou believe it?
 And invites thee to come,
 Sinner, wilt thou receive it?
 O come, sinner, come,
 For the tide is receding,
 And the Saviour will soon
 And forever cease pleading.

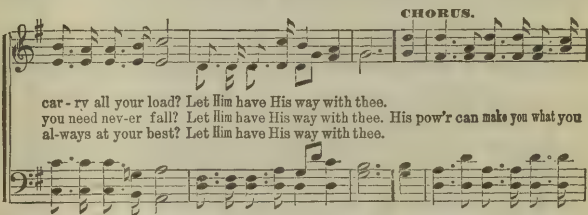


1. Would you live for Je-sus, and be always pure and good? Would you walk with
 2. Would you have Him make you free, and fol-low at His call? Would you know the
 3. Would you in His kingdom find a place of con-stant rest? Would you prove Him

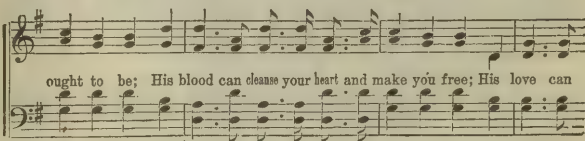


Him with - in the nar - row road? Would you have Him bear your bur - den,
 peace that comes by giv - ing all? Would you have Him save you, so that
 true each prov - i - den - tial test? Would you in His ser - vice la - bor

CHORUS.

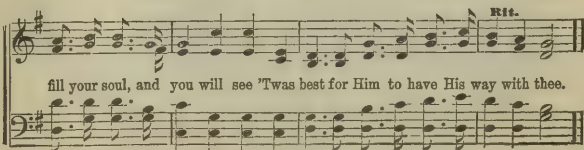


car - ry all your load? Let Him have His way with thee.
 you need nev - er fall? Let Him have His way with thee. His pow'r can make you what you
 al-ways at your best? Let Him have His way with thee.



ought to be; His blood can cleanse your heart and make you free; His love can

Rit.



fill your soul, and you will see 'Twas best for Him to have His way with thee.

222.

EVENTIDE. 10s.

HENRY F. LYTE.

WILLIAM HENRY MONK.

1. A - bide with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide; The darkness
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day: Earth's joys grow
 3. I need thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour; What but thy
 4. I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless; Ills have no

deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers
 dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in
 grace can foil the tempter's pow'r? Who, like thy - self, my
 weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness; Where is death's sting? where,

fall, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, O a - bide with me!
 all a - round I see; O thou, who changest not, a - bide with me!
 guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, Lord, a - bide with me!
 grave, thy vic - to - ry? I triumph still, if thou a - bide with me.

223.

JUST AS I AM.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

(WOODWORTH. L. M.)

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me,
 2. Just as I am, and wait - ing not, To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 3. Just as I am, tho' toss'd a - bout With many a con - flict, many a doubt,
 4. Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind; Sight, rich - es, heal - ing of the mind,

And that thou bidd'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Fightings within, and fears without, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Yea, all I need, in thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

5 Just as I am thou wilt receive,
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
 Because thy promise I believe,
 O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

6 Just as I am—thy love unknown
 Hath broken ev'ry barrier down;
 Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
 O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

BLESSED BE THE NAME.

W. H. CLARK.

Arr. by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. All praise to him who reigns a - bove, In maj - es - ty su - preme;
 2. His name a - bove all names shall stand, Ex - alt - ed more and more,
 3. His name shall be the Coun - sel - or, The might-y Prince of Peace,
 4. Re - deem - er, Sav - iour, Friend of man Once ru - ined by the fall,

Who gave his Son for man to die, That he might man re - deem.
 At God the Father's own right hand, Where an - gel hosts a - dore.
 Of all earth's kingdoms Conqueror Whose reign shall nev - er cease.
 Thou hast de - vised sal - va - tion's plan, For thou hast died for all.

CHORUS.

Bless - ed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord;
 Blessed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord.

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No. 225

All For Jesus.

MARY D. JAMES.

Arranged.

1. { All for Jesus! all for Jesus! All my being's ransomed pow'rs: }
 { All my tho'ts, and words, and doings, All my days and all my } hours.
 2. { Let my hands perform his bidding, Let my feet run in his ways— }
 { Let my eyes see Jesus only, Let my lips speak forth his } praise.

All For Jesus.

All for Jesus! all for Je-sus! All my days and all my hours; hours.
All for Jesus! all for Je-sus! Let my lips speak forth his praise; praise.

- 3 Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus, I've lost sight of all besides;
So enchained my spirit's vision,
Looking at the crucified.
||: All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Looking at the crucified.:||
- 4 Oh, what wonder! how amazing!
Jesus, glorious King of kings—
Deigns to call me his beloved,
Lets me rest beneath his wings.
||: All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Resting now beneath his wings.:||

No. 226

I REMEMBER CALVARY.

REV. W. C. MARTIN.

J. M. BLACK.

1. Where He may lead me I will go, For I have learned to trust Him so,
2. O I de-light in His command, Love to be led by His dear hand,
3. Onward I go, nor doubt nor fear, Happy with Christ my Saviour near,

And I re-mem-ber 'twas for me, That He was slain on Cal-va-ry.
His di-vine will is sweet to me, Hallowed by blood-stained Calvary.
Trusting that I some day shall see, Je-sus my Friend of Cal-va-ry.

CHORUS.

Je-sus shall lead me night and day, Je-sus shall lead me all the way,

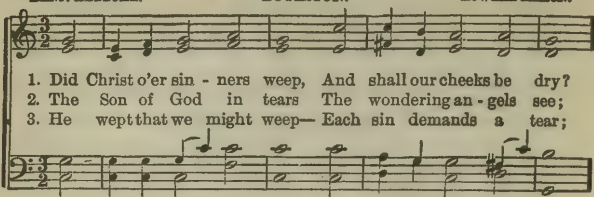
He is the tru-est Friend to me, For I re-mem-ber Cal-va-ry.

227 Did Christ O'er Sinners Weep.

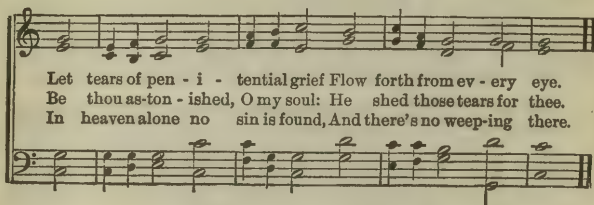
BENJ. BEDDOME.

BOYLSTON.

LOWELL MASON.



1. Did Christ o'er sin - ners weep, And shall our cheeks be dry?
 2. The Son of God in tears The wondering an - gels see;
 3. He wept that we might weep— Each sin demands a tear;



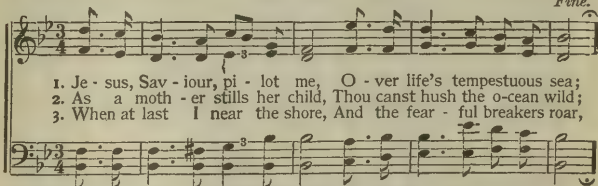
Let tears of pen - i - tential grief Flow forth from ev - ery eye.
 Be thou as-ton - ished, O my soul: He shed those tears for thee.
 In heaven alone no sin is found, And there's no weep-ing there.

228 Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

REV. EDWARD HOPPER.

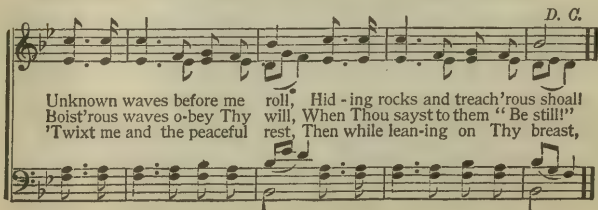
J. E. GOULD.

Fine.



1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tempestuous sea;
 2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
 3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful breakers roar,

D. C. Chart and com-pass came from Thee, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
 D. C. Wondrous sov'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
 D. C. May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"



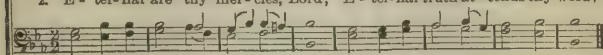
D. C.
 Unknown waves before me roll, Hid - ing rocks and treach'rous shoal
 Boist'rous waves o-bey Thy will, When Thou sayst to them "Be still!"
 'Twixt me and the peaceful rest, Then while lean-ing on Thy breast,

ISAAC WATTS.

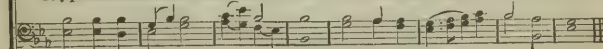
JOHN HATTON.



1. From all that dwell be-low the skies, Let the Cre-a-tor's praise a-rise;
 2. E-ter-nal are thy mer-cies, Lord; E-ter-nal truth at-tends thy word;



Let the Re-deem-er's name be sung Thro'-ev'-ry land, by ev'-ry tongue.
 Thy praises shall sound from shore to shore Till suns shall rise and set no more.



230. Jesus Shall Reign. L. M.

- 1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 From north to south the princes meet
To pay their homage at his feet;
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend his word.
- 3 To him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.
- 4 People and realms, of every tongue,
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

ISAAC WATTS.

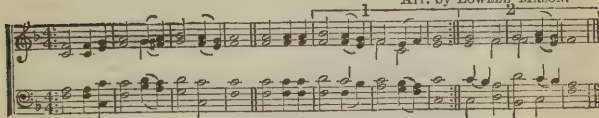
231. Glorifying in the Cross. L. M.

- 1 When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

ISAAC WATTS.

HAMBURG. L. M.

Arr. by LOWELL MASON.



232. Lord, I Am Thine. L. M.

- 1 Lord, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent thine would I be,
And own thy sovereign right in me.
- 2 Thine would I live, thine would I die,
Be thine through all eternity;
The vow is past, beyond repeal,
Now will I set the solemn seal.
- 3 Here, at that cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God,
Thee my new Master now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all.
- 4 Do thou assist a feeble worm
The great engagement to perform;
Thy grace can full assistance lend,
And on that grace I dare depend.

SAMUEL DAVIES.

233. Not Ashamed of Jesus. L. M.

- 1 Jesus! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine thro' endless days?
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star:
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon:
'Tis midnight with my soul till he,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend?
No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

JOSEPH GRIGG.

No. 234 How Tedious and Tasteless the Hours.

"The years draw nigh when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them."—ECCLES. 12:1.
 "In thy presence is fullness of joy."—PS. 16: 11.

(DE FLEURY. 8s, D.)

FINE.

1. { How te-dious and taste-less the hours, When Je-sus no longer I see!
 Sweet prospects, sweet birds and sweet flow'rs, Have lost all their sweetness to me,
 2. { His name yields the richest per-fume, And sweeter than mu-sic His voice;
 His pres-ence dis-per ses my gloom, And makes all with-in me re-joice.

D.C.—But when I am hap-py in Him, De-cem-ber's as pleas-ant as May.
 D.C.—No mor-tal so hap-py as I My sum-mer would last all the year.

The mid-sum-mer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay;
 I should, were He al-ways thus nigh, Have nothing to wish or to fear;
 D.C.

3 Content with beholding His face,
 My all to His pleasure resigned,
 No changes of season or place
 Would make any change in my mind;
 While blessed with a sense of His love,
 A palace a toy would appear;
 And prisons would palaces prove,
 If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am Thine,
 If Thou art my Sun and my song,
 Say, why do I languish and pine,
 And why are my winters so long?
 O, drive these dark clouds from my sky;
 Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
 Or take me unto Thee on high,
 Where winter and clouds are no more.

No. 235 Depth of Mercy Can There Be.

"A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise."—PS. 51: 17.

Rev. CHAS. WESLEY.

C. M. VON WEBER.

1. Depth of mer-cy! can there be Mer-cy still re-served for me?
 2. I have long with-stood His grace; Long provoked Him to His face;
 3. Now, in-cline me to re-pent; Let me now my sins la-ment;

Can my God His wrath for-bear? Me, the chief of sin-ners spare?
 Would not heark-en to His calls, Grieved Him by a thous-and falls.
 Now my foul re-volt de-plore, Weep, be-lieve, and sin no more.

1. { When Jesus laid His crown aside, He came to save me; }
 { When on the cross He bled and died, (Omit) } He came to save me.
 2. { In my poor heart He deigns to dwell, He came to save me; }
 { Oh, praise His name, I know it well, (Omit) } He came to save me.
 3. { With gentle hand He leads me still, He came to save me; }
 { And trusting Him I fear no ill, (Omit) } He came to save me.
 4. { To Him my faith with rapture clings, He came to save me; }
 { To Him my heart looks up and sings, (Omit) } He came to save me.

REFRAIN.

I'm so glad, I'm so glad, I'm so glad that Jesus came, And grace is free,

I'm so glad, I'm so glad, I'm so glad that Jesus came, He came to save me.

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No. 237. Come to Jesus Just Now.

English Melody.

1. Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now,

Just now come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now.

- | | | |
|--------------------------|---------------------------|---------------------------|
| 2 He will save you, etc. | 6 He is waiting, etc. | 10 Do not tarry, etc. |
| 3 He is able, etc. | 7 He'll forgive you, etc. | 11 Don't reject Him, etc. |
| 4 He is willing, etc. | 8 If you trust Him, etc. | 12 Hallelujah, etc. |
| He is ready, etc. | lieve Him, etc. | |

238. IS NOT THIS THE LAND OF BEULAH?

"Thy land shall be called Beulah." — Isa. 62: 4.

Rev. WM. HUNTER.

Arr. by E. HANKS.

FINE.

1. { I am dwelling on the mountain, Where the golden sunlight gleams
O'er a land whose wondrous beauty Far exceeds my fondest dreams;
D.C. They are blooming by the fountain, 'Neath the am- a-ranth-ine bowers.

D.C. CHO. Where the flowers bloom forev- er, And the sun is al-ways bright.

Where the air is pure e- the-real, Laden with the breath of flowers; D.C.

CHO. Is not this the land of Beu-lah, Blessed, bless-ed land of light? D.C. CHO.

2 I can see far down the mountain,
Where I wandered weary years,
Often hindered in my journey,
By the ghosts of doubts and fears.
Broken vows and disappointments
Thickly sprinkled all the way;
But the spirit led, unerring
To the land I hold today.

3 I am drinking at the fountain,
Where I ever would abide;
For I've tasted life's pure river,
And my soul is satisfied.
There's no thirsting for life's pleas-
ures,
Nor adorning rich and gay,
For I've found a richer treasure,
One that fadeth not away.

4 Tell me not of heavy crosses,
Nor the burdens hard to bear;
For I've found this great salvation
Makes each burden light appear,
And I love to follow Jesus,
Gladly counting all but dross;
Worldly honors all forsaking,
For the glory of the cross.

5 Oh, the cross has wondrous glory!
Oft, I've proved this to be true;
When I'm in the way so narrow,
I can see a pathway thro';
And how sweetly Jesus whispers:
"Take the cross, thou need'st not
fear,
For I've tried this way before thee,
And the glory lingers near."

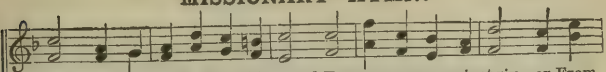
239. MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s. & 6s.

HEBER.

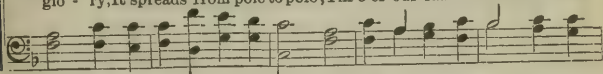
L. MASON

1. From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's coral strand, Where Africa's sunny
2. What tho' the spicy breezes Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle; Tho' ev'ry prospect
3. Shall we, whose souls are lighted With wisdom from on high, Shall we to men be-
4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His story, And you, ye waters roll, Till, like a sea of

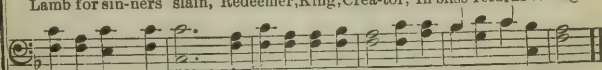
MISSIONARY HYMN.



foun-tains Roll down the golden sand. From many an ancient riv - er, From
pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile: In vain with lav-ish kind-ness The
night - ed, The lamp of life de-ny? Sal - va-tion, O sal - va- tion! The
glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole; Till o'er our ransomed nature The



many a palm-y plain They call us to de-liv-er Their land from error's chain.
gifts of God are strown; The heathen, in his blindness, Bows down to wood and stone!
joy-ful sound pro-claim, Till earth's remotest nation, Has learned Messiah's name.
Lamb for sin-ners slain, Redeemer, King, Crea-tor, In bliss returns to reign

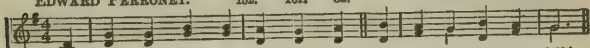


No. 240 ALL HAIL THE POWER OF JESUS' NAME.

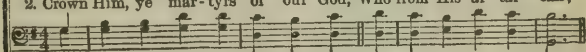
EDWARD PERRONET.

* M. H. B. H. P. H.
132. 161. 32.

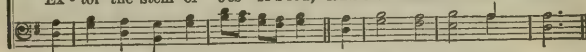
OLIVER HOLDEN.



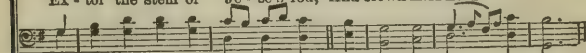
1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall!
2. Crown Him, ye mar - tyrs of our God, Who from His al - tar call;



Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
Ex - tol the stem of Jes - se's rod, And crown Him Lord of all;



Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
Ex - tol the stem of Je - se's rod, And crown Him Lord of all.

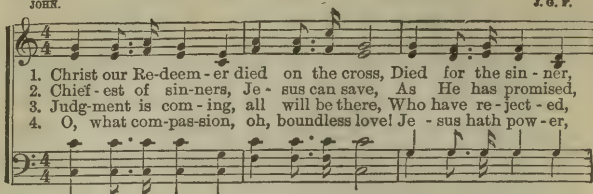


- 3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall;
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

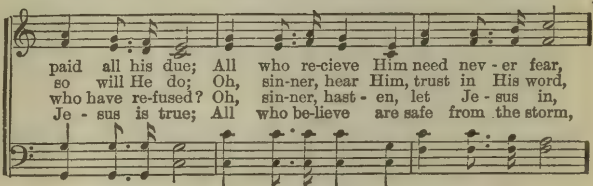
- 5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 6 O, that with yonder sacred throng,
We at His feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

JOHN.

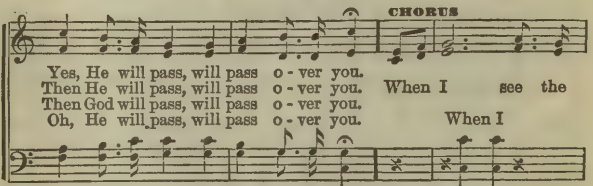
J. G. F.



1. Christ our Re-deem-er died on the cross, Died for the sin-ner,
 2. Chief-est of sin-ners, Je-sus can save, As He has promised,
 3. Judg-ment is com-ing, all will be there, Who have re-ject-ed,
 4. O, what com-pas-sion, oh, boundless love! Je-sus hath pow-er,

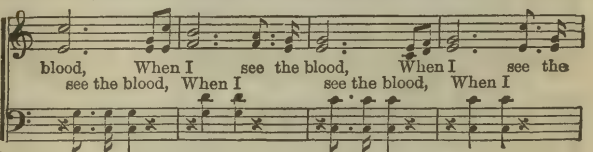


paid all his due; All who re-cieve Him need nev-er fear,
 so will He do; Oh, sin-ner, hear Him, trust in His word,
 who have re-fused? Oh, sin-ner, hast-en, let Je-sus in,
 Je-sus is true; All who be-lieve are safe from the storm,

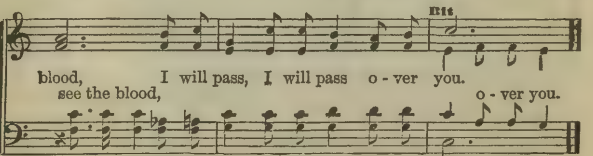


CHORUS

Yes, He will pass, will pass o-ver you.
 Then He will pass, will pass o-ver you. When I see the
 Then God will pass, will pass o-ver you.
 Oh, He will pass, will pass o-ver you. When I



blood, When I see the blood, When I see the
 see the blood, When I see the blood, When I



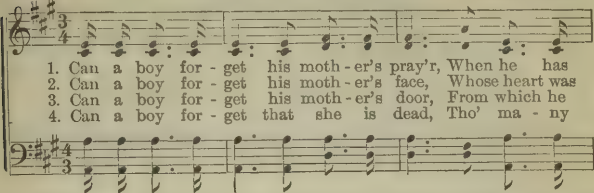
blood, I will pass, I will pass o-ver you. o-ver you.
 see the blood, o-ver you.

No. 242. CAN A BOY FORGET HIS MOTHER?

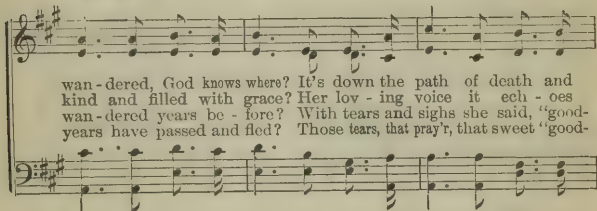
(Dedicated to my friend, Mrs. R. G. Chandler, Coldwater, Mich.)

J. H. W.

Rev. J. H. WEBER. By per.

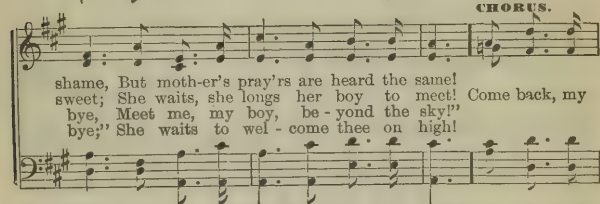


1. Can a boy for - get his moth - er's pray'r, When he has
 2. Can a boy for - get his moth - er's face, Whose heart was
 3. Can a boy for - get his moth - er's door, From which he
 4. Can a boy for - get that she is dead, Tho' ma - ny

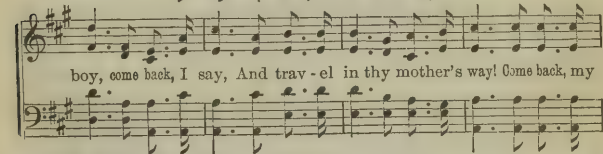


wan - dered, God knows where? It's down the path of death and
 kind and filled with grace? Her lov - ing voice it ech - oes
 wan - dered years be - fore? With tears and sighs she said, "good-
 years have passed and fled? Those tears, that pray'r, that sweet "good-

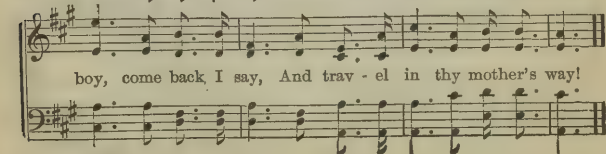
CHORUS.



shame, But moth - er's pray'rs are heard the same!
 sweet; She waits, she longs her boy to meet! Come back, my
 bye, Meet me, my boy, be - yond the sky!"
 bye," She waits to wel - come thee on high!



boy, come back, I say, And trav - el in thy mother's way! Come back, my



boy, come back, I say, And trav - el in thy mother's way!

243 In the Cross of Christ I Glory.

J. BOWRING.

RATHBUN.

I. CONKEY.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
 2. When the woes of life o'er take me, Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
 3. When the sun of bliss is beaming Light and love up-on my way,
 4. Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;

All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers round its head sublime.
 Nev - er shall the cross forsake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
 From the cross the radiance, streaming, Adds more luster to the day.
 Peace is there, that knows no measure, Joys that thro all time a - bide.

244

SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER!

W. W. WOLFORD.

* M. H. B. H. P. H.
 789. 405. 49.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. { Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! That calls me from a world of care,
 And bids me, at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and (Omit. . .) wishes known :

D. C.—And oft escaped the tempter's snare, By thy re - turn, sweet (Omit. . .) hour of pray'r.

In sea - sons of dis - tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief,

- 2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
 Thy wings shall my petition bear,
 To Him whose truth and faithfulness
 Engage the waiting souls to bless;
 And since He bids me seek His face,
 Believe His word and trust His grace,
 I'll cast on Him my every care,
 And wait for Thee sweet hour of prayer.
- 3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
 May I thy consolation share;
 Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
 I view my home, and take my flight:
 This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
 To seize the everlasting prize;
 And shout, while passing thro' the air,
 Farewell, farewell sweet hour of prayer.

No. 245. I Will Arise and Go To Jesus.

Arr. by Jos. F. BUTLER.

1. Come, ye sin-ners, poor and need-y, Weak and wound-ed, sick and sore;
 2. Now, ye need-y, come and wel-come; God's free boun-ty glo-ri-fy;
 3. Let not con-science make you lin-ger, Nor of fit-ness fond-ly dream;
 4. Come, ye wea-ry, heav-y lad-en, Bruised and man-gled by the fall,

CHO.—I will a-rise and go to Je-sus, He will embrace me in His arms;

D. C. Chorus.

Je-sus read-y stands to save you, Full of pit-y, love and pow'r.
 True be-lief and true re-pent-ance, Ev-'ry grace that brings you nigh.
 All the fit-ness He re-quir-eth Is to feel your need of Him.
 If- you tar-ry till you're bet-ter, You will nev-er come at all.

In the arms of my dear Sav-iour, O there are ten thousand charms.

246 Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned.

S. STENNETT.

ORTONVILLE.

THOS. HASTINGS.

1. Ma-jes-tic sweetness sits enthroned Up-on the Saviour's brow;
 2. No mor-tal can with him compare Among the sons of men;

His head with radiant glories crowned, His lips with grace o'erflow,
 Fair-er is he than all the fair Who fill the heavenly train,

His lips with grace o'erflow.
 Who fill the heavenly train.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
 And flew to my relief;
 For me he bore the shameful cross,
 ¶:And carried all my grief.:||

4 To him I owe my life and breath,
 And all the joys I have;
 He makes me triumph over death,
 ¶:And saves me from the grave.:||

No. 247 I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.

L. H.

LEWIS HARTSOUGH. By per.

1. I hear Thy welcome voice That calls me, Lord, to Thee For cleansing
2. Tho' com-ing weak and vile, Thou dost my strength as-sure; Thou dost my
3. All hail, a-ton-ing blood! All hail, re-deem-ing grace! All hail the

CHORUS.

in Thy pre-cious blood That flow'd on Cal-va-ry.
vil-ness ful-ly cleanse, Till spot-less all and pure. I am com-ing, Lord!
gift of Christ, our Lord, Our strength and righte-ousness.

Com-ing now to Thee! Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood That flow'd on Cal-va-ry!

No. 248 Jesus Bids You Come.

(This is a very effective gospel song for congregation, choir, or solo.)

W. L. T.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. Je-sus bids you come, Je-sus bids you come, Ear-nest-ly for you He's call-ing,
2. Je-sus bids you come, Je-sus bids you come, Wea-ry trav'ler, do not tar-ry,
3. Je-sus bids you come, Je-sus bids you come, Voic-es may not al-ways call you,

Gen-tly at thy heart He's plead-ing, "Come un-to Me," "Come un-to Me."
Je-sus will thy bur-den car-ry, O, will you come? O, will you come?
"Late, too late," May yet be-fall you, "Why will ye die?" "Why will ye die?"

By per. of Will L. Thompson, E. Liverpool, O., and Thompson Music Co., Chicago.

Old Melody.

Cho.—'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, 'Tis the old time re-lig-ion,
 1. Makes me love ev-'ry bod-y, Makes me love ev-'ry bod-y,
 2. It was good for our mothers, It was good for our mothers,

'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, It's good e-nough for me.
 Makes me love ev-'ry bod-y, It's good e-nough for me.
 It was good for our mothers, It's good e-nough for me.

- 3 It has saved our fathers,
 It has saved our fathers,
 It has saved our fathers,
 It's good enough for me.
 4 It will save our children,
 It will save our children,
 It will save our children,
 It's good enough for me.
 5 It was good for Paul and Silas,
 It was good for Paul and Silas,

- It was good for Paul and Silas,
 It's good enough for me.
 6 It will do when I am dying,
 It will do when I am dying,
 It will do when I am dying,
 It's good enough for me.
 7 It will take us all to heaven,
 It will take us all to heaven,
 It will take us all to heaven,
 It's good enough for me.

250

CROSS AND CROWN.

THOMAS SHEPHERD.

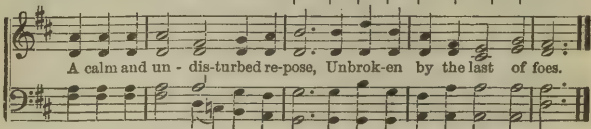
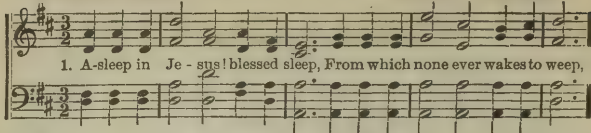
GEO. N. ALLEN.

1. Must Je-sus bear the cross a-lone, And all the world go free?
 2. The con-se-cra-ted cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free;
 3. O pre-cious cross! O glo-rious crown! O res-ur-rec-tion day!

No, there's a cross for ev-'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
 And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
 Ye angels from the stars come down, And bear my soul a-way.

MARGARET MACKAY.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.



2 Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing,
That death hath lost its venom'd sting.

No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be:
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

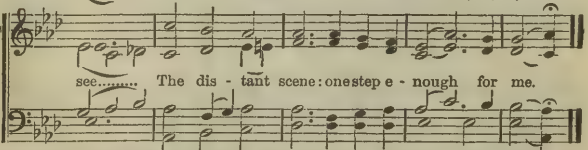
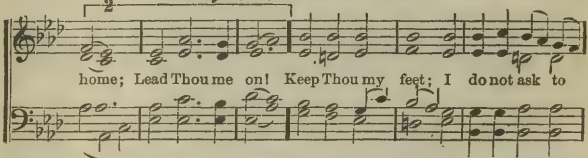
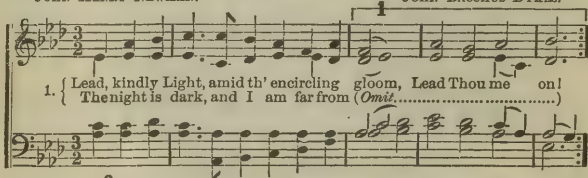
3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest!

252

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

JOHN BACCHUS DYKES.



2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that
Shouldst lead me on; [Thou
I loved to choose and see my path; but
Lead Thou me on! [now
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Priders uled my will. Remember not
past years!

3 So long Thy power hath blessed me,
Will lead me on [sure it still
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent,
The night is gone, [till
And with the morn those angel faces
smile [awhile
Which I have loved long since and lost

253.

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

GEORGE F. HANDEL.

1. I love thy king - dom, Lord, The house of thine a - bode,
 2. I love thy Church, O God! Her walls be - fore thee stand,
 3. For her my tears shall fall, For her my pray'rs as - cend;

The Church our bless'd Re-deem-er bought With his own pre-cious blood.
 Dear as the ap-ple of thine eye, And grav-en on thy hand.
 To her my cares and toils be given, Till toils and cares shall end.

254. Lord God, the Holy Ghost.

- 1 Lord God, the Holy Ghost!
 In this accepted hour,
 As on the day of Pentecost,
 Descend in all thy power.
- 2 We meet with one accord
 In our appointed place,
 And wait the promise of our Lord,
 The Spirit of all grace.
- 3 Like mighty rushing wind
 Upon the waves beneath,
 Move with one impulse every mind;
 One soul, one feeling, breathe.
- 4 The young, the old, inspire
 With wisdom from above;
 And give us hearts and tongues of fire
 To pray, and praise, and love.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

255.

Grace!

- 1 Grace! 'tis a charming sound!
 Harmonious to my ear!
 Heaven with the echo shall resound,
 And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contrived the way
 To save rebellious man;
 And all the steps that grace display
 Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace taught my wand'ring feet
 To tread the heavenly road;
 And new supplies each hour I meet,
 While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown,
 Through everlasting days;
 It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
 And well deserves the praise.

P. DODDRIDGE.

LABAN. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.

256. Spirit of Faith.

- 1 Spirit of faith, come down,
 Reveal the things of God;
 And make to us the Godhead known,
 And witness with the blood.
- 2 'Tis thine the blood t' apply,
 And give us eyes to see,
 Who did for every sinner die
 Hath surely died for me.
- 3 O that the world might know
 The all-atoning Lamb!
 Spirit of faith, descend, and show
 The virtue of his name.
- 4 The grace which all may find,
 The saving power, impart;
 And testify to all mankind,
 And speak in every heart.

CHARLES WESLEY.

257. My Soul, Be on Thy Guard.

- 1 My soul, be on thy guard,
 Ten thousand foes arise,
 The hosts of sin are pressing hard
 To draw thee from the skies.
- 2 O watch, and fight, and pray,
 The battle ne'er give o'er,
 Renew it boldly every day,
 And help divine implore.
- 3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
 Nor lay thine armor down:
 The work of faith will not be done,
 Till thou obtain the crown.
- 4 Fight on, my soul, till death
 Shall bring thee to thy God;
 He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
 To his divine abode.

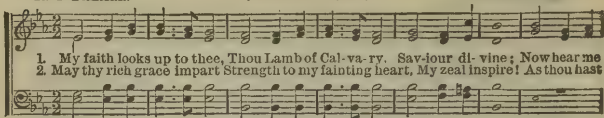
GEORGE HEAT

258. MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE.

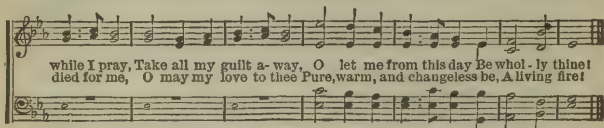
RAY PALMER.

(OLIVET. 6s, 4s.)

LOWELL MASON.



1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Cal-vary. Sav-iour di-vine; Now hear me
2. May thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire! As thou hast



while I pray, Take all my guilt a-way, O let me from this day Be whol-ly thine! died for me, O may my love to thee Pure, warm, and changeless be, A living fire!

- 3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

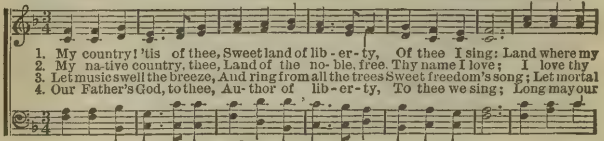
- 4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

259. MY COUNTRY! 'TIS OF THEE.

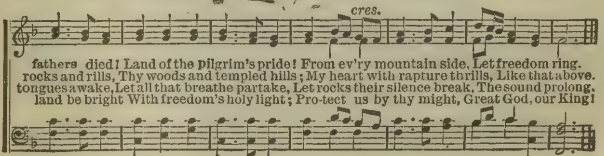
S. F. SMITH.

(AMERICA. 6s, 4s.)

Ad. HENRY CAREY.



1. My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-er-ty, Of thee I sing: Land where my
2. My na-tive country, thee, Land of the no-ble, free. Thy name I love; I love thy
3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mortal
4. Our Father's God, to thee, Au-thor of lib-er-ty, To thee we sing; Long may our



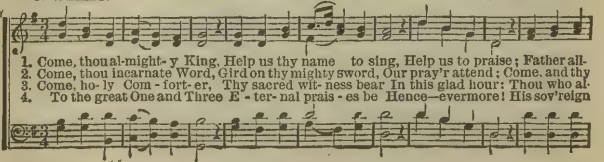
fathers died! Land of the pilgrim's pride! From ev'ry mountain side. Let freedom ring.
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills, Like that above.
tongues awake, Let all that breathe the partake, Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.
land be bright With freedom's holy light; Pro-tect us by thy might, Great God, our King!

260. COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING.

C. WESLEY.

(ITALIAN HYMN. 6s, 4s.)

FELICE GIARDINI.



1. Come, thou al-might-y King, Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise; Father all-
2. Come, thou incarnate Word, Gird on thy mighty sword, Our pray'r attend; Come, and thy
3. Come, ho-ly Com-fort-er, Thy sacred wit-ness bear In this glad hour: Thou who art
4. To the great One and Three E-ter-nal prais-es be Hence- evermore! His sov'reign

COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING. (Concluded.)

glo-ri-ous, O'er all vic-to-ri-ous, Come, and reign o-ver us, Ancient of Days,
 people bless, And give thy word success: Spir-it of ho-li-ness, On us de-scend!
 might-y art, Now rule in ev-'ry heart, And ne'er from us depart, Spir-it of pow'r!
 maj-es-ty May we in glo-ry see, And to e-ter-ni-ty Love and a-dore.

261.

HAPPY DAY.

P. DODDRIDGE.

E. F. RIMBAULT.

1. O hap-py day, that fixed my choice On thee, my Saviour and my God! } Hap-py
 { Well may this glowing heart re-joice, And tell its raptures all a-broad. }

FINE. D.S.

day, happy day, When Jesus wash'd my sins away! { He taught me how to watch and pray, }
 { And live re-joicing ev-'ry day. }

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
 To him who merits all my love!
 Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
 While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done: the great transaction's done!
 I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
 He drew me, and I followed on,
 Charmed to confess the voice divine

262.

REVIVE US AGAIN.

WM. P. MACKAY.

J. J. HUSBAND.

1. We praise thee, O God! for the Son of thy love, For Jesus who died, and is now gone above.

CHORUS.

Hal-le-lu-jah! thine the glo-ry, Hal-le-lu-jah! A-men, Re-vive us a-gain.

- 2 We praise thee, O God! for thy Spirit of light,
 Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night.
- 3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
 Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.
- 4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
 Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our way.
- 5 Revive us again; fill each heart with thy love;
 May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the
 2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my
 3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
 4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light, I'll ev - er a -

fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my
 par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing the
 long as Thou lend - eth me breath; And say when the death - dew lies
 dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing

Sav - iour art Thou;
 thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
 cold on my brow;
 crown on my brow;

No. 264 The Half has Never been Told.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

I. COR. 2: 9.

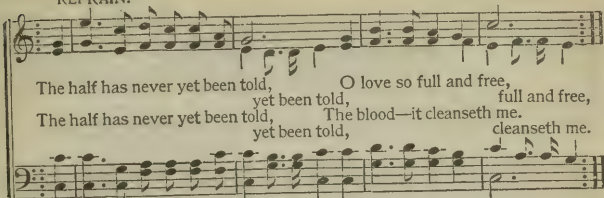
R. E. HUDSON.

1. I know I love Thee bet - ter, Lord, Than a - ny earth - ly joy,
 2. I know that Thou art near - er still Than a - ny earth - ly throng,
 3. Thou has put gladness in my heart; Then well may I be glad!
 4. O Sav - iour, pre - cious Sav - iour mine! What will Thy pres - ence be

For Thou hast giv - en me the peace Which noth - ing can de - stroy.
 And sweet - er is the tho't of Thee Than a - ny love - ly song.
 Without the se - cret of Thy love I could not but be sad.
 If such a life of joy can crown Our walk on earth with Thee?

The Half has Never been Told. Concluded.

REFRAIN.



The half has never yet been told, O love so full and free,
 yet been told, full and free,
 The half has never yet been told, The blood—it cleanseth me.
 yet been told, cleanseth me.

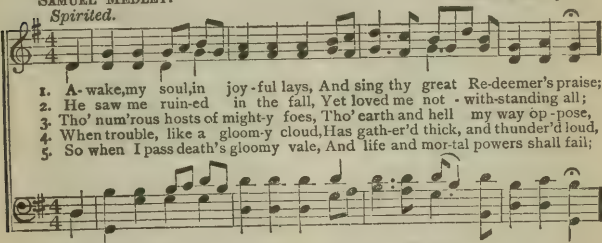
From "Songs of Praise, Love and Joy," by per.

No. 265 Awake, My Soul, In Joyful Lays.

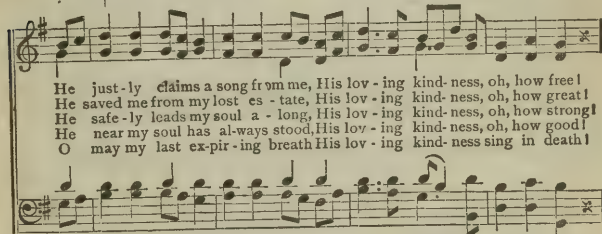
SAMUEL MEDLEY.

Western Melody.

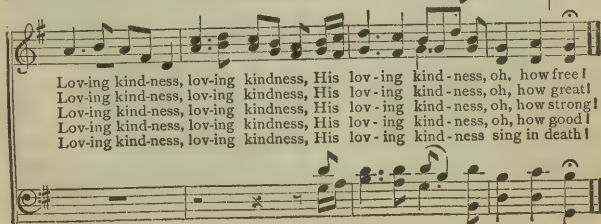
Spirited.



1. A-wake, my soul, in joy-ful lays, And sing thy great Re-deemer's praise;
2. He saw me ruin-ed in the fall, Yet loved me not - with-standing all;
3. Tho' num'rous hosts of might-y foes, Tho' earth and hell my way op-posed,
4. When trouble, like a gloom-y cloud, Has gath-er'd thick, and thunder'd loud,
5. So when I pass death's gloomy vale, And life and mor-tal powers shall fail;



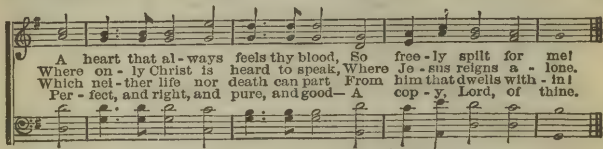
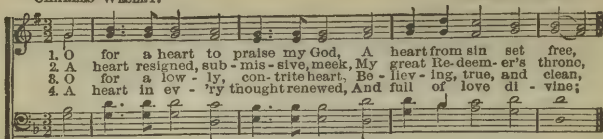
He just-ly claims a song from me, His lov-ing kind-ness, oh, how free!
 He saved me from my lost es-tate, His lov-ing kind-ness, oh, how great!
 He safe-ly leads my soul a-long, His lov-ing kind-ness, oh, how strong!
 He near my soul has al-ways stood, His lov-ing kind-ness, oh, how good!
 O may my last ex-pir-ing breath His lov-ing kind-ness sing in death!



Lov-ing kind-ness, lov-ing kindness, His lov-ing kind-ness, oh, how free!
 Lov-ing kind-ness, lov-ing kindness, His lov-ing kind-ness, oh, how great!
 Lov-ing kind-ness, lov-ing kindness, His lov-ing kind-ness, oh, how strong!
 Lov-ing kind-ness, lov-ing kindness, His lov-ing kind-ness, oh, how good!
 Lov-ing kind-ness, lov-ing kindness, His lov-ing kind-ness sing in death!

CHARLES WESLEY.

THOMAS A. ARNE.



267. There is an Hour.

- 1 There is an hour of hallowed peace
For those with cares distressed,
When sighs and sorrow wings shall cease,
And all be hushed to rest.
- 2 'Tis then the soul is freed from fears
And doubts, which here annoy;
And they, that oft have sown in tears,
Shall reap again in joy.
- 3 There is a home of sweet repose,
Where storms assail no more;
The stream of endless pleasure flows,
On that celestial shore.
- 4 There smiling peace with love appears,
And bliss without alloy;
There, they, who once have sown in tears,
Now reap eternal joy.

REV. WILLIAM BINGHAM TAPPAN. 1822. ab.

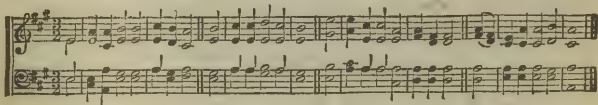
268. Am I a Soldier. C. M.

- 1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A fol-l'wer of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flow'ry beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?
- 4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord:
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

ISAAC WATTS.

AZMON. C. M.

C. G. GLASER.



269 Forever Here My Rest. C. M.

- 1 Forever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side;
This all my hope, and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died.
- 2 My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.
- 3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own;
Wash me, and mine thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.
- 4 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

270 The Dearest Name. C. M.

- 1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.
- 3 Dear Name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding place;
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring!

JOHN NEWTON.

I Must Tell Jesus.

"Casting all your care upon him; for he careth for you."—I. PETER 5: 7.

E. A. H.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN,

1. I must tell Je-sus all of my tri-als; I can not bear those
 2. I must tell Je-sus all of my troubles, He is a kind, com-
 3. Tempted and tried, I need a great Saviour, One who can help my
 4. Oh, how the world to e-vil al-lures me! Oh, how my heart is

burdens a - lone; In my distress He kindly will help me; He ev - er
 passionate Friend; If I but ask Him He will de-liv - er, Make of my
 burdens to bear; I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus, He all my
 tempted to sin! I must tell Je - sus and He will help me O-ver the

CHORUS.

loves and cares for His own.
 trou-bles quick-ly an end. I must tell Je - sus, I must tell
 cares and sor-rows will share.
 world the vic-t'ry to win.

Je - sus, I can not bear my burdens a - lone; I must tell

RI.

Je - sus, I must tell Je-sus; Jesus can help me, Je - sus a - lone.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.

*M. H. B. H. P. H.
540. 455. 317.

From W. A. MOZART.

1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave, and fol - low Thee;
 2. Let the world de - spise and leave me; They have left my Sav - iour too;
 3. Go, then, earth - ly fame and treasure; Come dis - as - ter, scorn, and pain;
 4. Man may trouble and dis - tress me, 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
 5. Soul, then know thy full sal - va - tion; Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
 6. Hasten thee on from grace to glo - ry, Armed by faith, and wing'd by pray'r;

Na - ked, poor, de - spised, for - sak - en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.
 Hu - man hearts and looks deceive me—Thou art not, like them, un - true;
 In Thy serv - ice pain is pleasure; With Thy fa - vor loss is gain.
 Life with tri - als hard may press me; Heav'n will bring me sweeter rest.
 Joy to find in ev - 'ry sta - tion Something still to do or bear.
 Heav'n's e - ter - nal days be - fore thee, God's own hand shall guide thee there.

D.S.—Yet how rich is my con - di - tion! God and heav'n are still my own.
D.S.—Foes may hate, and friends disown me; Show Thy face, and all is bright.
D.S.—Storms may howl, and clouds may gather; All must work for good to me.
D.S.—O 'twere not in joy to charm me, Were that joy un - mixed with Thee!
D.S.—Think that Jesus died to win thee: Child of heav'n, canst thou re - pine?
D.S.—Hope shall change to glad fru - i - tion, Faith to sight, and pray'r to praise.

Per - ish, ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
 And while Thou shalt smile upon me, God of wis - dom, love, and might,
 I have called Thee, Ab - ba, Fa - ther, I have set my heart on Thee:
 O 'tis not in grief to harm me, While Thy love is left to me!
 Think what Spir - it dwells within thee; Think what Father's smiles are thine;
 Soon shall close thy earth - ly mis - sion, Soon shall pass thy pil - grim days;

273 My Days are Gliding

1 My days are gliding swiftly by,
 And I, a pilgrim stranger,
 Would not detain them as they fly
 Those hours of toil and danger.

REFRAIN.

For oh! we stand on Jordan's strand,
 Our friends are passing over,
 And just before the Shining Shore,
 We may almost discover.

2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
 Our distant home discerning;
 Our absent Lord has left us word,
 Let every lamp be burning.

3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
 We need not cease our singing;
 That perfect rest naught can molest,
 Where golden harps are ringing.

274 REST FOR THE WEARY.

1 In the Christian's home in glory,
 There remains a land of rest;
 There the Saviour's gone before me,
 To fulfill my soul's request.

CHORUS.

There is rest for the weary,
 There is rest for the weary,
 There is rest for the weary,
 There is rest for you.
 On the other side of Jordan,
 In the sweet fields of Eden,
 Where the tree of life is blooming,
 There is rest for you.

2 He is fitting up my mansion,
 Which eternally shall stand,
 For my stay shall not be transient
 In that holy, happy land.—Cho.

3 Pain nor sickness ne'er shall enter,
 Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
 But in that celestial center,
 I a crown of life shall wear.—Cho.

275. HEAVEN IS MY HOME. 6s & 4s.

DR. L. MASON, 1834.

1. I'm but a stranger here, Heav'n is my home; }
 Earth is a des-ert drear, Heav'n is my home. } Dan - ger and sor - row stand
 2. What tho' the tempest rage, Heav'n is my home; }
 Short is my pil - grimage, Heav'n is my home. } Time's cold and wint'ry blast
 3. There at my Savior's side, Heav'n is my home; }
 I shall be glo - ri - fied, Heav'n is my home. } There are the good and blest,

Round me on ev - 'ry hand, Heav'n is my fa - therland, Heav'n is my home.
 Shall soon be o - ver - past, I shall reach home at last, Heav'n is my home.
 Those I love most and best; There, too, I soon shall rest, Heav'n is my home.

276. NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE. 6s & 4s.

(BETHANY.)

SARAH F. ADAMS, 1841.

"Nearer to Thee."—JAS. 4: 8.

LOWELL MASON, 1856.

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en tho' it be a cross
 2. Tho' like the wan - der - er, Day - light all gone, Darkness be o - ver me,
 3. There let the way ap - pear, Steps un - to heav'n; All that Thou sendest me,
 4. Then with my waking tho'ts, Bright with Thy praise, Out of my ston - y griefs,
 5. Or if, on joy - ful wing, Cleaving the sky, Sun, moon, and stars forgot,

D. S.—Nearer, my God, to Thee,

Fine. **D. S.**
 That rais - eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,
 My rest a stone: Yet in my dreams I'd be Near - er, my God, to Thee,
 In mer - cy giv'n; An - gels to beck - on me Near - er, my God, to Thee,
 Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be Near - er, my God, to Thee,
 Up - ward I fly; Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,

Near - er to Thee!

D. B. PURINTON.
SOLO, Sop.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Is it noth-ing to thee, is it noth-ing to thee, That thy
2. Is it noth-ing to thee, is it noth-ing to thee, That thy
3. Is it noth-ing to thee, is it noth-ing to thee, That E-

Lord and Re-deem-er His love hath revealed? Is it noth-ing to thee, is it
sin - laden feet from the Saviour hath turned? Is it noth-ing to thee, is it
ter - ni - ty com - eth and death draweth near? Is it noth-ing to thee, is it

noth-ing to thee, That He died on the cross and thy par - don sealed?
noth-ing to thee, That the voice of His mer - cy thy heart hath spurned?
noth-ing to thee, Canst thou go when He call - eth, with - out a fear?

2d Voice, Tenor Response.

1. O, 'tis something to me, yes, 'tis some-thing to me, That the
2. O, 'tis something to me, yes, 'tis some-thing to me, That He
3. O, 'tis something to me, yes, 'tis some-thing to me, When at

voice of His love still is call-ing to - day! O, 'tis something to me,
call - eth me back, where-so-ev - er I roam! O, 'tis something to me,
last I shall stand on E - ter - ni - ty's shore, O, 'tis something to me,

Is it Nothing to Thee?

Yes, 'tis something to me, I will hear from my heart and with joy o - bey!
 Yes, 'tis something to me, That I still may re - turn and be welcomed home!
 Yes, 'tis something to me, To be ho - ly and hap - py for - ev - er - more!

CHORUS.

Come,..... He's call - ing to - day,
 Come, come, come, He's call - ing to - day, call - ing to - day,
 Hasten,..... no longer de - lay;..... List, list,
 Hasten, hasten, hasten, no longer de - lay, do not de - lay;
 Je - sus is call - ing thee now, Come, come, be - fore Him bow.
 Come, come, come,

278 One There is Above All Others.

Rev. JOHN NEWTON

(TALMAR. 8, 7.)

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. { One there is a - bove all oth - ers Well deserves the name of Friend, }
 { His is love beyond a brother's, Costly, (Omit.....) } free, and knows no end.

Which of all our friends to save us,
 Could or would have shed his blood?
 But our Jesus died to have us
 Reconciled in Him to God.

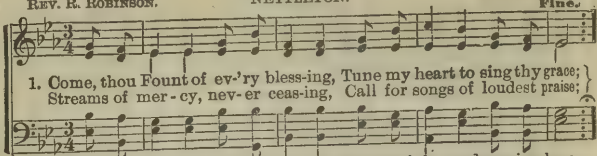
3 O for grace our hearts to soften!
 Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
 We, alas! forget too often
 What a Friend we have above.

No. 279.

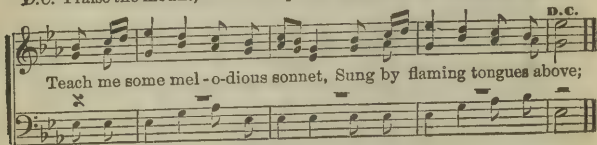
Come, Thou Fount.

REV. R. ROBINSON.

NETTLETON.

JOHN WYTHE.
Fine.

D.C. Praise the mount, I'm fixed upon it! Mount of thy re-deem-ing love.



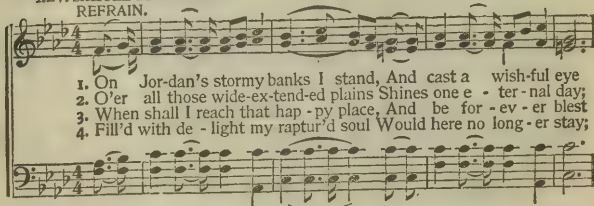
2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home;
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to bel
Let thy goodness, as a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,
Seal it for thy courts above.

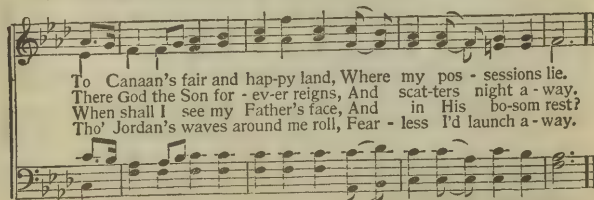
No. 280 I Am Bound for the Promised Land.

REV. SAMUEL STENNETT.
REFRAIN.

Arr. by H. N. L.



Ref.—I am bound for the promised land (promised land), I am bound for the promised land;

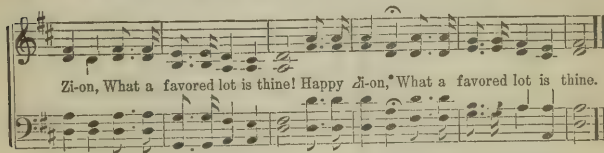
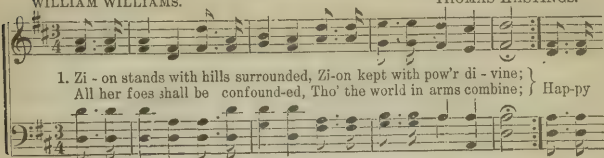


O who will come and go with me, I am bound for the promised land.

"Thou leadest thy people like a flock."—Ps. 77: 20.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

THOMAS HASTINGS.



2 Every human tie may perish,
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
Mothers cease their own to cherish,
Heaven and earth at last remove,
||: But no changes,
Can attend Jehovah's love. :||

3 In the furnace, God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee out more bright;
But can never cease to love thee,
Thou art precious in His sight;
||: God is with thee,
God, Thine everlasting light. :||

REV. THOMAS KELLY.

282. On the Mountain Top.

TUNE: Zion, No. 281.

1 On the mountain top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion, long in hostile lands;
||: Mourning captive
God Himself shall loose thy bands. :||

2 Has the night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful?
By thy sights and tears unmoved?
||: Cease thy mourning,
Zion still is well beloved. :||

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee,
He, Himself, appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee,
Here their boasts and triumphs end.
||: Great deliverance,
Zion's King will surely send. :||

4 Peace and joy shall now attend thee;
All thy warfare now is past;
God thy Saviour will defend thee,
Victory is theirs at last.
||: All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest. +||

REV. THOMAS KELLY.

283. Crown the Saviour.

TUNE: Zion, No. 281.

1 Look ye saints the sight is glorious,
See the Man of Sorrows now;
From the fight returned victorious,
Every knee to Him shall bow.
||: Crown Him, crown Him;
Crowns become the Victor's brow. :||

2 Crown the Saviour, angels, crown Him;
Rich the trophies, Jesus brings;
In the seat of power enthrone Him,
While the vault of heaven rings;
||: Crown Him, Crown Him,
Crown the Saviour King of kings. :||

3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,
Mocking thus their Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around Him,
Own His title, praise His name;
||: Crown Him, crown Him,
Spread abroad the Victor's fame. :||

4 Hark, what bursts of acclamation!
Hark, those loud triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station;
O what joy the sight affords.
||: Crown Him, crown Him,
King of kings, and Lord of lords. :||

REV. THOMAS KELLY.

284 ROCK OF AGES. 7s, 6 lines.

"The Lord is my defense, and my God is the rock of my refuge."—Psa. 94: 22.
REV. A. M. TOPLADY. 1776. DR. THOMAS HASTINGS. 1834.

Fine.

1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee!
D. C. Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.

D. C.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wounded side which flowed,

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no respite know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

Sinful though my heart be found,
Let Thy grace much more abound;
In the riches of Thy grace
Finds my soul its resting-place.

2 Righteous advocate with God,
Grant forgiveness through Thy blood;
In my heart I now believe,
Thy atonement I receive;
Freely with my mouth confess
Thee my Lord, my righteousness.

3 Trusting Thee, O Christ, my King,
Shall my soul Thy praises sing;
Saved by Thee, Thou holy one,—
Not by works which I have done,—
Heart and tongue confess again,
Thine the glory, Lord. Amen.

HENRY L. MOREHOUSE. 1873.

285. Friend of Sinners.

1 Friend of sinners, hear my plea,
God be merciful to me!

286. SWEETEST NAME. 8s & 7s.

GEORGE W. BETHUNE. 1858.

W. B. BRADBURY. 1816-1868.

Fine.

1. There is no name so sweet on earth, No name so sweet in heav - en,
The name be - fore His wondrous birth To Christ the Saviour (Omit...) giv - en.
D.C. For there's no word ear - ev - er heard So dear, so sweet as (Omit...) Je - sus.

REFRAIN.

D. C.

We love to sing a - round our King, And hail Him bless - ed Je - sus.

2 And when He hung upon the tree,
They wrote this name above Him
That all might see the reason we
For evermore must love Him.—REF.

3 So now, upon His Father's Throne,
Almighty to release us
From sin and pains, He ever reigns,
The Prince and Saviour Jesus.—REF.

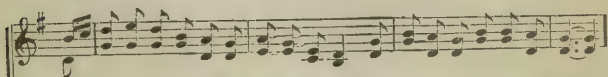
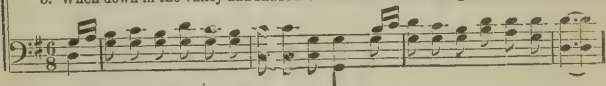
287 THE STORY THAT NEVER GROWS OLD.

JOHN H. YATES.

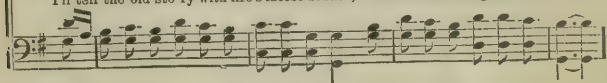
M. L. McPHAIL.



1. How dear to my heart is the sto-ry of old, The sto-ry that ev-er is new;
2. It came to my heart when all tattered by sin, I sat in the pris-on of doubt;
3. It comes to my soul when the tempter is nigh, With snares for my way-weary feet;
4. When sorrow is mine and on pillows of stone My aching head seeks for re-pose;
5. When down in the valley and shadow of death I enter the gloom and the grave.



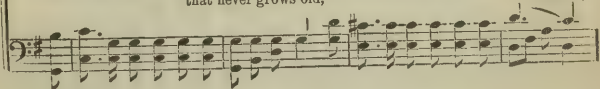
The message that saints of all a-ges have told, The message so ten-der and true.
Like an-gel of old, the glad sto-ry came in And let me tri-umph-ant-ly out.
It tells of the rock that is high-er than I, And leads to its blissful re - treat.
This sto-ry brings comfort and peace from the throne, My desert blooms forth like the rose.
I'll tell the old sto-ry with life's latest breath, Of Christ and His power to save.



REFRAIN.



The sto-ry that never grows old,..... Tho' o-ver and o-ver 'tis told;....
that never grows old, 'tis told;



The sto-ry so dear bringing heaven so near, Sweet sto-ry that nev-er grows old.



No. . WHITER THAN SNOW.

"Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow"—Psalm 51: 7.

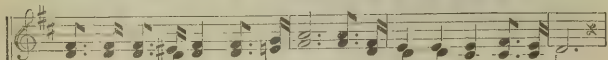
E. R. LATTA.

H. S. PERKINS, Mus. Doc.

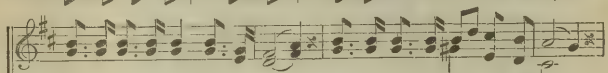
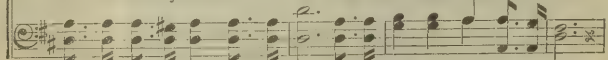
Moderato.



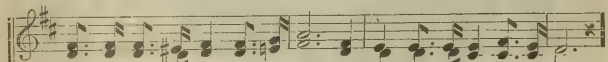
1. Bless-ed be the Fountain of blood, To a world of sin-ners re-vealed;
2. Thorn-y was the crown that He wore, And the cross His bod-y o'er-came,
3. Fa-ther, I have wandered from Thee, Oft-en has my heart gone a-stray;



Bless-ed be the dear Son of God, On-ly by His stripes we are healed.
Griev-ous were the sor-rows He bore, But He suf-fer'd thus not in vain.
Crim-son do my sins seem to me—Wa-ter can-not wash them a-way.



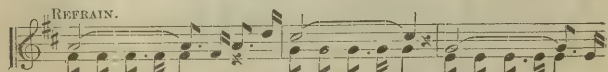
Tho'I've wander'd far from His fold, Bringing to my heart pain and woe,
May I to that Fountain be led, Made to cleanse my sins here be-low;
Je-sus to that Fountain of Thyne, Lean-ing on Thy promise I go;



Wash me in the Blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whiter than snow.
Wash me in the Blood that He shed, And I shall be whiter than snow.
Cleanse me by Thy washing di-vine, And I shall be whiter than snow.



REFRAIN.



Whit-er than the snow, Whit-er than the snow, Whit-er than the snow,
Whit-er than the snow, whit-er than the snow, Whit-er than the snow,



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WHITER THAN SNOW.

than the snow; whit - er than the snow; Wash me in the Blood of the the
 Wash me in the Blood of the the
 rit.
 Lamb, And I shall be whit - er than snow.
 Lamb, of the Lamb, And I shall be whit - er than snow, than snow.

No. 289.

LORD, I'M COMING HOME.

W. J. K.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

With feeling.

1. I've wandered far a - way from God, Now I'm coming home;
 2. I've wast - ed ma - ny pre - cious years, Now I'm coming home;
 3. I'm tired of sin and stray - ing, Lord, Now I'm coming home;
 4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm coming home;
 5. My on - ly hope, my on - ly plea, Now I'm coming home;
 6. I need His cleansing blood, I know, Now I'm coming home;

FINE.
 The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm coming home.
 I now re - pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm coming home.
 I'll trust Thy love, be - lieve Thy word, Lord, I'm coming home.
 My strength re - new, my hope re - store, Lord, I'm coming home.
 That Je - sus died, and died for me, Lord, I'm coming home.
 Oh, wash me whit - er than the snow, Lord, I'm coming home.

D.S.—O - pen wide Thine arms of love, Lord, I'm coming home.

CHORUS.

D.S.

Coming home, coming home, Nev - er more to roam;

G. F. R.

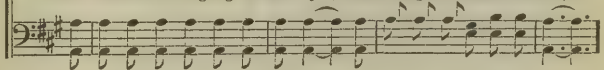
GEO. F. ROOT, by per.



1. Why do you wait, dear broth - er, Oh, why do you tar-ry so long?
2. What do you hope, dear broth - er, To gain by a fur-ther de - lay?
3. Do you not feel, dear broth - er, His Spir-it now striv-ing with - in?
4. Why do you wait, dear broth - er, The har-vest is pass-ing a - way,



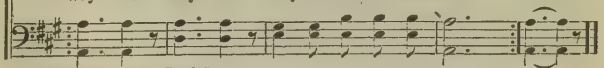
Your Sa-viour is wait-ing to give you A place in His sanc-ti-fied throng.
 There's no one to save you but Je - sus, There's no oth-er way but His way.
 Oh, why not ac-cept His sal - va - tion, And throw off the burd-en of sin?
 Your Sav-iour is long-ing to bless you, There's danger and death in de - lay?



CHORUS.



Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now? now?



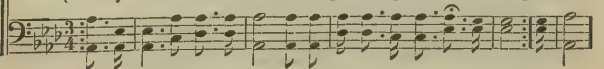
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FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.



1. { Saviour, more than life to me, I am clinging, clinging close to Thee;
 Let Thy precious blood applied, Keep me ev-er, ev-er near [Omit.] Thy side.
2. { Thro' this changing world below, Lead me gen-tly, gen-tly as I go;
 Trust-ing Thee, I can-not stray, I can nev-er, nev-er lose [Omit.] my way.
3. { Let me love Thee more and more, Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er;
 Till my soul is lost in love, In a brighter, brighter world [Omit.] a-bove



Copyright, 1903, by W. H. Doane.

Every Day and Hour.

CHORUS.

Ev-'ry day, ev-'ry hour, Let me feel Thy cleansing pow'r;
Ev-'ry day and hour, ev-'ry day and hour.

May Thy ten-der love to me Bind me clos-er, clos-er, Lord, to Thee.

292

Always Jesus.

F. J. C.

"My praise shall be continually of thee."—Ps. 71: 6.

W. H. DOANE.

Slow.

1. 'Tis our faith in Je-sus, Brings the promise near, 'Tis the love of Je-sus,
2. 'Tis the voice of Je-sus, Warns us ev-'ry day, 'Tis the blood of Je-sus,
3. 'Tis our trust in Je-sus, Makes us bold and brave, 'Tis our hope in Je-sus,
4. 'Tis the smile of Je-sus, Makes the clouds depart, 'Tis the eye of Je-sus,
5. 'Tis the ear of Je-sus, Bend-ing from the sky, Hears the prayers we offer—
6. On the arm of Je-sus, Sweet-ly we re-pose, From the side of Je-sus,

D. C.—Je-sus in our sor-rows, Je-sus in our song, O 'tis al-ways Je-sus,

1. 2. FINE. REFRAIN.
Con- quers ev-'ry fear; Takes our sins a-way.
Looks beyond the grave; Search-es ev-'ry heart. Je-sus in our tri- als,
Hears the mourner's cry; Liv- ing wa- ter flows.

[Omit.....] All our way a-long.

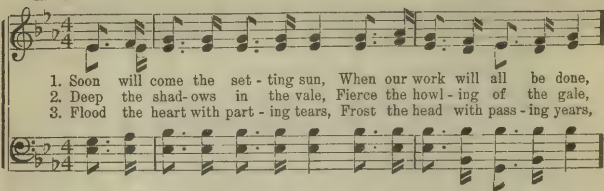
D. C. al Fine.

Je-sus in our cares, Je-sus in our prais-es, Je-sus in our prayers,

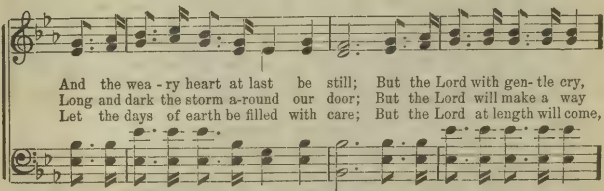
293. We'll Meet Each Other There.

R. L.

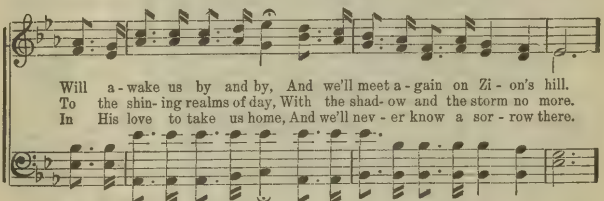
ROBERT LOWRY.



1. Soon will come the set - ting sun, When our work will all be done,
 2. Deep the shad - ows in the vale, Fierce the howl - ing of the gale,
 3. Flood the heart with part - ing tears, Frost the head with pass - ing years,

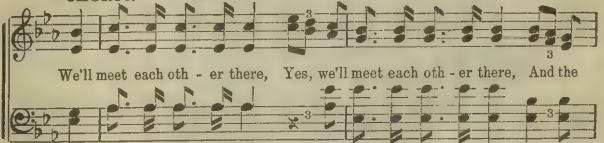


And the wea - ry heart at last be still; But the Lord with gen - tle cry,
 Long and dark the storm a - round our door; But the Lord will make a way
 Let the days of earth be filled with care; But the Lord at length will come,

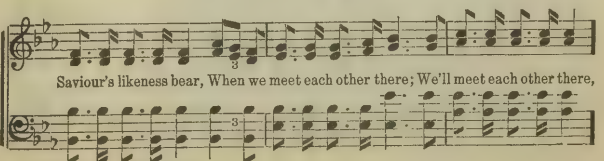


Will a - wake us by and by, And we'll meet a - gain on Zi - on's hill.
 To the shin - ing realms of day, With the shad - ow and the storm no more.
 In His love to take us home, And we'll nev - er know a sor - row there.

CHORUS.



We'll meet each oth - er there, Yes, we'll meet each oth - er there, And the



Saviour's likeness bear, When we meet each other there; We'll meet each other there,

We'll Meet Each Other There.

Yes, we'll meet each other there, And His glo - ry we shall share.
glo-ry, and His glo-ry

No. 294. Beyond the Dark Sea.

Unknown.

"And so it came to pass that they all escaped safe to land."

KNOWLES SHAW.

1. I am wea - ry, I'm fainting, my day's work is done; I am watch-ing, I'm
2. The cold surg-ing bil-lows that dash at my feet, Have lost all their
3. Come, lov - ing Re-deem-er, and take to Thy breast The heart that is
4. I'll lay my life's burdens, dear Lord, at Thy feet; For loved ones are

wait-ing for life's sinking sun; The shad-ows are stretching a - far o'er the
ter - ror, their mu - sic is sweet; My Sav - iour is still-ing the tem - pest for
pant-ing and sigh - ing for rest; Blest Sav - iour, I'm watching and wait-ing for
watching my spir - it to greet; The por - tals of glo - ry are ope - ning for

CHORUS.

lea; Then, oh, let me an-chor be-yond the dark sea! Be-yond the sea,
me; Then, oh, let me an-chor be-yond the dark sea!
Thee; Then, oh, let me an-chor be-yond the dark sea!
me; Then, oh, let me an-chor be-yond the dark sea! Be-yond the dark sea,

Be - yond the sea! Then, oh, let me an-chor be-yond the dark sea!
Be - yond the dark sea!

295.

PASS ME NOT.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

* M. H. B. H.
852. 381.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Pass me not, O gen-tle Sav-iour, Hear my humble cry; While on
 2. Let me at a throne of mer-cy Find a sweet re-lief; Kneel-ing
 3. Trust-ing on-ly in Thy mer-it, Would I seek Thy face; Heal my
 4. Thou the spring of all my com-fort, More than life to me, Whom have

CHORUS.

oth-ers Thou art smil-ing, Do not pass me by.
 there in deep con-tri-tion, Help my un-be-lief.
 wounded, bro-ken spir-it, Save me by Thy grace. } Sav-iour, Sav-iour,
 I on earth beside Thee? Whom in heav'n but Thee.

Hear my humble cry, While on others Thou art calling, Do not pass me by.

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296

Christ, My Rock.

BERTHA J. MASON.

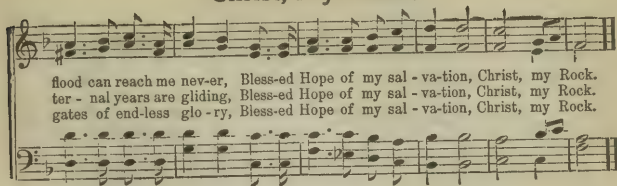
W. H. DOANE.

1. I will sing of my sal-va-tion, Christ, my Rock; On the on-ly sure foun-
 2. I will praise the pow'r that holds me, Christ, my Rock; I will sing the love that
 3. On the tow'ring heights re-pos-ing, Christ, my Rock; When these eyes on earth are

da-tion, Christ, my Rock; I have built my house for-ev-er, Where the
 folds me, Christ, my Rock; Sol-id Rock un-moved, a-bid-ing, While e-
 clos-ing, Christ, my Rock; Then my soul shall waft the sto-ry, Thro' the

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Christ, My Rock.



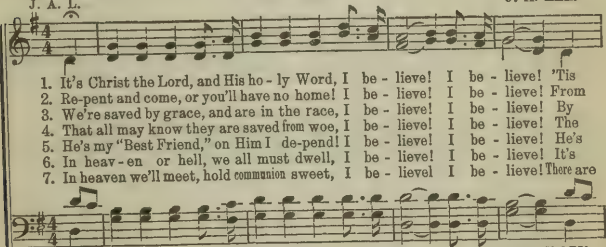
flood can reach me nev-er, Bless-ed Hope of my sal - va-tion, Christ, my Rock.
 ter - nal years are gliding, Bless-ed Hope of my sal - va-tion, Christ, my Rock.
 gates of end-less glo - ry, Bless-ed Hope of my sal - va-tion, Christ, my Rock.

No. 297.

I BELIEVE.

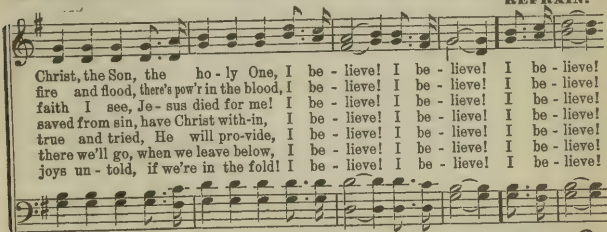
J. A. L.

J. A. LEE.

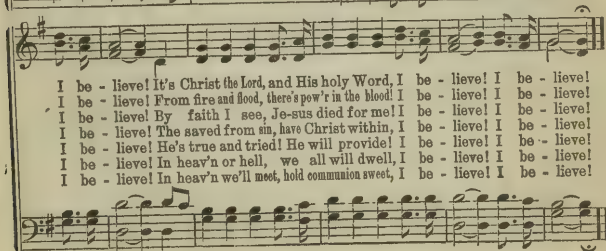


1. It's Christ the Lord, and His ho - ly Word, I be - lieve! I be - lieve! 'Tis
2. Re-pent and come, or you'll have no home! I be - lieve! I be - lieve! From
3. We're saved by grace, and are in the race, I be - lieve! I be - lieve! By
4. That all may know they are saved from woe, I be - lieve! I be - lieve! The
5. He's my "Best Friend," on Him I de-pend! I be - lieve! I be - lieve! He's
6. In heav-en or hell, we all must dwell, I be - lieve! I be - lieve! It's
7. In heaven we'll meet, hold communion sweet, I be - lieve! I be - lieve! There are

REFRAIN.



Christ, the Son, the ho - ly One, I be - lieve! I be - lieve! I be - lieve!
 fire and flood, there's pow'r in the blood, I be - lieve! I be - lieve! I be - lieve!
 faith I see, Je - sus died for me! I be - lieve! I be - lieve! I be - lieve!
 saved from sin, have Christ with-in, I be - lieve! I be - lieve! I be - lieve!
 true and tried, He will pro-vide, I be - lieve! I be - lieve! I be - lieve!
 there we'll go, when we leave below, I be - lieve! I be - lieve! I be - lieve!
 joys un - told, if we're in the fold! I be - lieve! I be - lieve! I be - lieve!



I be - lieve! It's Christ the Lord, and His holy Word, I be - lieve! I be - lieve!
 I be - lieve! From fire and flood, there's pow'r in the blood! I be - lieve! I be - lieve!
 I be - lieve! By faith I see, Je-sus died for me! I be - lieve! I be - lieve!
 I be - lieve! The saved from sin, have Christ within, I be - lieve! I be - lieve!
 I be - lieve! He's true and tried! He will provide! I be - lieve! I be - lieve!
 I be - lieve! In heav'n or hell, we all will dwell, I be - lieve! I be - lieve!
 I be - lieve! In heav'n we'll meet, hold communion sweet, I be - lieve! I be - lieve!

Special Songs.

No. 298. GOOD-BY, "OLD BOOZE," GOOD-BY.

J. W. R.

J. W. REAMS.

1. Good-by, "old booze," fare-well for aye, Good-by, "old booze," good-by;
 2. You've robbed our homes of peace and joy, Good-by, "old booze," good-by;
 3. Our homes of joy will hap-py be Good-by, "old booze," good-by;
 4. Our sa-cred laws you have de-fied, Good-by, "old booze," good-by;
 5. Our fa-ther's boys we will pro-tect, Good-by, "old booze," good-by;
 6. Our church and school we will pro-mote, Good-by, "old booze," good-by;

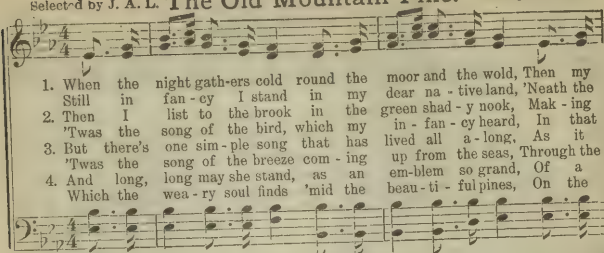
In this {^{new}
old} State you can-not stay, Good-by, "old booze," good-by.
 Our boys no more you shall de-stroy, Good-by, "old booze," good-by.
 When from sa-loons we shall be free, Good-by, "old booze," good-by.
 No long-er here can you a-bide, Good-by, "old booze," good-by.
 Our moth-ers and sis-ters re-spect, Good-by, "old booze," good-by.
 For God and home we cast our vote, Good-by, "old booze," good-by.

REFRAIN.

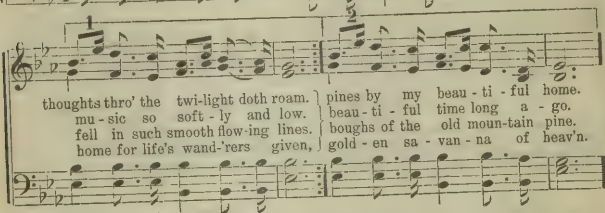
Good-by, "old booze," good-by,..... Good-by, "old booze," good-by;.....
 good-by, good-by;

In this {^{new}
old} State you can-not stay, Good-by, "old booze," good-by.
 good-by.

Select-d by J. A. L. **The Old Mountain Pine.** Arr. by F. L. B.

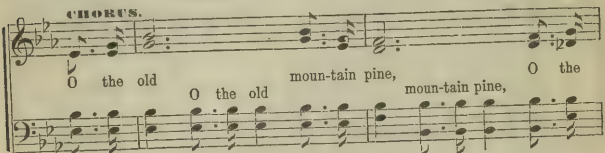


1. When the night gath-ers cold round the moor and the wold, Then my
Still in fan-cy I stand in my dear na-tive land, 'Neath the
2. Then I list to the brook in the green shad-y nook, Mak-ing
'Twas the song of the bird, which my in-fan-cy heard, In that
3. But there's one sim-ple song that has lived all a-long, As it
'Twas the song of the breeze com-ing up from the seas, Through the
4. And long, long may she stand, as an em-blem so grand, Of a
Which the wea-ry soul finds 'mid the beau-ti-ful pines, On the

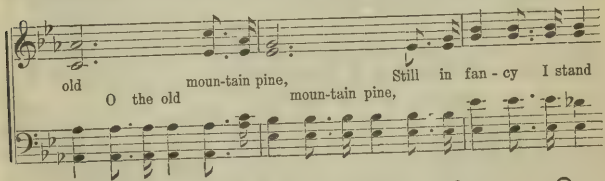


thoughts thro' the twi-light doth roam. } pines by my beau-ti-ful home.
mu-sic so soft-ly and low. } beau-ti-ful time long a-go.
fell in such smooth flow-ing lines. } boughs of the old moun-tain pine.
home for life's wand-ers given, } gold-en sa-van-na of heav'n.

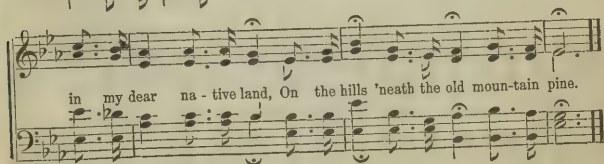
CHORUS.



O the old moun-tain pine, O the



old O the old moun-tain pine, Still in fan-cy I stand
O the old moun-tain pine,



in my dear na-tive land, On the hills 'neath the old moun-tain pine.

No. 300. Little Minnie O'er the River.

S. M.

SUITABLE FOR CONCERTS.

1. Lit - tle Min-nie, o'er the riv-er, is at home With her Saviour and her Giver,
 2. Lit - tle Min-nie, o'er the riv-er, here below O we miss you as we jour-ney
 3. Lit - tle Min-nie, o'er the riv-er, gone before, Shall we meet you when the storms of

ne'er to roam ; Where the golden gates are swinging, There with angels she is singing;
 to and fro ! But we hope in heav'n to meet you, With the seraph band to greet you,
 life are o'er ? When we've left this world forever, And have crossed the silver river,

CHORUS.

Minnie, dar-ling, o'er the river, Is at home.
 Clad in garments pure and spotless As the snow. We shall all join our Minnie o-ver
 Will you greet us, Minnie, on the other shore ?

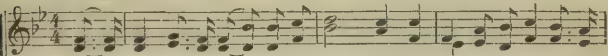
there, If the gates are left a-jar o-ver there; While our tribute we are
 over there, over there,

bringing, And with angels we are singing, Heav'nly music will be ringing, Over there-

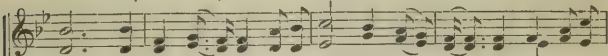
No. 301. The Little Brown Church.

Fourth verse by M. L. WILEY.

Words and Music by WM. S. PITTS.



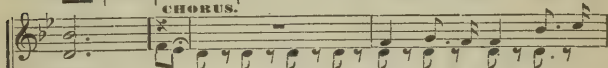
1. There's a church in the valley by the wild - wood, No love-li - er place in the
2. How sweet, on a bright Sabbath morn - ing, To list to the clear ringing
3. There, close by the church in the val - ley, Lies one that I lov - ed so
4. O there by the side of that loved one, 'Neath the trees where the wild flow'rs



dale, No spot is so dear to my child-hood As the little brown church in the
bell; Its tones so sweet-ly are call - ing, O come to the church in the
well; She sleeps, sweetly sleeps 'neath the wil-low, Dis - turb not her rest in the
bloom; Where the farewell hymn shall be chanted, I shall rest by her side in the

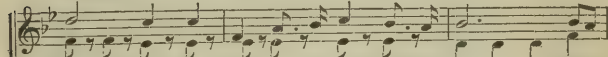
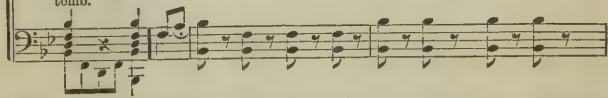


CHORUS.

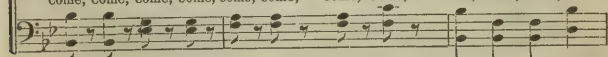


vale.
vale.
vale.
tomb.

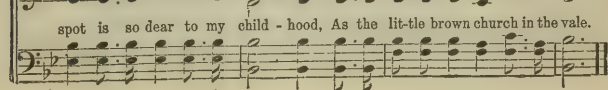
O come, come, come, come, Come to the church by the
come, come, come, come,



wild - wood, O come to the church in the vale; No
come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, No



spot is so dear to my child - hood, As the lit-tle brown church in the vale.




No. 302.

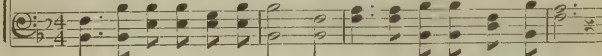
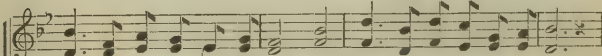
Phantom Footsteps.

H. C. W.

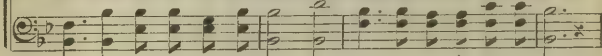

H. C. W.




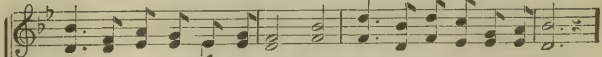
1. Child - ish foot-steps, just be-hind her, Soft - ly pat - ter on the green,
 2. Sob - bing still, but nev - er lag - ging, Soon she en - ters at the gate,
 3. Half her night is spent in weep - ing, Ere she can for - get her cares;

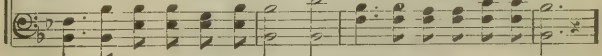
Back she glan - ces; tears may blind her, But no lit - tle one is seen;
 And be - fore her, on the flag - ging, Sees the sym - bols of her fate;
 Is there not an in - fant creep - ing— Creep - ing slow - ly up the stairs?

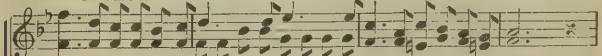
Blanched, as by an ill ap - pall - ing, Home in ter - ror has - tens she;
 Ti - ny foot - prints, plainly speak - ing Of the salt and foam - y sea;
 Ven - turing thith - er in her yearn - ing, On - ly shad - ows can she see;

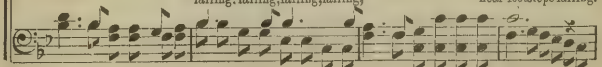
While a ba - by voice is call - ing, "Moth - er! moth - er! wait for me."
 Hark! was that the door - hinge creak - ing? "Moth - er! moth - er! wait for me."
 But she hears the cry while turn - ing, "Moth - er! moth - er! wait for me."



CHORUS.



Phantom footsteps! hear them fall - ing, fall - ing, Now wherever she may be!
 falling, falling, falling, falling, hear footsteps falling!



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Phantom Footsteps.

While a ba-by voice is call ing, "Moth-er! moth-er! wait for me,"
calling, calling, calling, calling,

303. How Firm a Foundation.

"The Lord is my defence, and my God is the Rock of my refuge."—Psa. 94: 22.

G. KEITH.

Old Melody.

1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
2. In ev-'ry con-di-tion, in sick-ness, in health, In pov-er-ty's
3. Fear not, I am with you, O be not dis-mayed; I, I am your
4. When thro' the deep wa-ters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of
5. When thro' fier-y tri-als thy path-way shall lie, My grace all-suf-
6. E'en down to old age all my peo-ple shall prove My sov-er-ign, e-
7. The soul that on Je-sus hath leaned for re-pose, I will not, I

faith in His ex-cel-lent word; What more can He say than to
vale, or a-bound-ing in wealth; At home, and a-broad, on the
God, and will still give you aid; I'll strengthen you, help you, and
woe shall not thee o-ver-flow; For I will be with thee, thy
fi-cient shall be thy sup-ply; The flame shall not harm thee; I
ter-nal, un-change-a-ble love; And when hoar-y hairs shall their
will not de-sert to its foes; That soul, tho' all hell should en-

you He hath said, Ye who un-to Je-sus for ref-uge have fled?
land, on the sea—As your days may de-mand, shall thy strength ev-er be.
cause you to stand, Up-held by my right-eous, om-ni-p-o-tent hand.
troub-les to bless, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress.
on-ly de-sign Thy dross to con-sume, and thy gold to re-fine.
tem-ples a-dorn, Like lambs they shall still in my bos-om be borne.
deav-or to shake, I'll nev-er, no nev-er, no nev-er for-sake.

No. 304. The Little Ones at Home.

C. T. L.

C. T. L.

1. I am thinking of the home a-mong my na-tive hills, And tho' a-far thro'
2. The moon looks mildly down, the same as oft be-fore, And bathes the earth in
3. May guard-ian an-gels still their vig-ils o'er thee keep, May heaven's choicest

distant lands I roam, The mem'ries of the past my heart with longing fills, To
floods of mellow light; But its beams are not so bright upon this lonely shore, As they
blessings on thee rest; Till I am safely borne a-cross the stormy deep, And

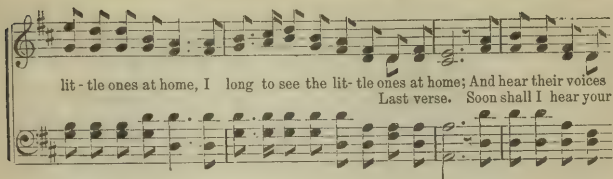
see the darling little ones at home. Ah! now their forms I seem to see, Far o'er the
seemed at home one year ago to-night. Sadly my heart still turns to thee, Wher-ever
meet again with those I love the best. Soon, soon your fa-cies I shall see, Never, never-

rolling o-ccean's foam; And hear their voices ringing in mer-ry childish glee,
I may chance to roam; I hear your voices ring-ing in mer-ry childish glee,
more from thee to roam; Soon shall I hear your voices in mer-ry childish glee,

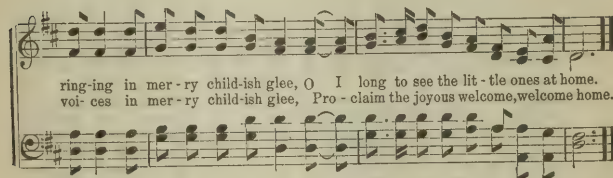
CHORUS.

O I long to see the lit-tle ones at home. }
O I long to see the lit-tle ones at home. } The lit-tle ones at home, the
Pro-claim the joyous, welcome, welcome home.

The Little Ones at Home.



lit - tle ones at home, I long to see the lit - tle ones at home; And hear their voices
Last verse. Soon shall I hear your

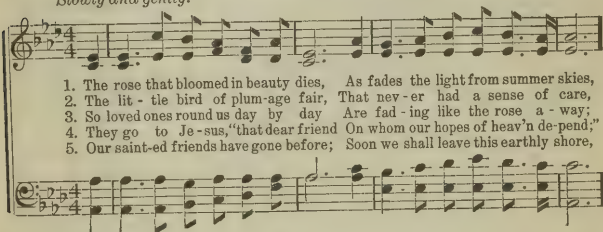


ring - ing in mer - ry child - ish glee, O I long to see the lit - tle ones at home.
voi - ces in mer - ry child - ish glee, Pro - claim the joyous welcome, welcome home.

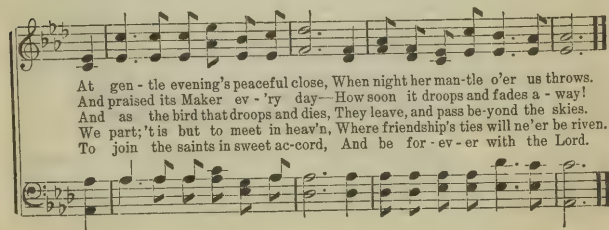
No. 305. The Rose that Bloomed.

"The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away."—1 PET. 1: 24.

Rev. FRANK POLLOCK. (FOR A CHILD'S FUNERAL) CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.
Slowly and gently.



1. The rose that bloomed in beauty dies, As fades the light from summer skies,
2. The lit - tle bird of plum - age fair, That nev - er had a sense of care,
3. So loved ones round us day by day Are fad - ing like the rose a - way;
4. They go to Je - sus, "that dear friend On whom our hopes of heav'n de - pend;"
5. Our saint - ed friends have gone before; Soon we shall leave this earthly shore,

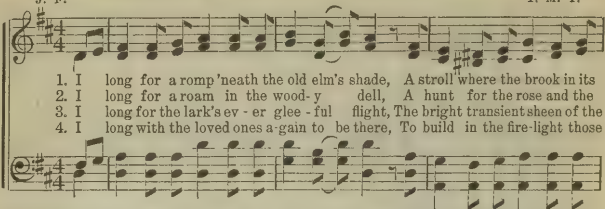


At gen - tle evening's peaceful close, When night her man - tle o'er us throws.
And praised its Maker ev - 'ry day—How soon it droops and fades a - way!
And as the bird that droops and dies, They leave, and pass be - yond the skies.
We part 'tis but to meet in heav'n, Where friendship's ties will ne'er be riven.
To join the saints in sweet ac - cord, And be for - ev - er with the Lord.

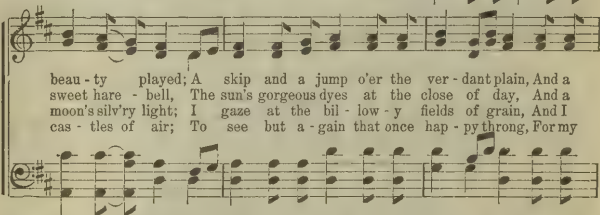
No. 306. Pining for the Old Fireside.

J. F.

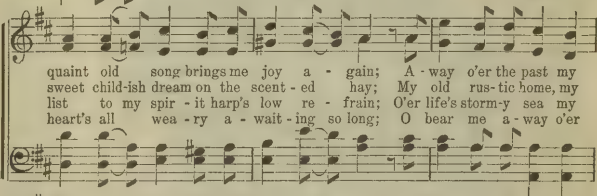
T. M. T.



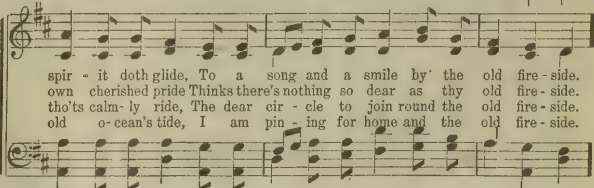
1. I long for a romp 'neath the old elm's shade, A stroll where the brook in its
 2. I long for a roam in the wood-y dell, A hunt for the rose and the
 3. I long for the lark's ev-er glee-ful flight, The bright transient sheen of the
 4. I long with the loved ones a-gain to be there, To build in the fire-light those



beau-ty played; A skip and a jump o'er the ver-dant plain, And a
 sweet hare-bell, The sun's gorgeous dyes at the close of day, And a
 moon's silv'ry light; I gaze at the bil-low-y fields of grain, And I
 cas-tles of air; To see but a-gain that once hap-py throng, For my

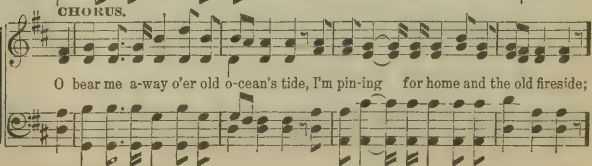


quaint old song brings me joy a-gain; A-way o'er the past my
 sweet child-ish dream on the scent-ed hay; My old rus-tic home, my
 list to my spir-it harp's low re-frain; O'er life's storm-y sea my
 heart's all wea-ry a-wait-ing so long; O bear me a-way o'er



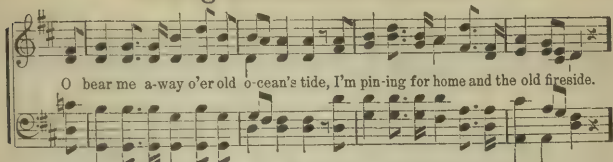
spir-it doth glide, To a song and a smile by the old fire-side.
 own cherished pride Thinks there's nothing so dear as thy old fire-side.
 tho'ts calm-ly ride, The dear cir-cle to join round the old fire-side.
 old o-cean's tide, I am pin-ing for home and the old fire-side.

CHORUS.



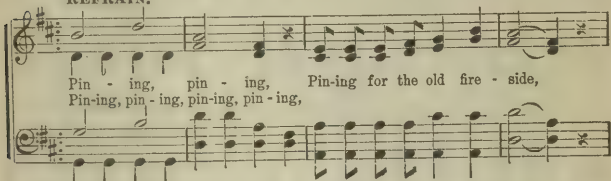
O bear me a-way o'er old o-cean's tide, I'm pin-ing for home and the old fireside;

Pining for the Old Fireside.

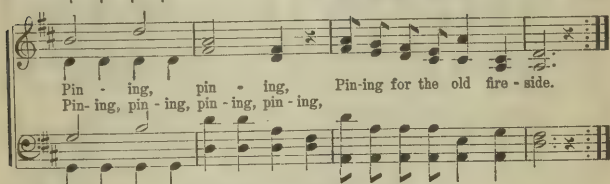


O bear me a-way o'er old o-c-ean's tide, I'm pin-ing for home and the old fireside.

REFRAIN.



Pin - ing, pin - ing, Pin-ing for the old fire - side,
Pin-ing, pin - ing, pin-ing, pin - ing,



Pin - ing, pin - ing, Pin-ing for the old fire - side.
Pin-ing, pin - ing, pin - ing, pin - ing,

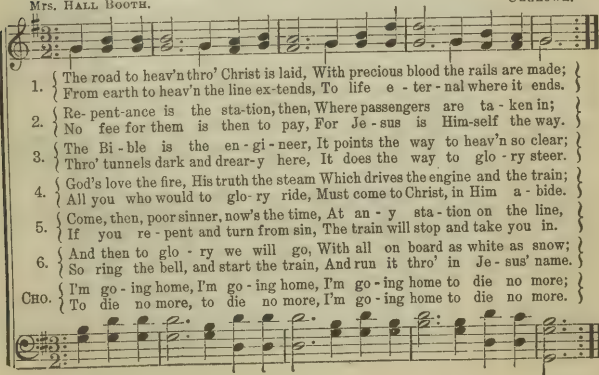
307.

The Gospel Railroad.

"With gladness—they shall enter into the King's palace."—Ps. 48: 15.

Mrs. HALL BOOTH.

Unknown.

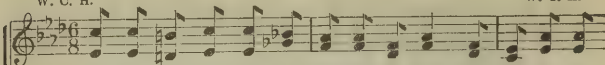


1. { The road to heav'n thro' Christ is laid, With precious blood the rails are made; }
2. { From earth to heav'n the line ex-tends, To life e - ter - nal where it ends. }
3. { Re - pent-ance is the sta-tion, then, Where passengers are ta - ken in; }
4. { No fee for them is then to pay, For Je - sus is Him-self the way. }
5. { The Bi - ble is the en - gi - neer, It points the way to heav'n so clear; }
6. { Thro' tunnels dark and drear-y here, It does the way to glo - ry steer. }
7. { God's love the fire, His truth the steam Which drives the engine and the train; }
8. { All you who would to glo - ry ride, Must come to Christ, in Him a - bide. }
9. { Come, then, poorsinner, now's the time, At an - y sta - tion on the line, }
10. { If you re - pent and turn from sin, The train will stop and take you in. }
11. { And then to glo - ry we will go, With all on board as white as snow; }
12. { So ring the bell, and start the train, And run it thro' in Je - sus' name. }
CHOR. { I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home to die no more; }
CHOR. { To die no more, to die no more, I'm go - ing home to die no more. }

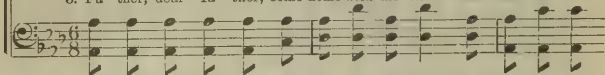
No. 308. Come Home, Father.

W. C. H.

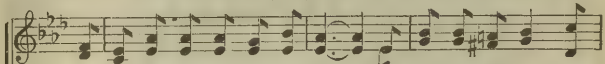
W. C. H.



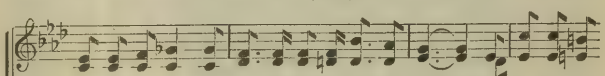
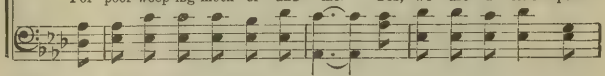
1. Fa - ther, dear fa - ther, come home with me now! The clock in the
2. Fa - ther, dear fa - ther, come home with me now! The clock in the
3. Fa - ther, dear fa - ther, come home with me now! The clock in the



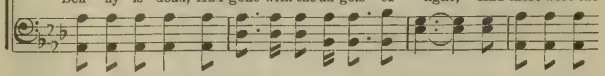
stee - ple strikes one; You said you were com - ing right home from the shop
stee - ple strikes two; The night has grown cold - er, and Ben - ny is worse—
stee - ple strikes three; The house is so lone - ly—the hours are so long—



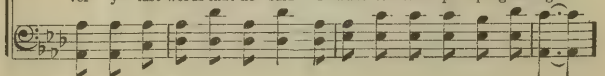
As soon as your day's work was done. Our fire has gone out— our
But he has been call - ing for you. In - deed he is worse— Ma
For poor weep - ing moth - er and me. Yes, we are a - lone— poor



house is all dark—And mother's been watching since tea, With poor brother
says he will die, Per - haps be - fore mornings shall dawn; And this is the
Ben - ny is dead, And gone with the an - gels of light; And these were the



Ben - ny so sick in her arms, And no one to help her but me.
mes - sage she sent me to bring—“Come quickly, or he will be gone.”
ver - y last words that he said—“I want to kiss pa - pa good - night.”



Come Home, Father.

Come home! come home! come home! Please, fa - ther, dear fa - ther, come home!

CHORUS.

Hear the sweet voice of the child, . . . Which the night-winds repeat as they roam!

O who could resist this most plaintive of pray'rs? Please, father, dear father, come home!

309

Farewell, Mother.*

(FOR FUNERALS.)

C. E. L.

C. E. LESLIE.

1. Fare-well, moth-er, fare-well, moth-er, Peace-ful be thy si - lent rest;
 2. Fare-well, moth-er, fare-well, moth-er, Thou hast loved us long and well;
 3. Fare-well, moth-er, fare-well, moth-er, We must say our last fare-well,

Slum - ber sweet - ly, God knew best When to call thee home to rest.
 How we miss thee none can tell; Je - sus called thee, all is well.
 Till we meet be - yond the riv - er, Hap - py there with thee to dwell.

*May change words to father, brother or sister.

No. 310.

Little Jessie.

J. A. BUTTERFIELD.

Andante con Affettuoso.

1. Have you seen my lit-tle Jessie? With her face so wondrous fair, With the love-light
 2. To her dimpled cheek the fairies Nightly brought their choicest flowers, To her laughing
 3. They but mock me when they tell me—They have robed and laid her there—Paled her cheek and
 4. Still she comes not! shall I never, Down the pathway, thro' the lane, See her swift feet

D. S.—By the love-light

Fine.

in her blue eyes, And the sunlight in her hair? In the spring-time, when I left her
 eyes the brownies Gave their mischief-making pow'rs, Round her lips in beauty gathered
 twined immortelles In the glo-ry of her hair? She is wait-ing for me, hiding,
 fly to meet me? Clasp her in my arms again? Still she comes not! but her presence

In the spring - time
 Round her lips find
 She is wait - ing
 But her pres - ence

in her blue eyes, And the sun-light in her hair.

She was radiant as the dawn; Ere the spring-time flow'rs had faded, I returned, but
 All that witching is and rare, Little Jessie, have you seen her? You would know her
 Still she hides I know not where; Surely, surely, you have seen her? You would know her
 Shall be near me ev'ry-where; And I know, what'e'r betide me, I shall know and

Ere the flow'rs fade
 Have you seen her?
 You have seen her,
 And I feel that

CHORUS.

D. S.

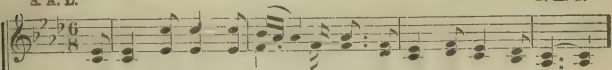
she was gone? Little Jessie, have you seen her, You would know her any-where,
 an - y-where!
 an - y-where!
 love her there!

Darling little Jessie, know her any-where,

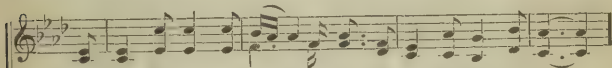
No. 311. Go Open Wide the Door, Mother.

S. A. L.

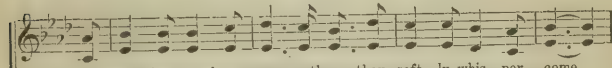
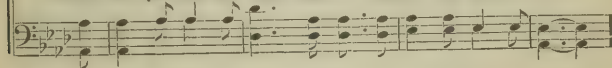
G. H. G.



1. Go o - pen wide the door, moth-er, and let the an - gels in!
2. I know that death has come, moth-er, his hand is on my brow;
3. I now must say fare-well, moth-er, for I am go - ing home,



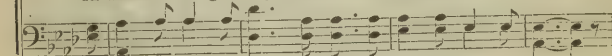
They are so bright and fair, moth-er, so pure and free from sin;
 You can - not keep me here, moth-er, for I must leave you now;
 Now o - pen wide the door, moth-er, and let the an - gels come;



I heard them speak my name, mother, they soft - ly whis - per, come,
 The room is grow - ing dark, mother, I thought I heard you weep,
 And let them bear me home, mother, up in that world of love,



O let the an - gels in, moth-er, they've come to take me home.
 'Tis ver - y sweet to die, moth-er, like sink - ing in - to sleep.
 'Tis where the an - gels stay, moth-er, that brighter world a - bove.



D. S.—O let the an - gels in, moth-er, they've come to take me home.



O - pen wide the door, let the an - gels in,



No. 312. The World is Growing Better.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. Oh, the gos - pel light is spread - ing o - ver all the earth to - day,
2. In all Christ - ian lands and na - tions wars and bat - tles soon will cease,
3. With the steam and with the light - ning God is build - ing all the lands,
4. Yes, the bless - ed gos - pel sun - shine o - ver all lands will soon be,

Gos - pel truth is be - ing preached in ev - 'ry clime, (ev - 'ry clime);
 Soon Mil - len - ni - um will ring her joy - ful chime, (joy - ful chime);
 Brush - ing off the dust - y a - ges' dust and grime, (dust and grime);
 Tho' the ser - pent o - ver some may leave his slime, (leave his slime);

All the heath - en walls are bro - ken and the bars are giv - ing way, And the
 E - ven now we see the dawn - ing of a u - ni - ver - sal peace, And the
 Un - to oth - er lands in trou - ble we are hold - ing out our hands, And the
 Yet we're trust - ing in our Sav - iour who can bruise the serpent's head, O the

CHORUS.

world is grow - ing bet - ter all the time, (yes, all the time). Yes, the world is grow - ing

bet - ter all the time, Ris - ing up - ward toward her des - ti - ny sub -
 grow - ing bet - ter all the time, her

The World is Growing Better. Concluded.

lime;
des - ti-ny sub-lime;

Tho' some peo-ple may say "nay," Yet no mat-ter what they say,

This old world is grow-ing bet-ter all the time, (yes, all the time).

No. 313.

We're On Our Way.

J. A. L.

J. A. LEE.

1. We're on our way to heav'n a-bove, Being guided by our Saviour's hand; To meet the
2. Oh, Beu - lah Land, by faith I see, When Jesus there will welcome me; He'll lend to
3. That land is there for all who'll come, And aim thro' Christ to reach that home; Just make the

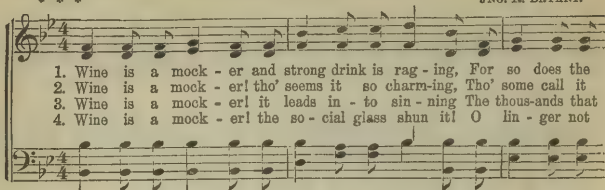
Fine. CHORUS.

ones we dear-ly love, Just o - ver in the Beu-lah Land.
us a help-ing hand, To help us reach that Beu-lah Land. If in that Beu-lah
sin-ner's earnest pray'r, And start for Beu-lah Land so fair.

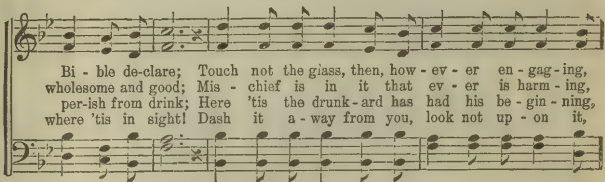
D. S. That we in Beu-lah Land might be.

D. S.

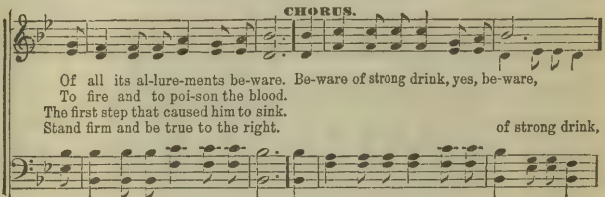
Land you'd dwell, Just trust in Christ and all is well; He paid the debt for you and me,



1. Wine is a mock - er and strong drink is rag - ing, For so does the
 2. Wine is a mock - er! tho' seems it so charm - ing, Tho' some call it
 3. Wine is a mock - er! it leads in - to sin - ning The thous - ands that
 4. Wine is a mock - er! the so - cial glass shun it! O lin - ger not

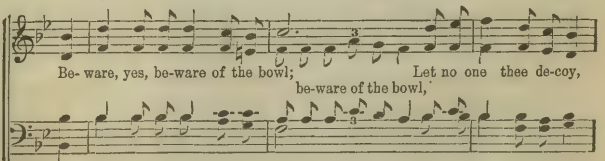


Bi - ble de - clare; Touch not the glass, then, how - ev - er en - gag - ing,
 wholesome and good; Mis - chief is in it that ev - er is harm - ing,
 per - ish from drink; Here 'tis the drunk - ard has had his be - gin - ning,
 where 'tis in sight! Dash it a - way from you, look not up - on it,

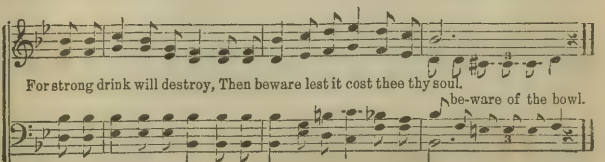


CHORUS.

Of all its al - lure - ments be - ware. Be - ware of strong drink, yes, be - ware,
 To fire and to poi - son the blood.
 The first step that caused him to sink.
 Stand firm and be true to the right. of strong drink,



Be - ware, yes, be - ware of the bowl; Let no one thee de - coy,
 be - ware of the bowl,



For strong drink will destroy, Then beware lest it cost thee thy soul.
 be - ware of the bowl.

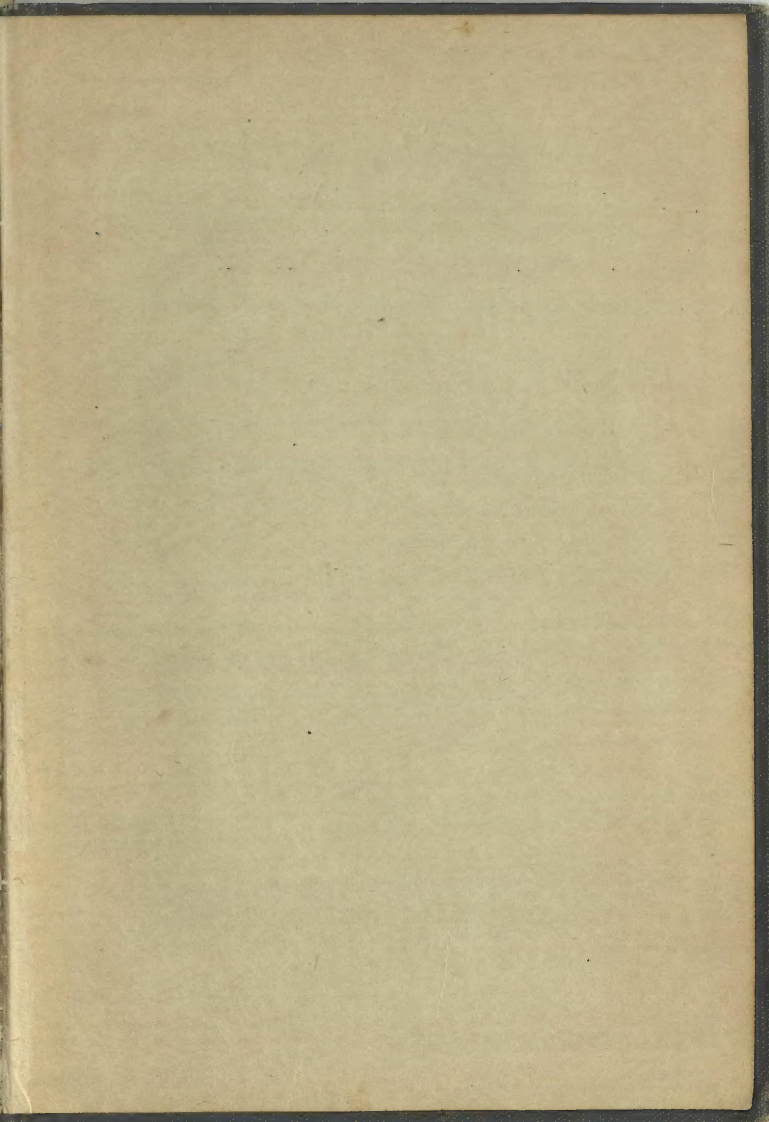
INDEX.

A Better Home.....	18
Abide with Me (old).....	222
Abide with Me (new).....	208
All for Jesus.....	225
A Glimpse of Jesus.....	160
All Hail the Power!.....	240
A Shelter in the Time of Storm.....	118
Asleep in Jesus.....	251
All the Day in Sweet Communion.....	208
All the Way with Jesus.....	189
All Taken Away.....	51
All to Christ I Owe.....	106
Always Jesus.....	232
Amazing Grace.....	185
Am I a Soldier?.....	268
Are You Staying?.....	69
Are You Walking?.....	130
Are You Washed?.....	54
Arlington.....	266
At the Setting of the Sun.....	21
At the Sounding of Trumpet.....	89
Awake! My Soul, Stretch Every Nerve.....	127
Awake! My Soul to Joyful Lays.....	265
Beautiful Home.....	24
Be a Little Sunbeam.....	56
Baptism.....	200
Beulah Land.....	73
Be Sure to Make Somebody Happy.....	199
Beware of the Bowl.....	314
Beyond.....	27
Beyond the Dark Sea.....	294
Beyond this Sphere.....	29
Blessed Be the Name.....	234
Blest Be the Tie.....	119
Building on the Rock.....	161
Calling for Me.....	30
Calling Me Over the Tide.....	100
Can a Boy Forget?.....	242
Can We Count on You?.....	92
Christ is the Saviour I Need.....	177
Christ My Rock.....	296
City of the Jasper Wall.....	76
City of the Golden Street.....	15
Come and Join Us.....	121
Come Every Soul by Sin Oppressed.....	98
Come Holy Spirit.....	136
Come Home, Father.....	308
Come, Humble Sinner.....	137
Come, Let Us.....	128
Come, Sinner, Come.....	213
Come to Jesus.....	237
Come, Thou Almighty King.....	260
Come, Thou Fount.....	279
Come to the Cross.....	186
Come, We that Love the Lord.....	95
Cross and Crown.....	259
Crown the Saviour.....	283
Depth of Mercy.....	235
Did Christ O'er Sinners Weep?.....	227
Dying from Home.....	67
Early Let Us Seek Him.....	162
Enough for Me.....	110
Enter the Beautiful Gate.....	12
Every Day and Hour.....	291
Farewell! Mother.....	309
Forever Here, My Rest.....	269
Friend of Sinners.....	285
From All that Day's Calling.....	229
From All the Dark Places.....	37
From Every Stormy Wind.....	133
From Greenland's Icy Mountain.....	239
Give Me Jesus.....	205
Glory to His Name.....	216
Glory in the Cross.....	231
Go and Speak to the Captain.....	149
Go, Open Wide the Door.....	311
God Be with You.....	62
God Will Hear Me.....	152
Good-By, "Old Bonze," Good-By.....	298
Grace, 'Tis a Charming.....	255
Guide Me.....	23
Happy Day.....	181
Happy Pilgrims.....	210
Hark! A Voice is Calling.....	20
Hark! The Gentle Voice.....	219
Harvesters Needed.....	34
Hear Him Calling.....	69
Heaven Is My Home.....	275
He Came to Save Me.....	236
Higher Ground.....	191

He Leadeth Me.....	217
He's Just the Same Today.....	63
His Way with Thee.....	221
Home Over There.....	46
How Firm a Foundation.....	303
How Great Is Thy Love.....	159
How Sweet the Name.....	270
How Tedious and Tasteless.....	234
I Am Bound for the Promised Land.....	280
I Am Coming Blessed.....	42
I Am Coming to the Cross.....	120
I Am Longing.....	18
I Am Resolved.....	87
I Am the Vine.....	2
I Belong to the Saviour.....	47
I Can Not Let Him Go.....	53
I Go To.....	125
I Go to Prepare a Place.....	9
I Have a Father.....	5
I Have Found a New Home.....	9
I Have No Mother Now.....	181
I Have Some Friends.....	198
I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.....	247
I'll Live for Him.....	123
I'll See My Saviour.....	22
I Love Jesus.....	147
I Love to Tell the Story.....	77
I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.....	253
I Must Tell Jesus.....	271
I'm Coming Home.....	190
I'm Going Back Home Today.....	93
I'm Going Home (new).....	146
I'm Going Home (old).....	129
In the Land of Strangers.....	69
In That Home.....	184
Into the Tent.....	50
In the Christian Home.....	274
In the Cross of Christ.....	248
I Believe.....	297
I Remember Calvary.....	226
I Want to Go There, Don't You.....	1
I Want to Go Where?.....	150
I Surrender All.....	94
I Will Arise.....	245
I Will Go to the Saviour.....	166
I Will Sing the Wondrous Story.....	95
I Will Sing to the Lord.....	171
I Will Meet You in the City.....	142
Is Not this the Land of Beulah?.....	238
Is It Nothing to Thee?.....	277
It Is Not Very Far.....	180
Jerusalem, My Happy Home.....	142
Jesus, and Shall It Ever Be.....	238
Jesus Bids You Come.....	248
Jesus Calling.....	30
Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.....	272
Jesus Is Calling.....	168
Jesus, I Want to Be Like.....	11
Jesus Is Mine.....	68
Jesus Is the Light.....	74
Jesus, Lover of My Soul.....	181
Jesus, My Lord, to Thee I Cry.....	60
Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.....	228
Jesus Shall Reign.....	230
Jesus Will Be There.....	88
Jesus Will Give You Rest.....	83
Joy to the World.....	112
Just As I Am.....	228
Keep Your Heart Singing.....	90
Land of Delight.....	28
Land of Peace and Rest.....	29
Lead Kindly Light.....	222
Leaning on the Everlasting Arm.....	37
Let Him Have His Way With Thee.....	221
Let the Blessed Sunlight.....	218
Let Your Light Shine.....	43
Light In the Valley.....	155
Life Through the Crucified One.....	62
Life's Harvest.....	85
Like Jesus.....	11
Listen to the Still, Small Voice.....	180
Little Jessie.....	800
Little Minnie O'er the River.....	182
Living Where the Healing.....	144
Look, Ye Saints.....	288
Looking This Way.....	91
Lord, God the Holy Ghost.....	284
Lord, I Am Coming Home.....	289
Lord, I Am Thine.....	232
Majestic Sweetness.....	246

INDEX.

Marching On to Zion.....	109	The Gospel Message.....	163
Missionary Hymn.....	230	The Gospel Railroad.....	807
Mother's Prayer.....	154	The Future.....	186
Must Jesus Bear the Cross.....	250	The Great Physician.....	117
My Country.....	259	The Half Has Never Been Told.....	284
My Days are Gliding.....	278	The Kingdom Coming.....	87
My Faith Looks Up to Thee.....	258	The Little Brown Church.....	801
My Hope is Built.....	214	The Little Ones at Home.....	804
More Love to Thee.....	143	The Morning Light.....	108
My Hope is Secure.....	151	The Old Account.....	114
My Hope, My Salvation.....	196	The Old Church Yard.....	307
My Jesus is Able.....	69	The Old Mountain Pine.....	207
My Jesus, I Love Thee.....	79	The Port of Peace.....	201
My Mother is Praying.....	268	The Prodigal Boy.....	59
My Saviour First of All.....	64	The Rough Wooden Cross.....	72
My Soul, Be on Thy Guard.....	257	The Rose That Bloomed.....	805
My Prayer.....	176	The Saviour Is Calling.....	177
My Work is Done.....	188	The Sinner Invited.....	220
Nearer, My God, to Thee.....	276	The Story That Never Grows Old.....	287
Never Alone.....	78	The Time is Drawing Near.....	174
Never Say No to God.....	173	The Way of the Cross.....	99
No Dying There.....	31	The World is Growing Better.....	812
Not Ashamed.....	233	There is an Hour.....	167
Oh, City of the Jasper Wall.....	76	There is a Fountain.....	232
Oh, Do Not Despair.....	170	There is a Land Without a Storm.....	1
Oh! For a Closer Walk.....	138	There is a Power in the Blood.....	75
Oh! For a Faith.....	137	There is Rest for the Weary.....	274
Oh! Happy Day.....	261	There Shall Be Showers of Blessings.....	86
Oh, How I Love Jesus.....	189	There'll Be No Dark Valley.....	14
Oh! How Surpassing Knowledge.....	110	There's Peace Within.....	202
Oh, Prodigal.....	71	There's Nothing Too Low for Jesus.....	51
Oh, Think of a Home Over There.....	80	They're All Taken Away.....	31
Old Hundred.....	Front Cover	Throw Out the Life-Line.....	58
Old Time Religion.....	249	They Have Reached.....	65
On Christ the Solid Rock.....	214	'Tis Our Faith.....	292
On Jordan's Stormy Bank.....	82	'Tis So Sweet to Trust.....	215
On the Mountain Top.....	282	To the Heavenly Jerusalem.....	210
One There is Above All Others.....	278	To Us a Child is Born.....	126
Only Trust Him.....	98	Unfold the Temperance Banner.....	109
Over In the Coming Years.....	35	Up in That Land.....	89
Over There (new).....	65	Vale of Beulah.....	124
Over There (old).....	80	Wait and Murmur Not.....	124
Over Yonder.....	153	Waiting By the River.....	157
Pass Me Not.....	295	Waiting and Watching.....	40
Phantom Footsteps.....	302	Walk in Wisdom's Path.....	12
Pining for the Old Fireside.....	306	Walking in the Sunshine.....	8
Praise God, from Whom.....	Front Cover	We Are Marching.....	95
Precious Promise.....	105	We Must Be Ready.....	194
Power in the Blood.....	75	We Shall Meet the Lord.....	101
Prodigal Boy.....	59	We Shall Know.....	101
Rescue the Perishing.....	115	We Shall Meet Again.....	48
Revive Us Again.....	262	We Will Lay Down the Bible.....	188
Rifted Clouds.....	204	We'll Crown Them.....	25
Rock of Ages.....	284	We'll Meet Each Other.....	298
Room at the Fountain.....	66	We'll Work Till Jesus Comes.....	184
Safe in Beulah.....	111	We're Marching to Zion.....	95
Sailing O'er Life's Ocean.....	65	We're On Our Way.....	318
Saved and Glorified.....	109	What a Blessed Reunion.....	88
Saved by Grace.....	103	What a Friend We Have.....	104
Saved Through Jesus Blood.....	195	What a Gathering That Will Be.....	89
Saviour, Hear Me.....	82	What a Meeting.....	165
Saviour, More Than Life to Me.....	291	What a Wonderful Saviour.....	211
Saviour, to Thee I Am Coming.....	19	What Is Your Mission.....	10
Say, Brothers, Will You Meet Us?.....	209	What Shall It Profit.....	158
Scatter Bright Smiles.....	203	What Will You Say?.....	178
Seeking for Me.....	61	When He Comes to Claim His Own.....	8
Send Us the Light.....	28	When I Walk in God's Clear Sunlight.....	10
Sinner, Arise.....	44	When I Close My Earthly Pilgrimage.....	26
Sinner, Say Will You Go?.....	220	When I See the Blood.....	241
Solid Rock.....	214	When I Survey.....	281
Sometime It Will Be Too Late.....	187	When My Life's Work is Ended.....	64
Sowing the Seed.....	179	When the Mists.....	122
Speak to My Soul.....	7	When Jesus Comes.....	70
Spirit of Faith.....	256	When the Roll is Called.....	81
Stand Up for Jesus.....	107	When the Saints.....	87
Such a Little Way.....	156	When the Saviour Comes.....	176
Summer Land.....	45	When We Get Home.....	88
Sunlight.....	36	When We Reach Our Home.....	16
Sweeping Through the Gates.....	4	Where Can Rest Be Found?.....	6
Sweet Hour of Prayer.....	244	Whiter Than Snow.....	288
Sweetest Name.....	286	Will Your Soul Be Ready?.....	167
Take the Name of Jesus With You.....	141	Will There Be Any Stars?.....	148
Take Me as I Am.....	60	Why Do You Wait?.....	290
Tell It Again.....	50	Work, for the Night is Coming.....	113
Tell It Today.....	116	You Must Be Born Again.....	84
The Beautiful Light.....	74	Yield Not to Temptation.....	212
The Bible.....	145	You Can, If You Will.....	161
The Boatman Will Row Me.....	208	You May Tell My Dear Old Parents.....	49
The City of Gold.....	Front Cover	You Will Never Miss.....	192
The City of the Golden Streets.....	15	Zion Stands with Hills.....	281
The Fountain of Grace.....	164		



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